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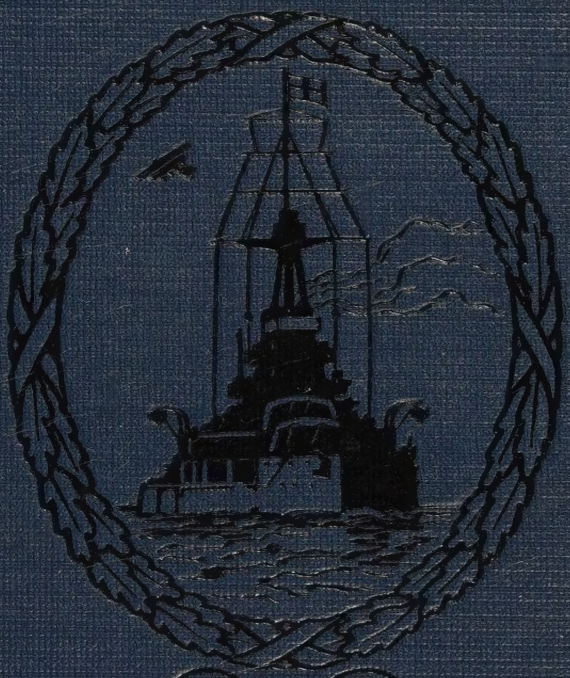

Volume VI

SPRING-SUMMER CAMPAIGN 1916

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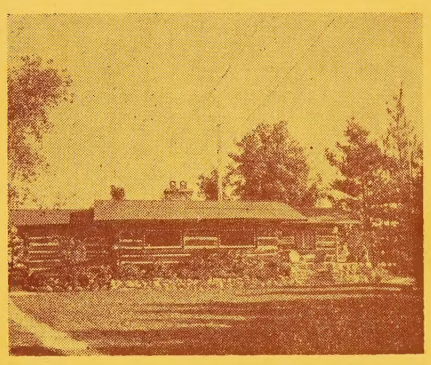

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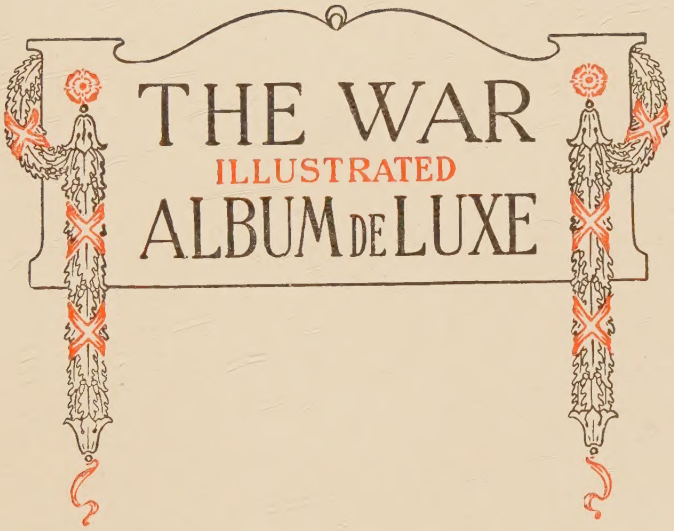
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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES (A War-Time Portrait)

Frontispiece

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED ALBUM DE LUXE

The Story of the Great
European War told by
Camera, Pen and Pencil

EDITED BY

J. A. HAMMERTON

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LORD NORTHCLIFFE, LADY JELLICOE
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1,190 ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VI.

THE SPRING AND SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF 1916

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Editor's Note to Volume VI

IN this volume of our pictorial survey of the war, for the first time we can discern unmistakable evidence of the great and overwhelming forces gathering for the ultimate victory of the allied cause. Volume V. closed with the initial struggle for the possession of Verdun still undecided, and, indeed, confusing in its indecision. But as the spring and summer campaigns of 1916 slowly and remorselessly develop we may perceive the steady setting of the German star—Verdun, against whose bastions the barbarian waves had vainly beaten and spent, month after month, still holding firm. It cannot be said with absolute certitude that even now the extraordinary series of violent attacks and counter-attacks which characterised the struggle for Verdun had been definitely and irrevocably determined. Yet victory lay with the glorious French army that had so long withstood the German pressure and hurled back the waves of invaders, in the mere fact that for so many months it had prevented the enemy from achieving his most cherished objective. For even had the Germans gained possession of Verdun before the close of the summer of 1916, still were they defeated, as the brilliant defence of that fortified region by the French had contributed vastly to immobilise the Germans on the northern sector of their Russian front, and to prevent their lending timely assistance to Austria when the Russian and Italian pressure on her two frontiers became most acute.

NEXT in importance, and probably eventually most important of all the movements in the summer of 1916, was the opening of the British offensive on July 1st. The months preceding had been merely a continuation of the seemingly interminable trench warfare; but the British line was gradually extended to Albert, thus enabling the French to concentrate stronger forces for the defence of Verdun, and stealthily but steadily enormous reserves of men and munitions were piled up behind the British lines, ready for the great blow which General Haig was fortunately able to launch against the enemy at the beginning of July, when the battles of the Somme began, with highest promise of success to our gallant forces engaged. The story of these battles is as rich in epic achievement as the memorable fighting retreat from Mons or the great battle of the Marne.

MOST picturesque and thrilling of the many individual episodes that go to the making of the story of the Great War during the spring and summer of 1916, was the brilliant naval battle off the coast of Jutland, when, despite severe losses both in ships and men, British battle squadrons gave a splendid account of themselves against the naval might of Germany, and the "High Seas Fleet" of the enemy was speedily driven to the shelter of its mine-fields and its ports on the appearance of Admiral Jellicoe's main fleet. The losses inflicted on the Germans were actually no less severe, and relatively far greater than those which favourable conditions of weather and visibility had enabled the Germans to inflict upon our squadrons. The immediate result of this great sea affair, claimed by the Germans as a victory, was to reduce German naval strength to such a point that an anti-Russian offensive with naval co-operation from the Baltic could not then be effected, and Hindenburg, unsupported from the sea, could not press forward his campaign in the Riga direction; whereas Russia, free from the immediate menace of such a German offensive, was able to launch her magnificent attack on the Hungarian frontier, and win a series of victories, sensational in their suddenness and in the losses of men and material which they imposed upon Austro-Hungarian armies.

ITALY, which from May 14th had been struggling somewhat unequally against the great Austrian offensive in the south-east and south of the Trentino, was not only able, as a result of Russia's brilliant achievements along the Hungarian frontier, to regain the initiative over the Austrians and speedily to throw them back into their own territory, reconquering, by the end of July, all the ground lost in other directions by the Austrian onrush, but to begin a new attack on the Isonzo, culminating in the capture of Gorizia on August 9th. Thus the guns of Admiral Beatty's battle-cruisers, which sent the Kaiser's "High Seas Fleet" hastening to its protective ports, re-echoed far away on the Hungarian and Italian frontiers, and that extraordinary battle of the high seas, which at first seemed fraught with ill-tidings to England, had proved by its results an unmistakable victory.

GENERALLY speaking, every force at the command of the Allies during the period illustrated in this volume seems to be gathering with increased momentum in the decisive direction of victory. There were other incidents which at the moment seemed disastrous enough—such as the surrender of Townshend at Kut, after the ineffectual efforts to relieve him—but, seen at a little distance of time, recede in importance and take their places among the minor matters of the war. The lamented death of Lord Kitchener on June 5th is one of the shadows falling across this period of high promise and brilliant achievement; but the British nation found consolation in thinking that, sad though it was that the great soldier who had initiated our military preparations for this frightful struggle, and had raised millions of men for the army of freedom, was not spared to see the rich fulfilment of his plans, yet he had the satisfaction of knowing that the crowning achievement of his life had been accomplished ere that pitiful moment when he sank with the ill-fated Hampshire in the northern sea.

THESE are but a few of the main features in the strange medley of events with which the cameras of war-correspondents in almost every clime have filled the pages of this present volume; but they are sufficient in their world-wide interest and enduring historical importance to justify the opinion that no volume of THE WAR ALBUM is more appealing in the scope, variety, and detail of its contents than that to which these lines are introductory. J. A. H.

303469

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CALM AT EVENTIDE. AN ARTIST'S REMARKABLE IMPRESSION OF THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SURVEYING THE FIELD OF VICTORY.

The Moving Drama of the Great War

VI.—The Spring and Summer Campaign of 1916

Progress of Events by Land, Sea and Air from the Eve of Verdun to the Opening Battles of the Somme

Written by

ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A.,

Author of "A History of the British Nation," etc.

THE news, received on February 17th, 1916, that the Russians were in Erzerum signalised what promised to be the opening of a new chapter in the war. It marked the fact that Russia was again ready, when the favourable moment should arrive, to take up a different rôle from that which had been forced upon her during the summer of 1915, or from that which she had successfully maintained through the late autumn and winter.

Still, a great offensive on the eastern front in Europe on the part of either belligerent would certainly be impossible until not only the winter, but at least the early spring, should be past. Before that time should arrive it was necessary for Germany to strike in some other quarter a blow which should at the least paralyse or disorganise French and British in the west, so that they should be unable to assume a vigorous offensive at the moment when the grapple with Russia should again become active. It was conceivable, then, that the Germans would seek a decision in the Balkans; but only on the condition that they could throw a very powerful force into the eastern peninsula without such a depletion on either of the two main fronts as would involve a very serious risk of disaster. The alternative was concentration upon a decisive blow in the west.

On February 19th came the first definite though not yet fully unmistakable sign that this was the project for which the Germans had been preparing. It was a probability so obvious that the French and British had also prepared for it very thoroughly. It was no part of the Franco-British plan to be enticed into a premature offensive; that was to await the conditions which would simultaneously bring the activity of the Russians in the east into full play. The German plan had two alternative aims, either to smash through the Franco-British line, or to beguile the Franco-British forces into the opening of a premature attack by which they would exhaust themselves before it was practicable for Russia to play her part in the east. It was the business of the French and British to prevent the Germans from achieving either of those aims.

Tremendous Importance of Verdun

The presumption then was that the Germans would open a great attack at one point or more upon the long western line. The event proved that the point actually chosen by the Germans was the Verdun salient. In the week between February 19th and February 26th it had become obvious that the battle of Verdun would be perhaps more critical and more desperate than any which had taken place throughout 1915.

The attack then was fully expected, and the tremendous importance of its success to the Germans was fully appreciated. The soldiers knew that the strategical value of Verdun itself could be very much overrated. It had been a fortress of immense strength, but the first months of the war had demonstrated that fortresses of immense strength had in fact become obsolete. Verdun might be abandoned, as the Russians had abandoned their fortresses, without involving the breaking of the French line. But it was quite certain that its abandonment would have a disastrous effect morally perhaps upon the Allies themselves, and without any doubt at all upon neutrals; while it would raise the confidence of the German population to the highest pitch. It was therefore the confident belief of those who had learnt to trust in French generalship that the French command had taken its measures, and that the Germans would not get to Verdun.

Nevertheless, at the end of the first week it required a good deal of faith to maintain that confidence; even the most resolute were beginning rather to emphasise the theory that the fall of Verdun would not be an irretrievable disaster, than to insist upon their belief that Verdun was not going to fall. For during that week the whole French line, the semicircle screening Verdun, had been pushed back day by day, and the news that the Germans had seized the fort of Douaumont seemed to suggest the beginning of the end. As a matter of fact, it would have been a good deal nearer the mark to call it the end of the beginning.

The French Scheme of Defence

To follow the course of this great and extremely critical battle is by no means easy except with the use of a large scale map. Approximately the position in the middle of February was this. The French line ran in a slightly flattened semicircle round the front of Verdun. Taking Verdun as the centre, the two ends of the arc rested on Malancourt, west-north-west of Verdun, and Manheulles, east-south-east of it, the core of the semicircle being an approximately straight line running from Manheulles to Malancourt through Verdun. The radius was from eight to ten miles. The river Meuse flows through Verdun, crossing the French line at Brabant, eight miles north-north-west of Verdun, taking a very winding course.

The main wall, so to speak, of the French defence was not, however, the line of the French Front, but lay between it and Verdun at a distance of five miles or so along the Charny Ridge on the west or left bank of the Meuse, and the Louvemont Ridge on the right bank. The western shoulder of the Louvemont Ridge is Pepper Hill; the eastern is the Douaumont Plateau. To reach Verdun the Germans had first to reach and break through either the Charny Ridge line west of the Meuse, or the horseshoe-shaped Louvemont Ridge east of it, or the south-eastward continuation of the line, called the Heights of the Meuse, rising out of the plain of Woevre. At the present season, however, it appears that the waterlogged character of the plain prevented the development of an effective attack upon this third sector.

Now, had the original outer circle of the French line been actually the main line of defence, the Germans would have achieved their object by smashing the French out of that line. But the French scheme of defence did not concern itself with the permanent holding of that front line at all. The theory of it was to hold with small forces a series of screens from which the gradual retirement should be effected upon the very much shorter line of the Louvemont Ridge, where the attack would find itself up against defences which might prove impregnable; while it was calculate that the regulation methods of the German attack would involve for the enemy, in the course of their advance, an enormous expenditure both of men and munitions, an expenditure worth while if it meant the breaking of the French line, but not otherwise.

For the whole of the first week, then, the German onslaught was developed upon the middle sector, the curve of the arc on the east of the Meuse and on the north

Supplies of large-calibre shells on their way to the front by lorry. The French organisation of transport to and from Verdun was largely responsible for the success of our ally's great resistance.

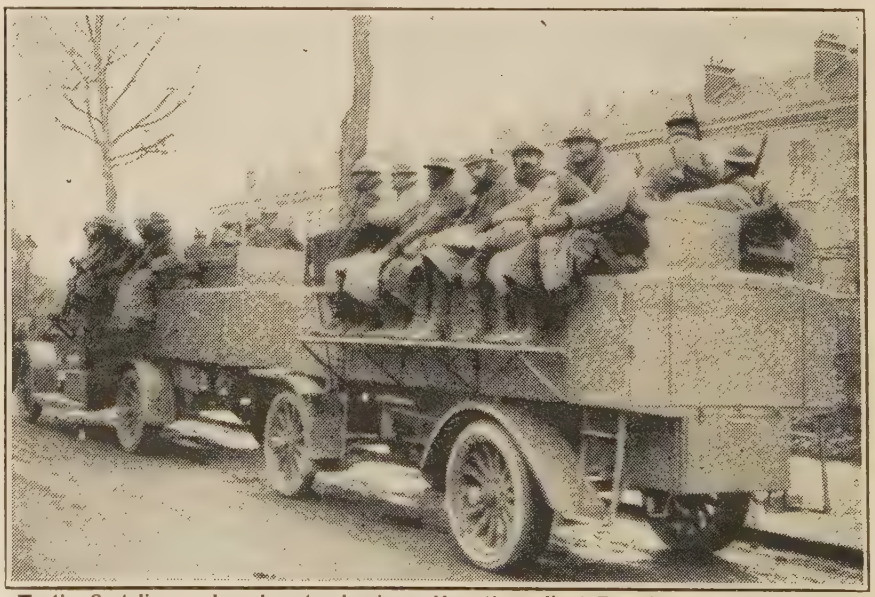
of Verdun. On February 21st, after two days of artillery preparation, the German infantry was launched upon the French. Day by day the French screen fell back a mile or so, inflicting losses very much heavier than it sustained. On Friday, the 25th, the French had been pushed in to the Louvemont Ridge, which was continued on the west of the Meuse by the Charny Ridge. The attack, however, had not been developed in the west of the Meuse, where the French had been subjected only to heavy bombardments. The French Front there still ran by Malancourt, past Bethincourt to the Meuse, facing Brabant. Between the left flank of the Louvemont Ridge and Brabant ran the Meuse, like the letter S turned the wrong way round, an impassable barrier, completely commanded by the French artillery in position on the hills on the left of the Meuse between the French front line and the Charny Ridge.

The French, therefore, on the left of the Meuse were not threatened by the German advance on the right of the Meuse, but the right flank of the German advance, by the time that it was fronting Pepper Hill, was exposed to the storm of fire from the French guns on the left of the Meuse, and any attempt to storm Pepper Hill must be made under that fire. If, therefore, a successful attempt was to be made to storm the Louvemont Ridge, it must be on the eastern side of the horseshoe, which was not under fire from the left bank of the Meuse.

The Momentous Day

Therefore, on Friday, February 25th, the immediate German objective was the eastern key of the horseshoe, the Douaumont Plateau. If the Germans could master that plateau in force, they would be able to envelop the Louvemont Ridge. So far, although the huge masses of the Germans had rolled forward some four miles nearer to Verdun so that they were actually able to shell the town, there had been no crisis, although, at least, to unexpert eyes they seemed to have won a series of victories ominous of disaster to the French. The crisis came only when they were up against the wall of the Louvemont Ridge.

The Saturday then (February 26th) was a supremely momentous day; for on it the Germans made their grand attack all round the horseshoe front from Pepper Hill to Douaumont. Time after time they swept forward only to be mowed down by the murderous fire on front and flank upon Pepper Hill, "the Germans' grave." Time after time fresh masses took the place of those who had been mowed down, only to meet with the same fate. Five times they came on; five times they were shattered. But on the east, the Douaumont side, they were covered from the flanking fire; yet it was only with the seventh onslaught that they won at last a footing on the plateau, and the alarming news was proclaimed that they had captured the fort of Douaumont.



To the first line on board motor-lorries. How the gallant French man-at-arms went into battle near Verdun.

The man who turned the tide. General Balfourier, who was in command of the French Twentieth Army Corps, the men who swept the Germans off the Plain of Douaumont when the enemy had all but succeeded in carrying the coveted position.

As a matter of fact, the achievement at Douaumont, though serious, was very far from being so important as it seemed. The so-called fort was one of what had been a ring of outlying forts round Verdun, all of which had been dismantled a year before, when the uselessness of forts under the new conditions had been made clear. The Germans had a footing on the plateau, and that an extremely precarious one ; the dismantled fort, occupied by a Brandenburg regiment, made a dip in the French line. That was all ; for though the French, under the storm of artillery fire which had preceded the last attack, were obliged to fall back for a short distance, arrangements had been made to deliver a counter-attack with a mass of picked troops precisely at the critical moment. The German mass was beaten back, and it was only a small wedge that succeeded in clinging on to the position, which it did not in any possible sense command.

Germans Attack West of the Meuse

Nevertheless, there was a period of intense anxiety before the news published on the 28th and following days restored a confident belief that the French would hold their own on the Douaumont Plateau. In spite of jubilant German declarations, the enemy never succeeded in getting possession of the village of Douaumont, which gave its name to the fort.

All through the next week a series of recurring onslaughts was made upon the Louvemont Ridge, accompanied by a good deal of hard fighting and some unimportant French withdrawals along the southern extension of the line. The main effort continued to be directed against the Douaumont Plateau, both from the north-east as before, and on the Vaux ravine just on its south, where lay the village of Vaux and the dismantled fort of Vaux south of the village ; but though the Germans acquired a footing in the village, they were unable to carry it. Each day increased confidence in the strength of the defence of the line.

With the beginning of the third week the attack developed on the west of the Meuse. Here the French held strong positions in the hills flanking the river between the front line and the Charny Ridge, notably the ridge in the northern loop of the S called the Côte de l'Oie, the Goose Crest, where lay the three heights known from their elevation as Hill 265, Hill 295 (otherwise called the Mort Homme), and, on another ridge, Hill 304, the most westerly. Here the French line was bent back, the Germans getting possession of the eastern part of the ridge and Hill 265, while the French remained in possession of the Mort Homme and Hill 304.

The Deathtrap of Mort Homme

As the situation developed, it became clear that the Mort Homme was simply a deathtrap for the Germans, and would remain so at least until they could get possession of Hill 304. Nor would the capture even of the Mort Homme open the way to Verdun, since between it and Verdun lay the main wall of the Charny Ridge. It was not, however, till nearly the end of the third week that the strength of the Mort Homme position had demonstrated itself. For the Germans not only captured Hill 265, but also established themselves between it and the Mort Homme in the Crows' Wood, which brought them so close to the Mort Homme that the chance of their being able to storm the height from it seemed by no means remote. By the end of the week, however, the Crows' Wood itself had been recovered by the French.

So far, then, the effect had been this. The original French line ran in a north-easterly curve from Avocourt, through Bethincourt, to the Meuse at Brabant on its right bank. The attack on the Goose Crest had pushed back the line between Bethincourt and the Meuse, so

that it now lay from Bethincourt to Cumières, still in front of the Mort Homme. This had created a salient (Avocourt-Bethincourt-Cumières) within which lay the Mort Homme and Hill 304 to the west of it.

Since the Mort Homme had proved its capacity for defying attack on the east and north of this salient, the next move was to thrust at the west of the salient, in the hope of reaching and carrying Hill 304, which would dominate the Mort Homme and render that position untenable. That move did not begin till the fifth week, on March 20th. For in the fourth week the Germans recovered possession of Crows' Wood, and made two furious attacks on the 24th and the 26th, directed upon another "Hill 265," which flanks the Mort Homme on the north-west. (These figures, by the way, represent the number of metres above the sea level. Roughly speaking, thirty metres equals one hundred feet.) The result of this was that the Germans penetrated to the slope of this second Hill 265, but no more, though this extremely costly gain of ground was somewhat inexplicably proclaimed by them as the capture of the Mort Homme. A fresh blow was also discharged against Vaux, but here, also, the German attack was repulsed.

French Line Intact After Six Weeks

It was on March 20th, just a month after the opening of the grand attack which was to have captured Verdun, broken the French line, and started the German Army upon another rush to Paris within a fortnight, that the Germans began the movement to take the Mort Homme position in flank by an advance upon Avocourt. By the use of the most atrocious of their uncivilised weapons, liquid fire, they succeeded in making some impression, and in pushing forward during the ensuing days to the lower slopes of Hill 304.

But at the close of the month of March, when the battle for Verdun had been in progress for six weeks, the French line still ran intact in front of Verdun. Since the first week the Germans had gained no appreciable ground, though they had brought forward great masses of reserves. Their attacks had weakened, and their losses had been enormous, the most extravagantly favourable estimates placing them at not less than 150,000. The French, on the other hand, had not brought their reserves into action at all, except upon particular occasions when they had been employed to deliver counter-attacks, as at Douaumont on February 26th. And their losses had not exceeded 50,000.

The Germans had neither taken Verdun, nor had they induced the Allies to enter upon a premature offensive

Part of the inexhaustible supply of munitions for mitrailleuses on the way to the battle zone. Inset: Welcome reinforcement for the men in the first line. Cans of hot soup ready to be transported to the trenches during the great battle of Verdun.

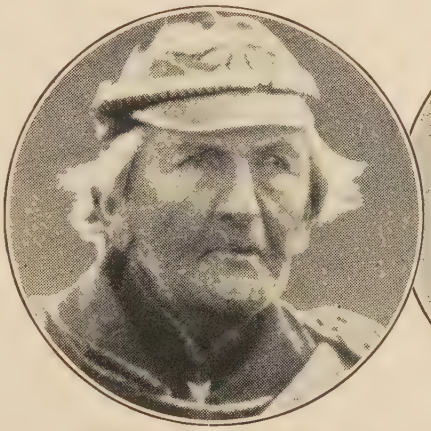
on other parts of the line. There could be no more than the faintest shadow of a doubt that a tremendous effort had been made to force a decision in the west at an enormous cost, and that the effort had failed.

The British had taken no direct part in the great defence, though it was well understood that they were both able and willing to do so if desired. Not till the struggle had been for a long time in progress did it become known that they had in fact released a large number of French troops to support the Verdun defence by taking over a greatly extended line, though the troops they released had not been called into action.

Britain's Rôle During the Verdun Struggle

The obvious suggestion was made that when the Germans were massing against Verdun the British should have seized the opportunity to strike hard in Flanders and Artois. Instead, the rôle assigned to them was that of maintaining a constant menace unaccompanied by any violent effort. Before Verdun, provided that the French could maintain their hold, it was all to the good that the Germans should send more and more of their men to destruction in the attempt to smash through.

So there went on a great deal of that bombarding which is a necessary preliminary to any grand attack. The German capture of the International trench near Ypres, on February 14th, had been perhaps more of an insult than an injury. It was extremely annoying that the attempts to recover it had failed. It was, therefore, highly satisfactory to learn that on March 2nd the trench was recaptured, and that in the attack the line of trenches previously held by the Germans had also been penetrated and occupied. On the same day there were successful mining operations further south at the Hohenzollern Redoubt, where one effect was the destruction of the enemy's main mining shaft. Again, at the end of the month, on March 27th, the German salient at St. Eloi, not three miles south of Ypres, was carried by the Northumberland and Royal Fusiliers and the Canadians, rectifying a somewhat troublesome portion of the line.



Field-Marshal von Haeseler, the veteran in supreme command of the German Verdun offensive.

The man and the hour. General Pétain, to whose brilliant leadership was due the glorious defence of Verdun.

While the Italians were still nibbling their way forward on the Isonzo line, there appeared to be a complete lull in the Balkan operations. There, it was presumed, the Allies would not open an offensive campaign until the time should come for a general and simultaneous attack on every front. The general conviction was that the future conduct of the Balkan States, Serbia and Montenegro excepted, would depend chiefly upon the result of the Verdun operations.

Russia and the Balkans Still Waiting

Nobody doubted that Germany's Turkish allies were already in a condition little short of desperate, while Bulgaria, whatever Ferdinand's feelings might be, was resentful of the German neglect of her claims—suspicious that she had allowed herself to be used as a tool, misled by the belief that victory was already in the grasp of the Central Powers. Her sullen mood might be dispelled by an emphatic German success; but if the Verdun business proved a failure, Bulgaria would realise, as Turkey had already realised for herself, that she had been duped, and would, at the worst, be unwilling to stir a finger in aid of the ally who had duped her. As for Rumania, she, unless actively attacked, would certainly not move so long as she was in doubt which side would win. It was at least possible that the Verdun battle or campaign would dispel her questionings; while its issue was uncertain, Rumania's conduct would remain uncertain.

In these circumstances, the Allies, Bulgaria, and Rumania all remained outwardly quiescent. But Rumania, at least, was likely to be strongly affected by another factor. What part would Russia be capable of playing in the coming campaign?

Twelve months before, Rumania had seemed to be on the verge of joining the fray. But it had then become evident that she had no intention of coming in in order to turn a dubious scale; she would come only when assured that the scale would turn without her intervention. She had not stepped in to help Russia; on the contrary, she had sat still while Russia was pushed back and back. Still, the Russian retreat had not convinced her that Russia was beaten; she had neither given the lead to Bulgaria nor followed her in joining the Central Powers. If now she were convinced, first, that the power of the Central Empires was wearing out, and secondly, that the power of Russia was renewing itself, she might soon judge that the time had come when she could intervene with more profit to herself than if she tarried too long.

And the omens pointed to the resuscitation of Russia. It was indeed notorious that conditions of climate and conditions of soil would prohibit a grand offensive in the east on either side until the season which is sometimes called late spring and sometimes early summer. The moment for Rumanian intervention would probably come, if it came at all, simultaneously with the general offensive of the Entente Powers. But in the meantime Russia was giving more than a hint of that recovery of strength which would certainly be one of Rumania's requirements.

Preparations on the Eastern Front

The long Russian line from Riga to Rumania was cut in two by the Pripet Marshes. There could be no rapid movement of troops between the northern section and the southern section. When the great offensive should come, whether Russia or Germany should strike first, the Russian offensive would be in the south; in the north she would remain, primarily, at least, on the defensive. The Central Empires might, and probably would, reverse these conditions.

Through the late winter or early spring, therefore, both sides were moving, not to start on the offensive, but to gain the positions from which the offensive could be set in motion with the passing of spring. Thus, from time to time, there were sharp engagements at various points both on the northern and on the southern portions of the line, with highly contradictory statements issued from Petrograd and Berlin respectively as to the size of the forces and the severity of the losses. It was difficult on either side to show a distinct gain on the balance in the north; but it was tolerably clear that in the southern section the Russians had the upper hand of the Austrians. And everywhere the reports concurred in showing that the last year's fatal deficiency of ammunition on the part of the Russians had been made good.

And in the meanwhile it was significant that in Persia and in the Caucasus, Russia was dealing faithfully with the enemy; and there was at least a reasonable

Nonchalant attitudes of the most alert of fighting men. British cross-Channel pilots somewhere on the South Coast awaiting orders for departure. (Special photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

prospect of a Turkish collapse, which would ere long liberate large reinforcements for the front in Russia itself.

Unhappily, the progress of the Russians in the Asiatic area was not accompanied by corresponding British success in Mesopotamia. The position there was one of deadlock. General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara was virtually blockaded by an immensely superior Turkish force. It appeared that General Aylmer's relief expedition was not strong enough to raise the blockade, though only five and twenty miles of the Tigris lay between it and Kut.

Against German East Africa and the Senussi

It was known that there had been a painful failure to supply the advance column with medical and other necessaries; it was not known how long its food supplies would hold out; and consequently, the whole situation in Mesopotamia could only be viewed with the gravest anxiety. For it could not be expected that the Russians would be able for many weeks to come to send southwards a column of such strength as to break its way to Bagdad and put to flight the forces investing Kut.

It was only in German East Africa and on the west of Egypt that the fighting had a character bearing any resemblance to the wars of the past. The East African command had in February been entrusted to General Smuts, as stout a champion of the British Empire now as he had been a champion of the Boers in the South African War. The talents which Lord Kitchener had once recognised in an adversary were now given play in a colleague, and the nature of the East African campaign was thoroughly suited to the genius and the experience of General Smuts. All the news from that quarter showed his thorough understanding of the task before him, and pointed to its swift and successful completion.

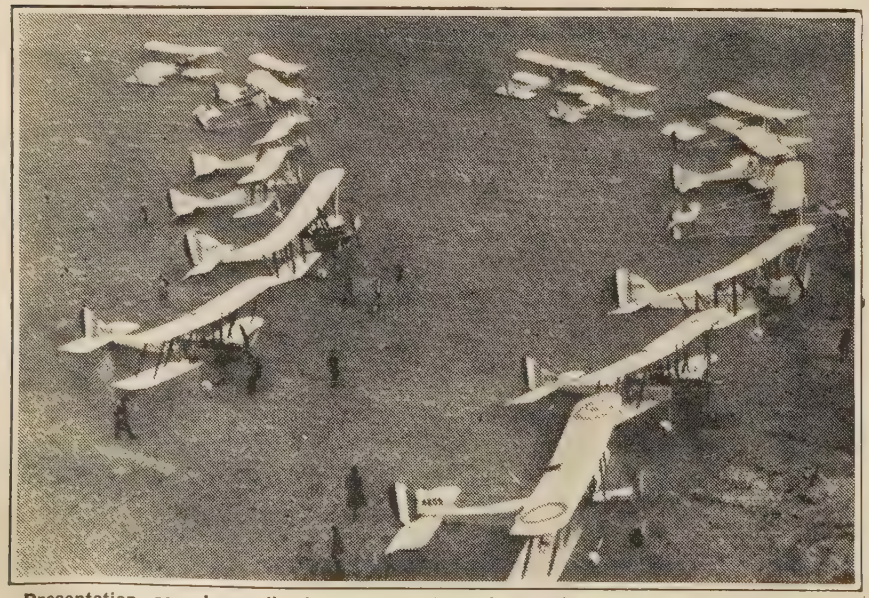
At the same time the hostile movements of the Senussi on the western borders of Egypt presented no new problems of warfare, while the British were able to bring into operation, with decisive effect, the military weapons evolved during the twentieth century—motors and aeroplanes. By the end of March it was clear that no further serious trouble was to be feared from the Senussi.

The Operations of the Moewe

For a long time past naval activity had not been conspicuous, apart from the submarine piracy and from the operations of the Moewe. The month of March was more prolific.

In its first week it became known that the enterprising German cruiser had succeeded in evading detection, slipped through the British patrols, and found her way to a German port. Her complete bag had numbered no less than fourteen vessels. Whether her methods had been altogether legitimate may be questioned; but, at least, she had been honourably distinguished by an observation of recognised principles of humanity which was refreshing. It did not become known till some weeks later that her sister ship, the Greif, had started upon a similar errand to that of the Moewe, but had been caught and sent to the bottom while still in the North Sea on February 29th. Sailing under Norwegian colours, she had been detected by the British patrol boat Alcantara, an armed merchant cruiser.

An engagement followed in which the gunfire of the Alcantara had very nearly sealed the fate of the Greif



Presentation aeroplanes lined up somewhere in England prior to being piloted overseas to the war zones.

when her own steering-gear was disabled, and she became an easy target for the Greif's torpedoes. Two more ships arriving settled the Greif, but the Alcantara was also sunk. Most of the British and a considerable number of the German crew were rescued and brought to Scotland.

Great British Air Raid on Schleswig

A great air raid over Zeebrugge on March 21st appears to have been responsible for bringing about another naval skirmish between destroyers. Three German destroyers escaped from Zeebrugge, but were sighted and chased by four British destroyers, which stopped the pursuit when the Germans sought to draw them into a mine area. Two of the Germans were known to have been badly hit, but the damage done to the British was trifling.

On March 25th there was a still livelier engagement under wild and exciting weather conditions. An air raid on the Schleswig coast, directed against the Zeppelin bases, was accompanied by the light cruiser squadron of Commodore Tyrwhitt. The squadron was engaged by German cruisers, destroyers, and aircraft. One destroyer was rammed, a couple of armed trawlers were sunk, and it appeared at least that several other destroyers were very hard hit, while one of the aircraft was brought down. In spite of the heavy seas, the British succeeded in rescuing a considerable number of Germans. On the other hand, a British ship, the Medusa, was sunk by a collision, though her crew were rescued, and three of the British air squadron were forced to descend, not by gunfire, but through failure of their engines. Their occupants had the unusual fate of being picked up and taken prisoners instead of being left to drown.

Elevated German machine-gun in action in Flanders against an allied aerial reconnaissance.

Flight-Com. R. J. Bone, who brought down a German aeroplane in the Channel, March, 1916.

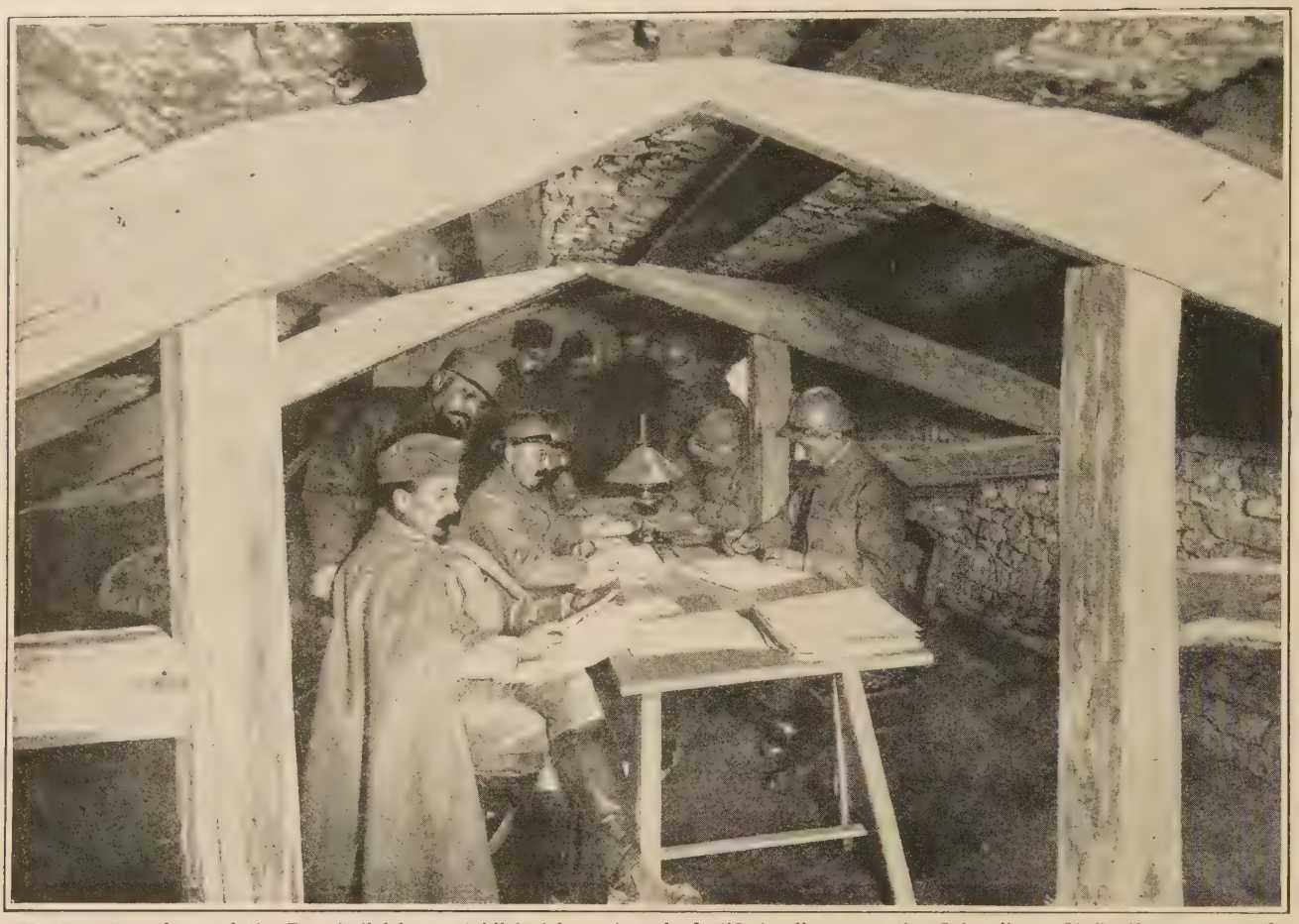
So much for the naval operations proper. The piracy record was still more remarkable. The P. & O. liner Maloja was sunk by a mine off Dover, with a loss of one hundred and fifty lives. A new programme was announced to come into force on March 1st. No immediate results were apparent, since, according to the general belief, the Kaiser and the Chancellor wished to avoid a positive breach with the United States, which had definitely refused to endorse the German theory that neutrals travelled at their own peril. The belief seemed to be endorsed by the dismissal of Admiral Tirpitz on March 16th. But whatever the wishes of the Kaiser and the Chancellor may have been, public opinion in Germany had pinned its faith to the Tirpitz programme with such feverish intensity that the Government was forced to carry it through in spite of the dismissal of its originator.

The Duke of Westminster (left) with the Duke of Marlborough. The former scattered retreating Bedouins near Sollum.

Cross-Channel Steamer Sussex Torpedoed

On the same day, March 16th, the Dutch liner Tubantia was torpedoed without warning by a German submarine; though happily the crew and passengers were rescued. The Tubantia was followed by the Palembang, another Dutch vessel sunk without warning, and on March 25th the cross-channel steamer Sussex, carrying three hundred and eighty civilian passengers, including some American citizens, was torpedoed without warning. On the 27th a like fate befell the Atlantic cruiser Minneapolis; while a still worse crime was the deliberate sinking of the Russian hospital ship Portugal on March 30th in the Black Sea. Of the two hundred and seventy-three persons on board, one hundred and fifteen were lost, including fourteen sisters of charity.

All through the month of March the activity of the air warfare upon the battle fronts was increasingly prominent, but official reports were far from illumining. A general impression certainly prevailed that the Germans had the better machines. Aircraft construction being still in its infancy, it would seem to be almost certain that weaknesses must be gradually revealed,



Headquarters of one of the French divisions established in a strongly fortified cellar near the firing-line. Staff officers, some of whom are wearing the steel casque, are busy working out some military problem.

or, rather, that the causes of weaknesses can only be gradually discovered, and on the other hand that improvements will suggest themselves which take time to test before they can be adopted even in new machines, and before it becomes clear that they are not merely steps to further improvement for the development of which it is better to wait. Hence from time to time either side succeeds in bringing into operation machines better adapted for some specific purpose than those in present use; with the result that a temporary ascendency passes to the side which has brought the new machine into the airfield.

Aerial Activity of Friend and Foe

Experts pin their faith to particular developments which in the eyes of other experts will be of little permanent account; but the faithful are exceedingly angry over the incompetence of the authorities who do not at once recognise their obvious duty. To more level-headed persons it appears inevitable that superiority in the machines should alternate so long as the intellectual capacity and the productive power of both sides are approximately equal, but that in the balance the ascendency must fall to the side whose machines are controlled by the best men. There was never any reason to doubt that if the Germans achieved a temporary superiority, no long time would pass before it would be redressed.

As we have pointed out before, the fact that the greater part of the aerial fighting is carried on over the enemy's lines, not over the lines of the Allies, meant that comparatively few of the aircraft which were forced to descend, whether of the Allies or of the Germans, did so within the allied lines.

Thus, whereas the allied losses could be reckoned, those of the Germans could only be vaguely guessed; while it was absolutely certain that the figures published by the enemy had only the remotest possible connection with the actual facts. And it hardly seemed probable that if there was actually a marked superiority on the part of the Germans, their airmen would continue to yield the palm of audacity to those of the Allies.

Along the battle front, then, the airmen of the Allies and of the Germans fought each other with a balance of success which it was not possible to gauge. On the other hand, while England was subjected to occasional slight aeroplane attacks, and to a series of Zeppelin raids, several aeroplane raids on a larger scale were organised by the Allies against points behind the German lines; Metz being apparently the favourite objective of the French, while the British attacks were developed against the coasts. Of these we have already noted the two of principal importance.

Zeppelin Attempts on the East Coast

On March 20th, sixty-five British, French, and Belgian planes bombarded Zeebrugge, suffering only one casualty, and dropping four tons of explosives; and on March 25th took place the joint air and sea operations on the Schleswig coast, in which it was believed that very substantial damage was done, though three British planes were lost. On the other hand, it appeared that the defences of London had been so far perfected that no more Zeppelins appeared there; though three Zeppelins came over the East Coast on March 5th, when they succeeded in killing thirteen persons, injuring thirty-three, and doing an appreciable amount of miscellaneous damage.

There was good reason, however, to believe, in spite the absence of official notification, that several visits were in the course of the month paid to the East Coast by Zeppelins and aeroplanes, which were turned back

without effecting any damage whatever, though presumably without actual loss.

If to some observers it was patent at the beginning of April that the attack on Verdun had definitely failed, that was nevertheless true only in the sense that, if ever the Germans did get to Verdun itself, they would still be utterly unable to achieve the objects with which the great blow had been delivered. But it remained conceivable that the retention of Verdun by the French might prove so costly that the Allies would rather choose retirement. On the other hand, the Germans were so deeply committed to the adventure that admission of their inability to carry it through would have had upon their own people and upon neutrals a most disastrous effect; an effect compared with which the abandonment of the Gallipoli enterprise by the Allies would have been trivial.

The German effort therefore in no way relaxed, though each fresh exertion followed an all but identical course. Either on the Mort Homme sector, or on the Douaumont sector, or in both, a prolonged and intensified bombardment prepared the way for a sledge-hammer infantry onslaught and the penetration of some "elements" of the French front line — usually, but not invariably, followed by a French counter-attack which ejected the Germans from the elements gained; after which there would ensue a lull for a few days, until the forces were reorganised for the next attack.

Calculations of the losses on either side could hardly be regarded as even approximately trustworthy. The principle, however, holds good that whether positions were held or evacuated, the heavier toll was paid by the attacking party, whether in a main attack or a counter-attack. As the German attacks were directed against positions which in the main were held, while the French counter-attacks were delivered only against occasional positions which had been lost, there could be no doubt that the German losses were much the greater. The losses could hardly be less than 50 per cent., and might be much higher.

Along the British front, extended for the liberation of French forces transferred to Verdun, the battle for front line trenches continued ceaselessly; mainly about the mine-craters at St. Eloi and the Hulluch quarries, craters and trenches changing hands from week to week—almost from day to day—as concentrated bombardments made one spot or another untenable by its temporary occupants. But in accordance with the plans of the General Staff, the British were not to be tempted or goaded into premature activity on a larger scale. Apart from the well-meant but curiously unintelligent clamour of a few people in England, that the British were "doing nothing to help their allies," it was very

Belgian soldiers en route for a spell of trench digging. The first photograph shows a group of stalwart Belgian soldiers outside their billets, and the centre snapshot is of M. Poincare, the French President, saluting King Albert, wearing his khaki uniform.

well understood that this activity was restricted not by their own will, but by the military direction of the Allies.

On the sea, the violent outburst of submarine piracy which distinguished the last fortnight of March was of brief duration. In fact, the campaign was over within a month of its beginning. It had apparently been started in response to the feverish clamour which arose when it was popularly supposed that the Tirpitz programme had been thrown overboard; and it was abandoned publicly on political grounds, as a concession to American opinion, for which a return was expected in the form of pressure to stop the blockade of imports. The case of the Sussex in particular had met with a reception in the United States which could almost be called threatening. There were suspicions, however, that the true cause of the abandonment was to be found in the counter-measures of the British Admiralty, and the consciousness of failure.

Capture of Trebizond by the Russians

In the Balkans the adversaries were marking time. The Allies were accumulating forces and supplies, and the Bulgarians were presumably not prepared to attempt an offensive single-handed, while sufficient demands were made upon the Austrians by the Italian and Russian fronts to prevent them from giving their strange companions-in-arms the desired support. As for the Germans, every battalion that Hindenburg could spare was needed at Verdun.

And the Turks? The Turks had more than enough to occupy them in Asia. They had one considerable army tied to the position on the Tigris between the British and Bagdad; they had scattered forces in Persia, for the most part being hunted by Russians; their main forces were hard put to it by the Grand Duke's armies from Erzerum; and their position became all the more critical when, in mid-April, the Russians captured Trebizond on the Black Sea. Their doom, it seemed, could hardly be postponed for very long; yet for them the situation was not without its consoling feature.

At Kut-el-Amara lay General Townshend with some 9,000 men, mainly Indian battalions. He had been there since December; first grimly gripping the position which was to be the key to Bagdad for the approaching expeditionary force; then holding out with indomitable resolution till that force should win the mastery over the river, the marshes, and the larger forces of the Turks—holding out, because to cut the way through was impossible; holding out with an ever-nearing prospect of being starved into surrender; while only five and twenty miles away General Gorringe, who had taken General Aylmer's place, was struggling desperately to overcome the insuperable obstacles that lay between.

Defence and Fall of Kut

Viewed merely as a military operation, the event at Kut-el-Amara was of little enough significance. The fall of Kut would not even release the Turkish forces. They would still be tied to the spot by General Gorringe, since, if they retreated, his way to Bagdad would be open. Their fate would be ultimately sealed when Russian columns arrived from the north. Townshend had done his heroic work. It was true that a surrender would put 9,000 men permanently out of action, but in this portentous war that was practically a negligible number.

On the other hand, it was possible that British prestige in the East might suffer seriously, yet that was improbable. Nevertheless, the progress of the struggle was watched with the keenest anxiety; for it was the universal conviction that Townshend was the splendid victim of a blunder in no wise of his own making, that the defence of Kut was one of the most gallant episodes in Great Britain's military annals, and that victory, not defeat, was the brave defender's due.

It was not to be. An attack, not to be denied, carried Gorringe's troops into the enemy's first lines; but the good tidings were followed by the news that the victors in that fight had again been forced to fall back by overwhelming numbers. It was known that Townshend's supplies could only last a very few more days. A daring dash up the Tigris was made by a supply boat, but it could not reach its objective; and on May 1st came the official announcement that Townshend had surrendered unconditionally. The Turks, as usual, showed their superiority to their allies by paying full honour to their heroic adversary and by promptly arranging an exchange of wounded prisoners.

The last week of April, during which Kut actually fell, and the first days of May, were rich in events of varying significance, though their appeal to the imagination was more striking than their direct bearing on the war. The stage was at last reached when the resources of voluntary enlistment were obviously exhausted, and all but the most extravagant advocates of voluntaryism felt with a certain relief that the compulsory summoning of the small percentage of men still available for military service was no longer to be opposed.

Insurrection of the Sinn Feiners

The Germans, grievously disappointed by the crass stupidity which had made not only Canada and Australia but South Africa and India prefer the integrity of the British Empire to a Teutonic world-domination, still had hopes from Ireland—having learnt nothing from the magnificent exploits of the Irish regiments at the Front. The news that a German auxiliary cruiser, carrying arms and ammunition for a rising, had been sunk off the Irish coast, and that Sir Roger Casement was a prisoner, appeared on April 25th simultaneously with the report of an almost harmless Zeppelin raid on the East Coast; and on the next morning came the announcement of a second Zeppelin raid, a naval raid on Lowestoft, and an insurrection of the Sinn Feiners—the Irish extremists—in Dublin. No one doubted that all these events were intimately connected.

The second Zeppelin raid was as abortive as the first, the raid on Lowestoft hardly less so. The latter was the work of the German battle-cruiser squadron, which bombarded Lowestoft for twenty minutes, was engaged vigorously by a British light-cruiser squadron, turned tail, and vanished to safe quarters—presumably under the impression that British ships of a more formidable type might be expected immediately. The brilliant audacity displayed by the light cruisers in their attack upon the immensely stronger German squadron was well rewarded.

Far more serious and deplorable was the unhappy attempt of the Irish irreconcilables to wreck the cause to which Nationalists were ren ering much splendid service even at that moment. That there were plenty of irreconcilables still in Ireland everyone knew; that the outbreak could have been prevented by a stronger Chief Secretary than Mr. Birrell nearly everyone believed. But that the attempt should have been made was hardly more surprising than its effective limitation to Dublin, where its suppression was hampered by the desire of the authorities to avoid operations involving the destruction of property. Within the week, the rebels had realised the futility of continued resistance, and Ireland had vindicated her loyalty to the Empire, and to the cause into which the Empire had thrown itself.

Belgians Invade German East Africa

Progress in East Africa was somewhat retarded by the rainy season as well as by the vastness of the area of operations and the comparative absence of means of communication. A Belgian contingent from the Congo, however, was now beginning to play an active part, a fresh British column was about to invade the south, and success was steadily attending the British arms wherever the enemy were brought to an engagement. No variation developed in the character of the fighting before Verdun and on the British Front in Flanders and Artois; while for a long time past the mutual hammering of Italians and Austrians on the Isonzo Front had been apparently no less unproductive of definite result.

Now, however, it seemed that Austria was to take her

Hoisting a shell aboard a British warship, to be stored until the German Fleet ventured out again. Having won a great victory off Jutland, May 31st, 1916, the British Fleet was alert for any further activity on the part of the Germans.

turn in seeking to procure some striking success for the Central Powers. The Germans were committed to the great effort on the western front, and could not, as it seemed, spare forces to enable Hindenburg to attempt another grand offensive against the Russian northern army. If the frontal struggle on the Isonzo area offered no opportunity for a decisive blow, there was still another way which might be tried.

Austrian Offensive on Trentino Front

It was pointed out in a previous volume that the Italian frontier fixed in 1866 had retained for Austria the immense advantage of the Trentino wedge, lying on the flank of the Lombard Plain, which is the great highway of communication between industrial and central Italy and the strategic frontier of the north-eastern corner. It had been a fundamental necessity for the Italians, when the campaign opened in 1915, to cover the Lombard Plain from an attack through the Trentino, which would seriously imperil the communications of armies operating on the Isonzo.

The new Austrian move, then, was a concentration upon the Trentino with a view to bursting through, threatening the entire industrial area of northern Italy, and placing the Italian forces on the Isonzo in a very dangerous position. Should this movement be successful it might have a paralysing effect upon Italy, and even compel her to make separate terms and retire from the war. On the other hand, the attempt involved, as the event showed, the withdrawal of heavy guns and picked troops from the Russian front between Pripet Marshes and the Bukovina.

This, then, was the plan which, after full and secret preparation, was brought into play in the third week of May. Trent, always in possession of the Austrians, is the point on which converge the two routes down to the Lombard Plain by the Brenta and the Adige, the Val Sugana and the Val Lagarina. Both these routes were blocked by the Italians. If the Austrians could obtain the effective mastery of either, the whole Italian position would be gravely imperilled. If they could pierce the defensive line stretching across from one valley to the other, they could descend upon one valley or the other in the rear of the Italians.

By the end of the week, after prolonged and heavy bombardments and furious fighting, in which the Austrians claimed to have captured many prisoners and much war material, the Italians had been forced to withdraw from their advanced position in both valleys, but only to new positions which still commanded them completely. At the same time the whole intervening line was being pushed back, so that while our allies were in fact holding their own securely in the two flanks of the line, the Austrians were forming a growing salient on the centre, and their forward pressure was increasing.

And in the meanwhile the Germans were able to claim a slight but appreciable success against the British on the Vimy Ridge, and the fight before Verdun was again increasing in intensity both on the Douaumont section and on the left of the Meuse, resulting in some gain of ground to the Germans, who succeeded in occupying Cumières in the latter area, while the capture of Douaumont "fort" by the French was followed by a German counter-attack which recovered it.

Terrific onslaughts and furious return strokes, costing no one knew how many thousands of lives, had by this time become so much the recognised order of the day that they almost ceased to excite emotion. Trenches defended till bombardment had battered them out of all semblance of defences, trenches stormed, trenches recovered, countless deeds of heroic courage worthy of a V.C., but in this war accepted as the sort of thing that everyone was doing as a matter of course, these things had become commonplaces of every day. There was something fantastic in attempting to recall to our minds wars in which the cutting up of a detachment of some scores or hundreds of men had thrilled us as lamentable disasters. The battering of the Germans upon the allied defences was becoming as monotonous to our exhausted imaginations as the crashing of the tide upon a granite cliff. The public was waiting, almost incredulously, for something that would stir it and startle it.

First News of the Jutland Battle

And on the night of June 2nd came the news that was more than startling. The next morning's papers contained the bald announcement from the Admiralty, which amounted to this: "The German Fleet had come out of its lair, there had been a great battle in the North Sea, and the Germans had returned to port, but they had first sunk three British battle-cruisers and three cruisers, besides, perhaps, nine destroyers." They

themselves had lost one battle-cruiser and a couple of light cruisers, besides, perhaps, another battle-cruiser and battleship. It was believed that further serious damage had been inflicted.

What had happened? On the face of it, a German victory. Not, of course, a victory that disabled the British Fleet, but one in which it had suffered heavy loss in capital ships, apparently twice as heavy as the Germans. The thing was intolerable, inexplicable. Had Beatty committed some fatal blunder, fallen into some skilfully laid trap, rushed to destruction in the belief that reckless valour was the one virtue required of a British admiral? A beflagged Germany was ringing from end to end with this triumphant vindication of her naval might. Could it be the sober truth that British naval supremacy was actually in doubt? The fight had taken place forty-eight hours before the British Admiralty had issued its reluctant information. Was there more behind?

The Admiralty's Second Report

There was more behind, but not by any means on the lines anticipated, even by persons usually sanguine, although it was true that after the first shock it was possible to suspect that first impressions had been too pessimistic.

The second report from the Admiralty seemed to promise that if the British Fleet had been hard hit, the German Fleet had been hit at least as hard, relatively; the proportionate strength of the two, that is, had not altered in favour of Germany, and the capital fact was outstanding that after the battle the enemy had withdrawn to his own ports, had sought no further conflict, and had pursued no other objective. Unless he had aimed at nothing more than an experimental passage of arms it was clear that technically, at least, he had not won a victory. Still, a drawn battle between the British and German Fleets must be accounted as a distinct moral victory for the Germans. Nelson did not deal in drawn battles.

The Germans had joyfully appropriated and trumpeted abroad for the edification of Germany, of neutrals, and even of the Allies themselves, the admissions of the British Admiralty as to British losses and its first statement as to the ascertained losses of the Germans, modified by a scornful rejection of its suggestion that the losses not ascertained were serious. Britannia's ocean throne had been found to rest upon shifting sands; her trident was but a broken reed; as the Chancellor expressed it with his accustomed happiness of phrase, "she had been taught that rats can bite!"

Unmistakably a British Victory

But the British Admiralty continued imperturbably on the course it had deliberately adopted. Its first announcement of the actual facts known to it had only been made to prevent the development of more sinister rumours; it would keep back nothing, but it would not announce successes so long as they were matters of surmise. And thus the note of professed disappointment was still prevalent when a whole week had passed since the battle.

Only then was it beginning to be understood that the battle of Jutland, the biggest naval conflict on record, had been quite definitely and unmistakably a British victory in every sense of the term; a battle in which the British battle-cruiser squadron had engaged the whole German Fleet, fought against tremendous odds, held its own, and only just failed to prevent the enemy's precipitate flight when the Grand Fleet came up. The victory was not one of the same annihilating type as the Nile or Trafalgar or Quiberon, for the simple reason that the conflict was not one between the main Fleets—which was undoubtedly a cause of profound disappointment to Admiral Jellicoe. That was a type of action which the German Fleet never proposed to risk, though it had a very narrow escape.

Whatever ulterior objects the High Seas Fleet had in view, it may be surmised that it came out—being in full strength—in the hope that it would meet and engage the battle-cruiser squadron, more or less annihilate it, and escape home, metaphorically, festooned with laurels. In the alternative Beatty might refuse battle, in which case the British Fleet would have "fled"; or, if something more than the battle-cruiser squadron proved to be about, the way home was clear. The programme failed, because Sir David provided a fourth alternative. He did not refuse battle, but he was not annihilated, and he came near to drawing the High Seas Fleet into the grip of Sir John Jellicoe.

So far as it is possible to judge the battle was admirably fought from beginning to end. When the advance squadron under Von Hipper came in sight of the British battle-cruisers, Sir David—at the moment in superior force—at once engaged. Von Hipper retired upon the main body, having incidentally the good luck to sink the Queen Mary and the Indefatigable. Sir David, presently reinforced by four Queen Elizabeths, drew the fight northward, and was joined first by Admiral Hood, whose flagship was almost immediately sunk, and then by Admiral Arbuthnot, of whose cruisers three met the same fate. Precisely what destruction was wrought in the enemy fleet remains uncertain, but up to this point, except at the first moment of contact, the Germans had been in greatly superior force.

Arrival of the Grand Fleet

Now, when visibility was made very defective by an uncertain mist, the Grand Fleet itself appeared and began to open fire, whereupon the High Seas Fleet took the only course it had ever intended to take in such circumstances—since it had not come out to court annihilation—and made for home at top speed, the pursuing fleet being unable to overtake it, though an effective pursuit was carried far into the night by the British destroyers.

Against three British battle-cruisers and three cruisers were reckoned ultimately the certain loss by the Germans of two Dreadnoughts, another battleship, a Dreadnought battle-cruiser, and five light cruisers, while nine destroyers were definitely accounted for, and another battleship and battle-cruiser were known to be almost in a sinking condition. There was good reason to believe this was far from being a complete tale of the German losses, but the German Admiralty, which first denied ("for military reasons"), and then confessed (when concealment had become impossible), the loss of the Lützow is never likely to divulge the truth.

Assuredly if there was cause for jubilation it lay with the British. Every quality that Britain attributes to her Navy had been displayed in the highest degree by commanders and crews. A victory had been won which still more decisively established the unqualified command of the seas, of which it was a complete demonstration. Nevertheless, the jubilation was very consciously limited. The losses had been grievous; and England would never feel really satisfied with anything less than another Trafalgar.

Lord Kitchener Drowned

Even at the moment when the public was beginning to realise something like the truth about the Jutland battle came grievous tidings such as no man had dreamed of. Off the Orkneys on Monday night, June 5th, H.M.S. Hampshire, carrying Lord Kitchener and his staff to Russia, was "mined or torpedoed," and it was feared that there were no survivors. Ultimately, out of the whole crew a dozen, who had succeeded in clinging to a raft, came to shore alive after all hope had been abandoned. The torpedo idea was definitely discarded; in the seas which were running on that fatal night no torpedo practice was possible, even had it been conceivable that a submarine was in these waters. The Hampshire had undoubtedy been destroyed by a loose mine. The stormy waves had completed the work, sweeping every raft and engulfing every boat that had put off from the doomed vessel.

The heavy seas had compelled her separation from

Members of the Volunteer Training Corps on the Downs at Brighton, where generations of our old Volunteers manœuvred.

the escorting destroyers an hour or two before the catastrophe. For Kitchener there was to be no burial "to the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation." The sea holds him as it holds Francis Drake—the maker of Great Britain's Army to-day, as the maker of England's Navy three hundred years ago. And the nation mourned in silence that meant more than any pageantry of grief. For in its heart it knew how mighty a work had been wrought for England and for the world by him who now was lying "full many a fathom deep" beneath the waves that guard the land he loved so well.

Some dramatic success was daily becoming more and more necessary to the Central Powers if they were to maintain among their populations the theory that their victory was already assured, and that the war was only being prolonged by the crass stupidity of the Allies in not confessing themselves beaten. The haste with which the glorious triumphs of the North Seas Fleet were announced, with its deliberate suppression of losses, was proof positive that the All-Highest was feverishly conscious of the necessity imposed by the fact that the French armies still stood in front of Verdun and the British in front of Ypres. But the belief in the imaginary victory of Jutland could obviously not be maintained for long, and there could be no halting in the effort to inflict upon the Allies in the west some blow which, whether of strategic importance or not, would appeal at least to German imaginations.

Fall of Fort Vaux

These efforts met with a degree of success during the first days of June. West of the Meuse the progress made was indeed infinitesimal. The French could not be dislodged from the Mort Homme and Hill 304, however hard the Germans pressed upon the slopes. But on the other side the Germans at last came into possession of the fort of Vaux on the south of Douaumont when the defences had been annihilated by prolonged and concentrated bombardment. Vaux, in fact, held out to the last, when it had become positively untenable. Such importance as attached to it was due to its value as an observation-post to the French; its direct value to the Germans was small. And in spite of furious attacks upon Thiaumont to the northward, no further progress was at first made in this region.

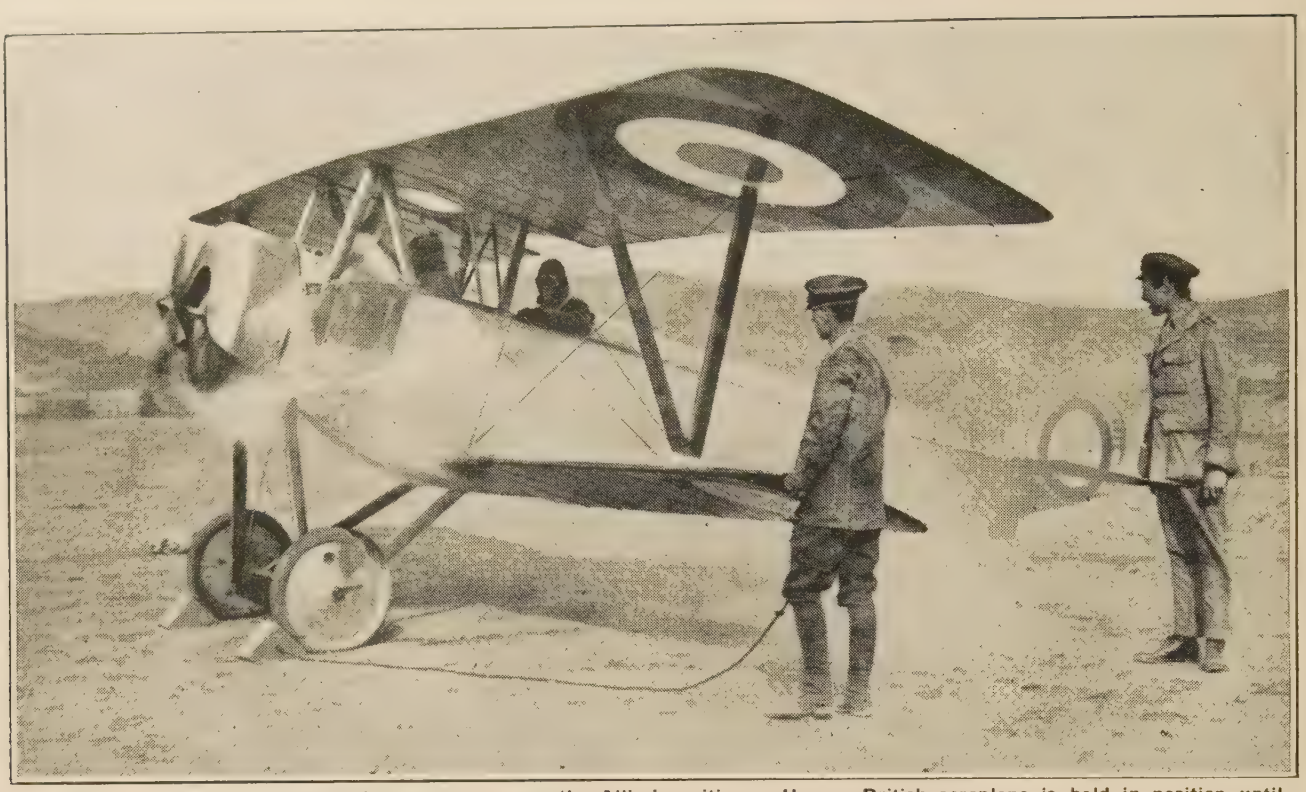
Grand Surprise for Central Powers

On the other hand, the attack on the Ypres salient where the Canadians held the British line increased in intensity. Here, along a front of a mile and a half, the Germans succeeded in thrusting forwards to a depth of seven hundred yards on June 2nd, and though a fierce counter-attack drove them out again on the next day, the ruined trenches could not again be made tenable, and the position was again relinquished; but only to be once more brilliantly recaptured on June 13th by the Canadians, who this time succeeded in "consolidating" their gains. Here, therefore, there was no sign that anything of a striking character was imminent. In the Trentino the Austrians, when they had advanced their salient so far as to include Arsiero and Asiago, were apparently brought to a standstill.

The grand surprise was of another sort than that which the Central Powers desired. And yet it seems strange that nothing of the kind had been anticipated. Before the winter was over, Russia had given evidence of her recuperation by the almost miraculous campaign which had given her Erzerum in February.

Contrary to her customary reticence, she had been almost ostentatious in her announcements that her earlier deficiencies in equipment had been made good. In the early spring she had made sundry tentative movements upon both her northern and her southern European fronts with satisfactory results.

Photograph of a too infrequent scene on which the British Navy was eager to set eyes. Armoured cruisers of the German High Seas Fleet steaming out to sea. They were an appreciably smaller company after they had met Sir David Beatty's Battle-Cruiser Squadron on May 31st, 1916.



Ready to be off after enemy aircraft somewhere over the Allies' positions. How a British aeroplane is held in position until engine speed is up and the pilot gives the signal to "let go."

Perhaps the Central Powers were lulled into a sense of security by a belief that those tentative movements had been the best attempt she could make in the way of a grand offensive. This much at least is clear, that the Germans were sure enough of their own safety on the Front from Riga to the Pripet Marshes to draw upon it in order to maintain their strength before Verdun and Ypres; and the Austrians had been rash enough to weaken their lines from the Marshes to Czernovitz for the concentration in the Trentino.

Opening of Great Russian Offensive

The sudden development of Russian activity was therefore a surprise in every sense of the term. It was their response to the Austrian move in the Trentino, the significance of which they realised. A smashing blow in Volhynia at a favourable moment might anticipate that simultaneous offensive on east and west which was supposed to be the allied programme, but would not necessarily disconcert it, while it would quite certainly disconcert the Austrians at a critical hour.

The new campaign opened on June 4th, at the moment when Austria was thoroughly gripped by the Trentino venture. There was not the remotest possibility of reinforcements coming from that quarter where failure now would almost certainly mean disaster. Hindenburg would probably attempt a diversion in the north, but it was improbable, in view of the western situation, that such a diversion would develop into an effective menace—or, on the other hand, that he could risk dispatching any substantial aid to his ally. Along a front two hundred miles in length the Russians flung themselves upon the Austrians, having on the previous day opened the huge bombardment which was the necessary preliminary.

The movement in its early development was quite unlike the German offensives against Ypres or Verdun, or the German onslaught upon the Russians fourteen months ago. In each of these cases the obvious intention was to hurl an overwhelming force upon a narrow front, drive a wedge clean through at that point, and cut the enemy armies in two. The aim of every offensive has been either to turn a flank or—after there were no flanks exposed—to smash through and envelope. The smashing through had never yet been attained on any front. This Russian attack rather conveyed the impression that it was delivered all along the line with the aim of sweeping back the whole line and securing points—railway points presumably—for the further development of the plan of campaign.

There was no breaking through, but the whole Austrian line, with its ends standing fast, swayed backwards into an arc instead of a straight line. But there were bulges in the arc; and at the end of a fortnight's fighting it looked as if the Russians had two objectives in view, one the railway centre at Lemberg, the other Czernovitz, where the Austrian Bukovina borders on neutral Rumania. Czernovitz might mean the turning of the Austrian flank. But it was still too soon to form a clear opinion as to what the scheme of the Russian commander Brussiloff might be. Only this was apparent. Lutsk and Dubno were occupied by the advancing Russians; they put the Strypa (on the northern sector) on their rear instead of on their front; they were capturing prisoners at the amazing average rate of 13,000 daily; and then came the news that, after a week's hard fighting, the Russian left wing had occupied Czernovitz, and the Austrians in that quarter were in full retreat.

The Capture of Czernovitz

The capture of Czernovitz meant that the whole Bukovina must shortly be in Russian hands. The Austrian right was broken up; it was possible that a portion of it might be driven off the board into Rumania, and probable that a substantial section would make its escape over the Carpathians by way of the Borzo Pass. In the meanwhile, the Russian right seemed to have been checked in its advance towards Kovel on the north, and the centre upon the long line between Tarnopol and Lemberg was definitely held up. The situation was gradually becoming clear.

The pace of the first surprise onslaught of the Russians could not be maintained; with inadequate communications the heavy guns could only follow the advance

slowly, whereas the enemy had been pushed back upon his own supports and readier communications. Reinforcements—at whatever strain—were being hurried up to his aid in the centre. But the fact remained that at the end of three weeks the Russians had taken some 200,000 prisoners, and it was hardly conceivable that the prisoners could be much more than half of the total Austrian casualties, which must therefore have amounted approximately to one half of the entire Austrian force between the Marshes and Czernovitz.

Objects of the Russian Attack

What would the next development be? That also was growing clearer. The Russian attack was to be concentrated on the wings—towards Kovel on their right, towards Kolomea on their left, both railway points of great value for further operations. But more than that, the capture of either Kovel or Kolomea would threaten a flank of the Austrian centre; the capture of both would threaten its envelopment. On the other hand, if the Austrians—now, according to rumour, with Mackensen of the Phalanx commanding them—could drive through the Russian centre, weakened to strengthen the wings, there would be something like the turning of the tables.

Of this, however, there was little apparent prospect, though in the centre it was now the Russians rather than their foes who were on the whole giving ground. Northward, the struggle towards Kovel showed no signs of immediate decision; it was hard to say whether the thrusting forward of a Russian wedge was to be accounted as a menace to Kovel or as the creation of a dangerous salient. But southward there was no doubt whatever that all was going in favour of the Russians; and the menace to the right flank of the Austrian centre materialised very thoroughly with the capture of Kolomea, announced to the world on July 1st.

Other developments, too, were in progress in the Eastern regions. From Asia Minor and Mesopotamia there came little enough news; but the troubles of the Turks were not lightened by the revolt of the Sherif of Mecca—virtually a repudiation of the Ottoman Caliphate (which began four hundred years ago), by the man in whose hands are the Holy Places of Islam. The possible effect on the Mohammedan world was not easily measurable. And at the same time the relations between the Greek Government and the Entente Powers reached such a point of strain that the situation had become intolerable. Virtually, if not technically, an ultimatum was delivered which resulted in the immediate resignation of King Constantine's Cabinet and the formation of a new Ministry, with M. Zaimis at its head, which submitted to all the demands put forward by the Allies.

Cadorna Forces Back the Austrians

If the operations of the Russians during June were sensational, those of the Italians in the Trentino were, to say the least, reassuring. The Austrians, overconfident of their own strength or of Russia's weakness in Volhynia, had effected a powerful concentration in order to achieve a decision on the Trentino front—a thrust down from the mountains into the Lombardy Plain which might have been a knock-out blow for the Italians. It had indeed aroused the gravest anxiety among the Allies, tempered, however, by a confidence in the foresight and skill of General Cadorna which was to be fully justified.

The Italian centre had been driven back to the mountain rim; but the wings had held fast. Early in June the Austrian advance had been held up. The Italian reinforcements, which had silently been held in readiness, were poured up to the fighting line; the counter-attack was launched. Doubtfully at first, then quite unmistakably, the Austrians began to yield the ground they had won at heavy cost by six weeks of

The "invasion" of England. Some of the Prussian Guard after leaving the boat at Southampton en route for an internment camp in the North of England. They were interested in the trophies of the Crimean War, which are a feature of the sea front.

desperate effort. The slow yielding became almost a precipitate retreat; perhaps the qualifying word is superfluous. Neither retirement nor pursuit in the mountains could be otherwise than slow, but by the end of the month the Austrians were practically back on the lines from which they had started on their rash adventure. They had left behind them sinister proofs of an earnest effort to emulate the practices and illustrate the principles of warfare on the Prussian model.

If matters were going ill for the Central Empires on the Russian and Italian fronts, it was all the more imperative—from the political point of view, at least—that they should achieve something on the western Front. Not a "decision"—that had been clearly out of reach at least since the early days of April—but something which could at least be advertised as a triumphant blow. Their own strategy and the French reply had bound them irrevocably to the Verdun adventure. There lay their one chance, such as it was, and there they again hurled forward to the attack with desperate fury. At no other point was it possible for them to undertake a concentrated offensive, and they could not afford to acknowledge that the time had come when a stubborn defensive all along the line had been imposed upon them.

Renewed Attack on Verdun

And the renewed onslaught was terrific enough to give them encouragement and to shake all but the steadiest nerves among the spectators of the allied group. Although on the west of the Meuse they still made no progress, the struggle of the Douaumont Plateau became exceedingly threatening. On June 23rd, in spite of a desperate resistance, they had broken into the Thiaumont Work; and they followed this up by an advance into the village of Fleury, only some three miles from Verdun itself. Nor could any amount of insistence upon the strategical unimportance of Verdun dissipate the feeling that if the Germans succeeded in entering it, a very heavy blow would be dealt to the cause of the Allies.

French soldiers fixing an aerial torpedo to be fired against hostile aircraft. Note the wings, which assist in the projectile's flight.

But the Germans were not in Verdun. The losses on both sides in the struggle were immense; a gain of ground had been made more appreciable than any since the first week of the great attack four months earlier. But the French defence remained unbroken, and on July 1st they had again driven the Germans out of the Thiaumont Work. Whether they could hold it themselves was another matter; but the fact itself was significant of the desperate character of the task which the Germans had set themselves.

What was the meaning of this furious conflict? Why, if Verdun was of minor strategic importance, did the French Command maintain this heroic and costly resistance? They knew that the Germans were wrong in believing that the morale of Frenchmen would collapse if the enemy got into Verdun. But they also knew that till the Germans reached Verdun they must go on straining their resources to the utmost in order to get there, but that once they were there their energies would be liberated upon other quarters—and they were not to be liberated.

Battle of the Somme Starts

There were signs for those who could read. There were uninstructed wailings that the British had been doing nothing—nothing but making ready, worrying the German lines, keeping up a perpetual harassing menace, drawing to their own front every enemy unit that could be spared for local accumulation; nothing but just the precise thing which the allied command required of them—until the time should come. Doing "nothing" incidentally involved heroic episodes such as that of the Canadians at Zillebeke.

Also we were allowed to learn that it was coming to mean the accomplishment of innumerable patrol raids upon the enemy trenches—whereof the true import was that the British were collecting a vast amount of accurate information as to the strength of the enemy at various positions all along the line, and were doing so at small cost. The men from every part of the Empire were taking their turns—Anzacs, Highland Light Infantry, Welsh Fusiliers, Royal Irish Rifles, Canadians, Warwickshires, is a list of names drawn at haphazard from those mentioned from day to day, but popular report attributed to the Anzacs the credit of inaugurating the new method.

And along with the tales of the patrol raids came the casual mention of "considerable artillery activity on several sectors," occasionally developing as "heavy bombardment," and then "continuous bombardment."

And then on July 1st: "Attack launched north of River Somme this morning at 7.30 a.m. in conjunction with French. British troops have broken into German forward system of defences on front of sixteen miles. Fighting is continuing."

The Battle of the Somme had begun.

To face page 1825

WAYSIDE CALVARY IN FRANCE: PATHETIC SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION WHERE BRITISH WOUNDED WERE PUT ABOARD THE AMBULANCE TRAIN.

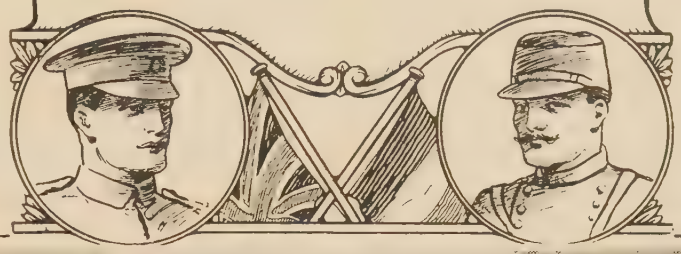
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the lads go by in the dark,
Dim and shadowy shapes, to the lilt of a whistled air.
Light of heart and of step they go to the fight—and hark!
A careless jest and the laugh of a mind that is free from care

It is the hymn of France, a song with a martial swing
That rises shrill and clear o'er the terrible thunders afar,
Telling of comrades in arms and the timely aid that they bring,
Of brave hearts ranged by her side in the tumult and stress of her war.

O France, does thy bosom throb to the pulse of that measured beat
As the ghostly marching ranks swing past on their glorious quest?
Surely thy soil must thrill to the tread of the conquering feet,
Knowing of those that must sleep their last long sleep in thy breast!

—CLAUDE E. BURTON.

With the Flag in France and Flanders



The jubilant sentry: German prisoners under guard after the British Advance, July, 1916.

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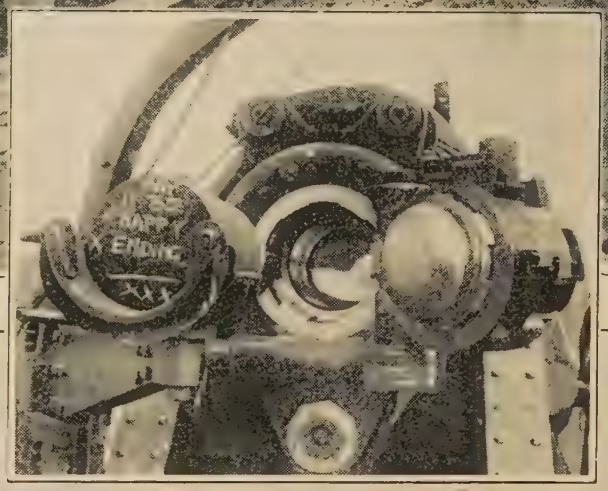
THE WESTERN ARENA.—Map indicating the region of the British offensive. From Arras to the Somme Britain's batteries roared and British infantry went forward. The advance began on July 1st, 1916, after a concentrated artillery effort.

The Great Push! France Salutes the Ally

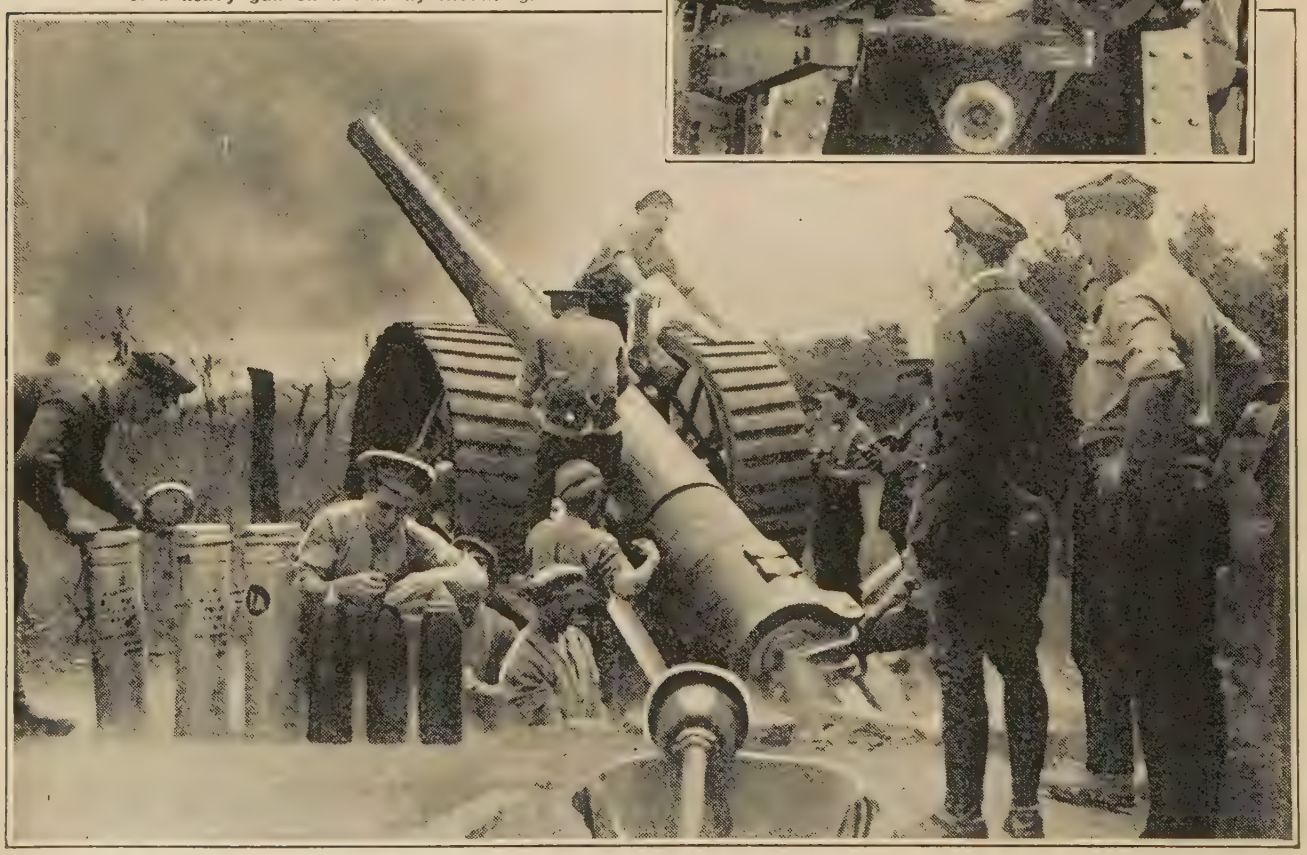
Not even at home was the great British offensive hailed with more joy and enthusiasm than it was in France. For months our splendid ally had patiently awaited the moment when Britain would be prepared to go forward and relieve the tension.

On the morning of July 1st, 1916, the French seemed to know instinctively that the hour had struck, and many a war-worn "Poilu" of the earliest class raised a hand to his helmet in saluting his ally with the words "Bonne chance, mon camarade!"

Guns that Pounded German Trenches to Powder



The Great Push.—British gunners ramming home the shell of a heavy gun on a railway mounting.



One of the British heavy guns in action against the German lines. On July 1st, 1916, after five days' intense bombardment by our artillery, a great offensive was launched on a front of about twenty-five miles north and on both banks of the Somme. Inset: A complimentary message ready to be sent to Fritz. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)

After Victory: German Soldiers in Captivity

Evidence of the victory. Column of German prisoners resting by the roadside, behind the British lines, awaiting to be sent to an internment camp.

GERMAN soldiers taken prisoners during the British offensive of July, 1916, were unanimous as to the terrible work of the British artillery.

The continuous bombardment rendered the German first line untenable, and many of those who escaped death from shell fire were so dazed as to be unable to defend themselves when the British infantry stormed their trenches.

Party of German prisoners, many of whom were slightly wounded, marching along a French road in charge of a British guard. Inset: A ration party photographed after they had "done their bit" in the great offensive. (Official photographs.)

THE BILLET IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.—Returning from a spell in the trenches a number of British soldiers were unable to find billets in the village, and were promptly ordered to take up their quarters in a neighbouring church. They soon settled down to their novel environment. Rations were served out by the cook, wet puttees and boots were removed, and rifles were piled. Simultaneously a service was proceeding, attended by a number of French women, all too absorbed in their devotions to notice the entrance of the fighting men.

Splendid British Charge at La Boisselle

Wonderful photograph of British troops charging over No Man's Land to the attack at La Boisselle. A huge shell has burst to the right of the soldiers, throwing two of the forms into strong silhouette. The barbed-wire having been swept aside, these splendid Scots were soon afterwards in the German firing line.

Appearance of a modern battlefield. A mine has been sprung in the foreground, and it is difficult to realise that but a few hours before this barren spot was teeming with life and activity. Nothing remains now but calcined debris. All life is obliterated save for some British officers contemplating the scene and the R.A.M.C. orderlies at their humane work in the background.

To The Fighting Line via Marseilles: Scottish

A contingent of British troops disembarked at Marseilles on May 8th, 1916, among whom were a number of Scottish soldiers, who marched to the music of the pipes.

Some of the Indian warriors who arrived at Marseilles together with the Scots and Australians. The centre photograph shows band of the new allied troops who were to aid in the deliverance of France.

ustralian and Indian Troops Enter France

Australians marching down the main boulevard of Marseilles. They were accorded a great welcome, and each man was presented with a bouquet of flowers.

nes of great enthusiasm on the part of the French populace were witnessed in the Avenue du Prado as the Scottish, Australian, and Indian contingent passed through the city on their way to the front.

Royal Welsh Fusiliers Along the Somme

First-aid for heroes of the Somme. Looking after the wounded in the trenches during the great advance.

A heap of trench-mortar ammunition behind the lines ready for transport to the firing front.

Remarkable photograph of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in bivouac. On July 6th, 1916, these gallant fighters made a successful raid into the German trenches south of the La Bassee Canal. Inset: The East Yorks on the march through a French village to the front line. (Official photographs.)

Great Leaders in History's Greatest Crisis

M. Briand, the French Prime Minister, photographed during his tour of the British lines with Sir Douglas Haig and some of his Staff.

The great British offensive of July 1st, 1916, was carried out simultaneously with that of the French forward movement. General Haig is here seen greeting General Joffre at the British Headquarters. Inset: Characteristic snapshot of the British Generalissimo.

Before and After the Moment of the Advance

Anzacs on the western front bringing up a water-cart, a task they would have gladly welcomed in sun-baked Gallipoli.

War-time fashions. Group of British soldiers wearing another new type of headgear, light and soft for summer campaigning.

The irrepressible British Tommy. Chalking shells with complimentary messages for Fritz.

Canadian wounded being removed after fighting heroically for King and Empire. The sturdy lads of the Maple Leaf around the ambulance are wearing the familiar steel helmet. Inset: A comfortable rest in the trenches when "things were quiet."

Pardon, Kamerad! An Incident at Montauban

One of the most dramatic incidents in the capture of Montauban was the abject surrender of a number of German soldiers who had been utterly demoralised by the British bombardment. The enemy had taken cover in their dug-outs, but came out into the open immediately they were called upon to do so. Here they went down on their knees, and with hands held high over their heads begged piteously for mercy. They were then marshalled into single file and sent under guard to the rear.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Glorious First of July

By EDWARD WRIGHT

ON Midsummer Day, 1916, the result of the labours of our myriads of munition workers was displayed to the enemy. A line of flame and thunder stretched for ninety miles from Ypres to the Somme River. The German commanders hurried up reserves to meet the coming shock of our infantry attack. But no attack was delivered. Day and night the crashing line of fire was maintained. In sunlight the German trenches were veiled in a fog of bursting shells. By starlight French townspeople, thirty miles away, sat in darkness on their roofs, watching with grim joy the strange long rim of roaring radiance on their eastern sky-line.

Nothing like our bombardment has been seen in any field of the European War. The front of flame was longer than that which the Germans had produced at Gorlice and Verdun, and it lasted longer. It was the first grand triumph of the workers in our munition factories. Our country was using shells by the million, and wearing out guns by the thousand, in order to save the lives of our soldiers. At times the French armies from the Somme to Rheims joined in the unparalleled bombardment, making the line of flame one hundred and eighty miles long.

Triumph of Organisation

Sir Douglas Haig, sitting with his Staff near his central telephone exchange, was using tens of thousands of motor-lorries in the way a skilful fencer uses his rapier. By continually changing the sector at which the main shell supply was delivered, he varied the spear-head of his bombarding force. Our airmen attacked the German balloons and aeroplanes, thus blinding the enemy's aerial observers, until at last our shell supplies could come up in daylight as well as in darkness, without the enemy knowing what part of his force would next be swept with extreme intensity by our heavy artillery. Our guns were also able to concentrate and reconcentrate along our front of ninety miles, leaving the enemy ignorant of the new direction in which they were massing.

Never has an army worked as ours then worked in sustaining for a week the thunderous flame of our grand bombardment and the continual clouds of our asphyxiating gas. No longer were we weakly replying to German gas attacks with mild, innocuous, intoxicating fumes. We were giving the Germans, who had tortured us with chlorine gas, a new gas of our own that took them by surprise. As our infantry raids on the hostile lines increased in number, our men were able to see heaps of gassed, dead figures in the opposing trenches on the very days when the German communiqués said that our clouds of poison had floated harmlessly over the German lines.

The German Staff Deceived

Meanwhile, the German Staff had to decide where to mass its best troops—the Prussian Guard and its main reserve. Sir Douglas Haig, by a violent demonstration near the Somme River on June 27th, seems to have misled the Germans. For it afterwards appeared that they thought this British move was a feint, and that our main attack would be delivered between Albert and La Bassée, with Arras as the centre of our breaking movement. The Prussian Guard was placed north of Albert, near the hamlet of Gommecourt, and the main stream of German shell was directed towards the batteries round Arras.

But on Thursday and Friday, June 29th and 30th, our troops round Arras had an easy time of it compared with the labour that fell upon the men holding the line just north of the Somme. Here were a Territorial Division, an Ulster Division, Tynesiders, Manchester men, Scotsmen, and English county battalions, who came up to make the attack, and worked first to supply the guns. For forty-eight hours they slept only by snatches, amid the unending thunder that disturbed the atmosphere and produced a great downfall of rain. The mud added to the difficulties of maintaining the flow of ammunition between the columns of motor-trucks and the batteries; but, in spite of all troubles, our bombardment, gas attacks, and raids continued. Then, at six o'clock on Saturday morning, July 1st, 1916, Sir Douglas Haig revealed his long-prepared plan of attack, and showed the Germans that he had outplayed them. Our great bombardment had been a bluff. On our southern wing, by the Somme, was one of the finest armies of France, under one of the finest French commanders, General Foch. Foch had been remarkably quiet during our week of hurricane fire. Instead of knocking the enemy's trenches about as he could have done, he had lent us some of his quick-firers, in order to increase the volume of our fire, and make it seem that France was so exhausted by the long defence of Verdun that she had to leave the great answering, offensive movement entirely to Britain.

General Foch Surprises the Enemy

But on the glorious First of July, when our army of the Somme sent out its last smashing tornado of shells, the army of General Foch spoke even louder than ours did, and with thousands of siege-guns abruptly flattened the enemy's trenches on a sector of some eight miles. For an hour and a half the morning mist, half veiling the downland country between Péronne and Baupaume, was thickened by the smoke of half a million or more high-explosive shells. Then, at half-past seven, nothing could be seen from the great chalk ridges where the German observing officers, sheltering in deep caverns in the chalk, peered through their periscopes. The British and French armies sent out huge, rolling masses of black smoke that blanketed all the front and screened the rows of brown and blue figures that were moving on the German lines.

The general movement of the Allies extended for some thirty miles, from Foncquevillers, about twelve miles south-west of Arras, to Foucaucourt, about seven miles south-west of Péronne. A considerable part of this general movement was designed to hold the Prussian Guard and the main reserve under Prince Rupert of Bavaria. The German armies were arranged somewhat like those of the Allies. The strongest force, under Rupert of Bavaria, faced the British lines as far as Thiepval. Then southward, from the Somme sector to the Oise River, mainly facing the French, was the Sixth German Army, which had fought at Charleroi under General von Bülow, and was now commanded by General von Einem. It was against Einem that our main attack was directed. We had arranged to assail his northern wing at its point of junction with the army of Rupert of Bavaria, while the French force under General Foch drove unexpectedly in upon Einem's centre of communications at Péronne. Meanwhile, it was vitally essential that Einem should be stopped from getting help from his immediate neighbour, Rupert of Bavaria. The Prussian Guard at Gommecourt, for instance, was only twenty-four miles away from Péronne, with a light railway service connecting them with Einem's northern wing. Therefore, they had to be violently held in the position to which they had been lured by our long, deceptive bombardment.

Rupert's Men in Readiness

The necessity for this holding action against Prince Rupert's forces gave occasion for one of the finest examples of indomitable tenacity in British history. All Rupert's men were prepared for our attack. They apparently knew it would take place on July 1st, and they certainly divined that the Gommecourt salient, above Albert—the westernmost point in France held by the enemy—would be a critical position. When our bombardment opened at six o'clock on Saturday morning all the German troops retired to dug-outs twenty to thirty feet below the trenches. Then, at half-past seven, when our guns lifted on the enemy's second line, the Germans came out of their lowest cellars in the chalk, bringing their machine-guns with them, and entered a series of upper dug-outs, which had loopholes almost on the surface of the ground. [Continued on page 1840

Wiltshires and East Yorks in the Forward Move

Wiltshire yeomen, high-spirited soldiers from the historic English county, on their way to gather laurels in the momentous fields of Flanders. Brandishing their steel helmets with a loud hurrah, these men were truly glad to be on the move.

The Sleep of the Brave. British reserves resting in the trenches. So tired were they after a long march that they did not even trouble to remove their steel helmets.

Men of the East Yorks passing along a French village street to the zone of operations. Heavily equipped, smothered in dust from head to foot, these men were typical of thousands going forward in the cause of Albion and Liberty.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE WAR (Continued from page 1838.)

They began to fire through these loopholes when our screen of black smoke went up, and they continued to fire throughout the first phase of the action. They did not at first take any aim—our smoke screen prevented that—but their machine-gun positions were so arranged that a mechanical and continuous shower of bullets swept all the zone between the opposing fronts and pattered against our sand-bags. The German system of defence was an extraordinary piece of engineering. The machine-gunners could not be reached by our shells, and, being provided with gas helmets, they could not be killed by our gas attacks.

At the same time as the German machine-guns opened fire the German artillery flung a storm of shrapnel over our front trenches. Around Gommecourt were three curtains of intense shrapnel fire between our men and their goal. For here it was that the Germans had concentrated their main mass of guns. Yet the British troops came out steadily under the awful rain of death, raised their own machine-guns on the parapet, and then, dropping in hundreds, but never wavering, made their way across a zone of five hundred yards to the enemy's front line.

Devilish Machine-Gunners

The Prussian Guard also came with its machine-guns through our curtain of fire, and fought with great courage in the open No Man's Land between the wooded promontory of Gommecourt and our positions round Hebuterne. In the end our men were defeated, because they had not behind them the enormous weight of artillery the Germans had. But this local defeat won the general battle for us. All the forces of the Crown Prince of Bavaria were held down at the appointed place, with the result that General von Einem could not obtain any reinforcements and suffered, not a local defeat, but a far-reaching disaster.

South of Gommecourt, between the Hill of Serre, the valley of the Ancre, and the ridge of Thiepval, our troops were at first amazingly successful. In a series of charges, as heroic as that made by the Scottish Division at Lens, our men took the German trenches, and then bombed their way into Serre and Thiepval, reaching the third and last line of German works. Some battalions had no casualties whatever in the rush against the German first line, but we did not allow for the remarkable intrepidity of some of the German machine-gunners. These men were devilish in spirit when our wounded lay at their mercy and tried to creep to shelter.

Einem Calls Reserves from Verdun

At Serre and Thiepval they let our charging lines pass them, and then came out of their dug-outs, swept our rear, and knocked down our parties who were bringing up bombs for the troops ahead in the German third line. One German gunner was found wounded in nine places and still fighting like a dervish of the Sudan. Little more than a score of these determined men, working behind our victorious line, succeeded in stopping ammunition reaching our troops at Serre and Thiepval. They thus compelled our men to retire when the Crown Prince of Bavaria, about midday on Saturday, flung his reserve against the two points on his wing that were so near to breaking. Yet the actions at Thiepval and Serre completed the design of the terrible action at Gommecourt, and extended Rupert's army to its full strength. Our troops hung on for four days to the south of Thiepval, where they repulsed the German Guard and all the other reserves of Prince Rupert. He could not spare a single battalion for Einem. So Einem had slowly to gather reinforcements from Rheims and Verdun in order to meet the main allied attack. And Einem could not do this in time.

For in our main assault our success was swift and complete. We aimed at the great German salient built on a ridge overlooking our position at Albert, and known as the Fricourt salient from a village lying at the point of it. The main strength of the position, however, resided in a great fortified chalk ridge, some five miles long, extending from the hamlet of Boisselle to the village and brickfield of Montauban. The hamlet of Mametz rose on the southern slope of the ridge.

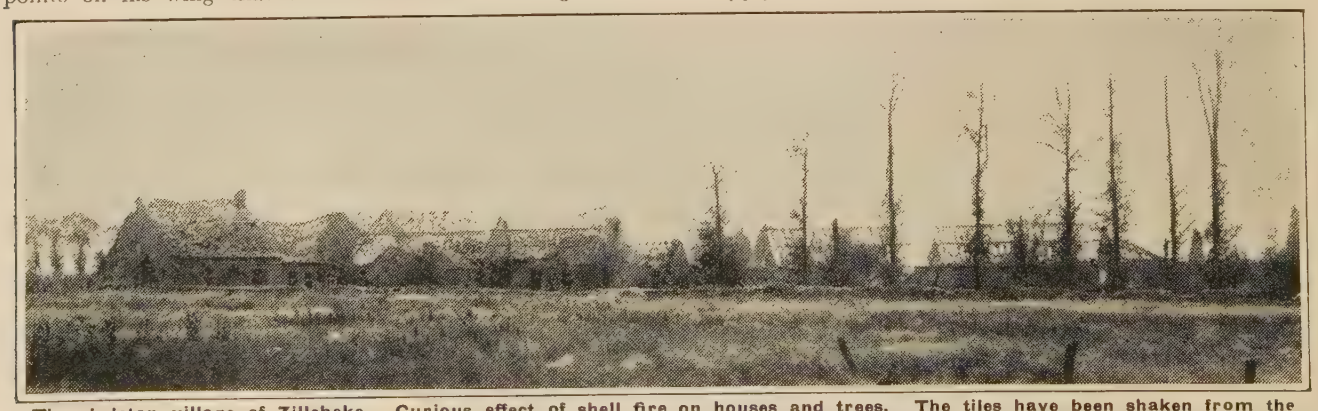
The Pincers Round Fricourt

We did not make an immense, surging charge all round the great salient, but delivered two great thrusts. Fricourt was not attacked, but the line on either side of it was broken in two places about two and a half miles from each other. The Gordons advanced against Mametz, and, though raked horribly by machine-gun fire, stormed the position and held it. Then some miles away on their right the men of Lancashire, supported by the Surreys, Kents, Essex, Bedfords, and Norfolks, carried the main ridge at Montauban in one strong, narrow stream of invasion. At the other end of the ridge, by Boisselle, the Suffolks and the Tynesiders, with the Tyneside pipers playing on their men, swept by the northerly German hill fortress and advanced well beyond the salient to the village of Contalmaison. The Suffolks reached this village at the price of only one man killed, but again the German machine-gunners in our rear near Boisselle checked our advance for the time being.

The Measure of Success in Four Days

The fact was our wonderful troops did more than had been expected of them. Fricourt was left untouched for two days, as we had made larger gains on either side of it than had been designed. Our principal attention was directed towards smashing up the reinforcements that Einem hurried towards the high ground on the ridge. There we broke brigade after brigade, leaving Fricourt open like a trap for more Germans to enter. But we joined our two wedges round Fricourt on Sunday afternoon, stormed Boisselle the next day, and then resuming our onward progress advanced some miles eastward along the road to Combles.

So tremendous was the pressure with which we pushed back Einem's northern wing that General Foch's army, in four days of sledge-hammer work, took the plateau south of the Somme, dominated Péronne, hauled up the great French siege-guns, and brought Einem's northern railway and motor communications beneath a heavy incessant shell fire. In other words, Haig's and Foch's armies did as much in four days' fighting to threaten the German routes of supply at Péronne as the Germans had done in five months' fighting to threaten the French routes of supply at Verdun.



The skeleton village of Zillebeke. Curious effect of shell fire on houses and trees. The tiles have been shaken from the roofs purely by vibration of shells passing and bursting in the vicinity. (Canadian Government copyright reserved.)

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VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O.

In Command of the Battle Cruiser Fleet

To face page 1840

Prisoners from Contalmaison and Boisselle

German prisoners arriving from Contalmaison. Many of them, particularly the wounded ones, are proceeding to the rear via the trench, thus to be out of danger from shell fire. Of the three figures in the foreground, one is severely wounded.

Brothers in adversity cling together. Scene on the footpath to La Boisselle, showing German prisoners trudging along, some carrying their helpless comrades. Inset: British soldier gives a wounded German water from his flask. (Official photographs.)

Calling the Roll After the Dawn of Victory

Loading ammunition into the waggons for the great advance. The heaps of empty cases and boxes tell their own story.

The roll-call of the gallant Seaforths after the first day of the "great push." This remarkably pathetic photograph is reminiscent of Lady Butler's famous picture of a former campaign. Inset: Bringing in a "casualty" on a newly-designed stretcher.

Recurrence of Red Cross Treachery at Thiepval

According to the report of an eye-witness there was at least one recurrence of Prussian Red Cross treachery during the British advance. In the course of desperate fighting near Thiepval a German soldier showed himself above a shattered parapet, violently waving a Red Cross flag. He was permitted to approach, and was seen to lift something back into the trench. Immediately after a machine-gun began its deadly work. The burden of the Prussian was neither a wounded nor dead comrade, but a Maxim.

THOUGHTS OF HOME BEFORE THE CRITICAL EFFORT.—The hour before the advance on July 1st, 1916, found British soldiers in high spirits, laughing, joking, confident in a "ready to do or die" humour. Many of them turned their thoughts to home and wrote what were, alas! in some cases, their last letters to "Blighty." A well-known war correspondent relates how a group of men were seen squatting under cover of a small ridge writing letters by the flickering light of candles. Behind them a troop of horse passed along the road leading to the front, while a dim column of lorries laden with gun fodder made its way towards the busy batteries.

The Deathless Story of Gommecourt Wood

Perhaps the most glorious epic of the great advance which began on July 1st, 1916, is the undying story of Gommecourt, at the northern end of the British attacking line. An attempt to capture the Gommecourt Wood drew from the German guns a triple barrage fire. Nevertheless, the British went forward as though on parade. Men were struck down at every step, but many succeeded in getting through the three curtains of death, only to be confronted by a number of machine-guns. Owing to their heroism, which diverted the German forces, these troops greatly helped to achieve the victory farther south.

HURRAH! HURRAH!! HURRAH!!!—If there is any doubt as to the magnificent spirit of the British troops in France, let us contemplate this photograph, taken after the successful action at St. Eloi, March 27th, 1916. Behind the lines a number of participants in the affair are making merry after the victory, laughing, singing, cheering, for all the world as if war were a Bank-Holiday excursion and not a matter of life, wounds, or death. Such a picture as this represents no isolated incident, but an everyday interpretation of the spirit of General Haig's men, of the soul of the Poilu, and of the new Russian battalions who in April, 1916, came from east to west to make surer of being in at the finish.

The 'Fighting Fifth' Scores Again at St. Eloi

Fun and frolic after victory at St. Eloi. Northumberland Fusiliers, or the famous "Fighting Fifth," trying on German helmets and respirators captured from the enemy in the attack on St. Eloi, March 27th, 1916.

Happy in captivity. Types of German infantry taken prisoners in the St. Eloi fighting. The foremost of them is wearing the steel helmet which was used universally by the belligerents.

A Night Affair on the Western Front

How British Daring Foiled a German Surprise

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY

Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby

MR. H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY, the brilliant war correspondent of the "Morning Post," was educated for the Army at Woolwich and at Sandhurst, whence he passed to a commission in the Royal Irish Rifles. He represented his paper throughout the South African War (being twice wounded) and in Somaliland, and in the Great War in Flanders, where he was wounded in 1916. Under his pen name of "Francis Prevost" he has published two volumes of poetry, works on hockey—in which game he played for the South against the North on five occasions—and many novels. Author, traveller, big-game hunter, and all-round sportsman, Mr. Prevost Battersby has enjoyed a varied career. His identity with the brilliant novelist "Francis Prevost" must not lead our readers to suppose that this present story is a piece of fiction; it is cast in fictional form because that helps to bring the thrilling adventure before the mind with more vivid actuality, but it is really a narration of fact.

HENRY ALTON looked at his colonel with a certain mild surprise. None of his surprises were ever more than that.

"Yes," said his C.O. "It is, as I told you, rather off the usual line, but the Chief sees no other way of doing it. He doesn't want to waste the men on a raid, and besides, you know how little one learns from them of what the Boche is up to."

Briefly, the job was to discover what in the way of mining the enemy was doing. Along this stretch of the front mining on both sides was the chief amusement. Very little, so far, had actually come of it, but nothing is more trying to the steadiness of men who have much else to try them than the muffled tick, tick of a hostile pick at some unknown depth beneath them, with the certainty at no distant date of being dismembered in the air or buried alive under the débris of one's own parapet.

Alton was therefore asked to discover where the mine shafts started in the German lines, and the direction they took. How he was to do that, no one, including himself, had the least idea. He was not a soldier by profession, having been, till past thirty, a bank clerk in a Midland town, and, having a wife and child and no money, had tried for as long as he could to think that Britain could do without him. He had enlisted, but found himself after five months' service a first lieutenant. He was the sort of man men trust, and having captained a famous football team, knew how to handle them.

To go with him on this occasion he chose a small, quick-witted Cockney of his own company, called Smith, on the strength of his ability to think quicker and go through smaller gaps than himself.

The thing had, of course, to be done at night, and they waited at the sally-port—a dignified name for the little tunnel that burrowed under the parapet and out beyond the barbed-wire—for enough darkness to conceal their movements. They each had revolvers, which they did not mean to use, and, fastened by a loop to their right wrists, the handle of an entrenching tool, up to the top of which had been slipped a cogged circlet of iron, guaranteed to crush the hardest of Square-head skulls.

Rain and an Ill Wind

Grey blankets were draped like Crusaders' cloaks from their shoulders, to mask their outlines when they had to flatten themselves against the ground to cheat the German flares. There was the usual dreary drizzle of rain, that smeared the sides of the trenches with slime, and made the bottom boards slippery as an ice-slide. The rain was all to the good; the soft drift of it would dull as much of the sentry's ears as it had not hunted under his coat collar, but the wind that brought it was the wrong way, west by south, carrying sounds to the enemy.

The man who was thrust into such an enterprise was taking his life in his hands, in his finger-tips one might say, so insecure was the holding; but where that is done by so many, it loses all its picturesqueness. There was no "warm grip of a hand" to speed him on his way. There was no warmth anywhere a yard away from the braziers that chilly night. A certain length of the front line had to be warned of his adventure, so that he should not be fired on going and returning, otherwise no one would have paid any particular heed to him. He did not expect them to. He had seen men, shaving by a periscope mirror, just crook their bodies forward to make room for a casualty carried away in a blanket, without troubling to look to see if it was one of their pals. He did not even know the subaltern who gave him a careless nod of farewell at the sally-port. He had been away on a week's leave, and there were a lot of new faces. That was the way of the Army, always renewing itself like a tree; old leaves fell, new ones sprouted; the tree remained.

Flares and Rifle Shots

Clear of the slimy little tunnel, he looked carefully about him, only his head raised. Here and there the quick crack of a rifle told of vigilant or nervous eyes strained across that uninhabitable country into which he was come, and flares, like flowers of white flame opening in the air, were beginning to outline the battle frontier for leagues on either hand.

His idea was to find some unseen way into the German trenches. He had really only a hazy idea of what he expected. He would crawl along the entanglements, hoping that, in the glare of the Very lights, some dark port of entry might reveal itself. Then, if he could get into the trench, he would have to grope about among its defenders—who were fortunately known to be few—till he found what might pass for a mine-shaft. It all seemed very vague and unpromising; but other men had done it.

He crawled along in the rain, the Cockney youth behind him, the blankets trailing over their backs, all the front of their bodies from their chins to their toes soaked from being pressed for concealment at every flare-burst into the soggy ground. As they crawled, even with outspread palms, their arms sank to the elbows and the slush closed over their knees. The rain dulled their hearing, but once, when stopping to listen, they were aware of whispering voices. They flattened themselves into the mud at once, and Alton, his hands cupped over his wet ears, could make out the speech to be German. The trenches here were far enough apart for night patrols to be used, and when they met, fierce, stabbing, throttling fights ended in one or other being finished off in silence. While wondering if he dared make such a fight for it, there was a soft rush in the air above them, and, before the flare burst, the mud quaked with the precipitation into it of the German patrol, too big a one obviously for two men to tackle

(Continued on page 1850)

Allied Action with Bayonet, Bomb and Mine

This is one of the most thrilling photographs ever taken from a first-line British trench. It depicts our infantry dashing forward to attack a German trench with the bayonet after throwing smoke-bombs, and so forming a covering white cloud.

Inside a captured mine crater, giving a graphic idea of the amount of earth displaced by the explosion of a land mine. Directly a crater is occupied by the infantry and cleared of the debris of battle, it is fortified and transformed into a strong trench, while sappers commence fresh mining operations, as shown in this photograph

A NIGHT AFFAIR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

(*Continued from page* 1848.)

The Germans lay grunting and muttering for several minutes, only a few yards away; then crept on cautiously towards the British lines, one of them actually stumbling over Smith's foot, which he took, no doubt, for one of the many that would never move again from that country.

About thirty yards farther on, while still crawling, Alton felt the ground give way under his arms; the grass at which he grabbed proved to be lying loose about him, and his body slid forward till all of it had disappeared except one boot, to which his follower clung with a faithful pertinacity that almost foiled Alton's apoplectic efforts to free it.

The Secret Passage

He had fallen into what proved to be the end of a tunnel about four feet deep. Canvas had been laid across the opening, and strewn with grass and earth. The tunnel led towards the German lines, but could hardly be a mine-shaft, and was needlessly long for a sally-port.

Alton paused. The chances of his coming out of that burrow alive, if he went into it, were, he knew, small; but he was there for just the chance it offered, so, whispering to his companion to wait for him for a couple of hours before returning, he unstrapped the blanket from his shoulders, felt along the lanyard to the handle of his revolver, took a firmer grip of his knobkerrie, and began to grope his way with lowered shoulders through the gluey slush which clung half way to his knees. He listened after each thrust into it of his clotted feet, and heard presently above the queer conch-like hum of the tunnel the drip of water. Caution, bred of the sound, and the swift thrust of his head against the roofing, saved him from mishap a moment later when his foot suddenly trod upon air. There was plainly some sort of a drainage hole in front of him, and after much wary balancing between the slimy walls he managed to bridge it with his long legs and again crept forward.

Ten yards farther on—they took him as many minutes—he heard a grunting which seemed to be human. The sound came nearer, but, while it still appeared to him some little way off, a heavy body lurched against him. He struck as he lost his balance, and buried his knobkerrie in the oozy wall. There was a splutter of Teutonic gutturals before he struck again, hitting this time a solid that was not mud. Something heavy fell forward against his stomach, and he felt fiercely for it with his hands, making out with desperate swiftness a man's head and shoulders, and fixing his fingers into the neck. There was no resistance, and, with the swift instinct that danger quickens, he crushed the thing in his hands down into the mud and held it there for a long two minutes. Then he felt for the rest of the body, and, pressing it down to the side out of his way, went on. He was not conscious of being upset, but had to stop because he was trembling. Killing a man in that dark, secretive fashion seemed somehow more like murder than war. A little farther on he thought his nerves were playing tricks, for he began to see something red that came and went in that subterranean blackness.

It was a long time before he made it out to be the glow of a brazier near the end of the tunnel, and figures passing to and fro in front of it. He moved nearer, cautiously, and caught the murmur of voices. Nearer still, and he could hear what they said, and discriminate between shapes and shadows against the parados. He propped his back on the side of the tunnel and listened. The talk was spasmodic—the mere trench personalities that he knew so well. He waited half an hour, chilled to the marrow, biting his fingers to keep the blood in them. Then they began to talk of to-morrow. He knew German well, but not well enough to make out all they said; but it was clear that there was going to be some sort of sally the next day, and the outlet they were guarding had something to say to it. Then he tumbled quite suddenly to the meaning of that long tunnel.

By it, and others like it, the Boches were going after dark to get out into No Man's Land, close up to our wire, waiting there for their guns to demolish the parapet, knowing that when our guns replied they would be laid wholly ineffectively to prevent a raid on their own empty trenches.

It was quite a new move in the game, and new moves paid; and the knowledge of it was much more important to his own people than any news of mine-shafts. As he turned stiffly to go, something was being hauled into the mouth of the tunnel, a machine-gun, perhaps. That gave a better chance to his stiffened joints to carry him out of danger. As he blundered along on them he fell over the dead German. Obviously he could not be left there, yet to drag him through that mud out of the tunnel was not to be thought of. Then Alton remembered the drainage pit. By an immense effort he pulled the body forward, and thrust it down into the hole, hearing with great relief the slime slushing down on top of it. Then suddenly a beam of light flashed past him. The men carrying the gun were using an electric torch. They saw him, but probably taking him for the comrade of whose corpse he had just disposed, only grunted something at him. He was soaked with sweat when he reached the entrance, and got a grip of the little Cockney's hand. The men behind were so near that they could not replace the covering of the tunnel. To leave it uncovered might give away their knowledge. Signing to Smith to imitate him, Alton spread himself by the mouth of the tunnel, his knobkerrie laid back to strike. A head appeared, then another; woollen caps on both.

The Work of the Knobkerrie

"Now!" he said, and struck. Fortunately Smith had selected the other. Both men had to be got out of the hole, by no means an easy job. Then they had to be dragged towards the British lines, so that their deaths might, when discovered, be attributed to an indiscretion. It was risky work, for either side might shoot. The bodies were at last laid near our wire, and then Alton, to run no risk, smashed in one of the skulls with his knobkerrie.

He was going to repeat the operation on the other when his companion saved him the trouble, with a blow into which he put an infinite relish. Ten minutes later they were again within their own lines with the news that would foil the enemy's raid on the morrow and carpet the sad spaces of No Man's Land with blue-grey uniforms.

TRAFFIC CONTROL AT THE FRONT.—British troops moving along a main road during the course of a British advance in the west, with a military policeman on point duty in the middle of the road. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

Moments of Suspense with British Sniper Party

British outpost searching for a German sniper in the ruins of a farmhouse within the firing-line. Moving stealthily among the ruins, exposed to any stray or deliberate bullet, such duty was highly perilous; but it was all in the day's work. Official language has a way of ignoring the romantic aspects of warfare and deeds requiring an even higher individual courage than those, performed en masse, that are of greater military significance. So when we were told that "there is nothing to report" from the British lines, many a brave man was fighting a little battle on his own—an unrecorded though vital effort towards victory.

Charge of Deccan Horse at Foureaux Ridge

After the charge on July 14th, 1916. Deccan Horse pleased and elated with their performance.

On July 14th, 1916, British cavalry got their first chance of a charge since the early days of the war, the Deccan Horse debouching from the woods and riding down the enemy infantry, retreating through the cornfields. This striking impression shows the Deccan Horse awaiting orders to advance. The inset picture was taken while the Indian Lancers were on the move. (Official photographs.)

London Scottish Advance to the Pipers' Tune

London Scottish marching to the trenches to the skirl of the pipes. Inset: German howitzers broken by British shells.

The steel casque in place of the glengarry. London Scottish on the way to the fighting zone equipped from head to foot. Highland soldiers were perhaps the most popular Britons, among General Haig's armies, in the land of our Gallic ally.

Pluck and Peril with the Gallant Seaforths

Two of the Seaforths ready to fire a trench-mortar directly the observer, watching through the periscope, indicates the moment. The tins in the foreground are for subsequent use as bombs.

German shell bursting near a British rest camp. Some soldiers are contemplating the explosion with unconcern.

German reply to the mortar seen in first photograph. Shrapnel bursting near the British parapet.

Having received the signal from the observer shown at the top of the page, the Seaforths fire their bomb, which can be seen in flight. (Photographs Crown copyright.)

Seaforths who won D.C.M.: R. S.-M. Sutherland, Sergt. Porter, Corpl. Ward, Lce.-Corpl. Reid, Corpl. Macleod.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Lafayette

GENERAL SIR CHARLES C. MONRO, K.C.B., G.C.M.G.

Appointed in December, 1915, to the Command of the First Army on the Western Front, and formerly in Command of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL SIR CHARLES C. MONRO

A HARD-HEADED, determined man, with a bright intelligence and much force of character; rather thick-set, with steely eyes and short, bristly moustache, and a voice quiet but emphatic; one trusted implicitly at sight, of the type of leader associated with Wellington's Peninsular campaign; in general appearance bearing a somewhat striking resemblance to Viscount French—such, in a sentence, is Sir Charles Carmichael Monro. "You can see a regiment stiffen under his very glance," said one who met him "somewhere in France."

"A Dark Horse" to the General Public

Of him it may be said, with literal truth, that, so far as the mass of the public was concerned, he was unknown before the Great War. Up to the dawn of that fateful August of 1914, when the Prussian mask was thrown away, Charles Monro was a highly efficient but comparatively subordinate part of the British Army machine; a major-general of some four years' standing. When the world-conflict was in the twenty-first month of its eventful progress, he had been in the thick of it on three fronts, gained two steps in substantive rank, and become a K.C.B., a G.C.M.G., and a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

He is not a man of whom many anecdotes are told. With his heart in his profession he has entrenched himself against publicity behind his work. Born on June 15th, 1860, a few months after far-reaching changes in Prussia's military organisation had been foreshadowed by the Crown Prince William, he is the youngest son of the late Henry Monro, of Craiglockhart, a mile or two from Edinburgh town, one of a family the members of which are not unknown to military history, but are more famous as pioneers of one of the most celebrated schools of medicine and surgery in Europe. Three of Charles Monro's forebears held in succession the Professorship of Anatomy and Surgery at Edinburgh University.

An Officer of Marlborough's Regiment

Charles Monro, entering the army while still in his teens, obtained his first commission in a regiment—the old 2nd Foot—in which John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, began his career. When, two years later, in 1881, he became a lieutenant, the old 2nd Foot had changed its name to the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment). For five years he was adjutant, and he did not get his captaincy until 1889. His first experience of active service came in 1897–8, on the North-West Frontier of India, when he took part with the "Tangerines" in the Mohmand, Bajana, and Tirah expeditions. He then received the medal with two clasps and promotion to the rank of major.

Several Staff appointments followed. From October, 1898, to March, 1899, he was Brigade-Major at Gibraltar; and between April and December, 1899, he was D.A.A.G. at Guernsey and at Aldershot respectively. Three months after the South African War began he went out as a Staff officer with Lord Roberts, and was present at the relief of Kimberley, the heading-off of Cronje at Paardeburg, and the hard-fought action at Driefontein, where the enemy were turned out of their positions at the point of the bayonet. Mentioned in despatches, he received the Queen's medal and three clasps, and the brevet-rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Valuable Services at Hythe

Returning to England, Lieut.-Colonel Monro, in February, 1901, took over the highly important post of Chief Instructor and Staff Officer at the School of Musketry, Hythe. He became Commandant here in March, 1903, and retained this post till March, 1907, having in the meantime been promoted colonel. One of the lessons learned by bitter experience on the veldt was the vital importance of musketry training in the army. Lord Roberts never tired of emphasising this, and as we read with pride of what "French's contemptible little army" did with their rifles at Mons and elsewhere in 1914, under the most galling of imaginable conditions, it is to be remembered that no small part of their effective work was inspired by the thorough system of training inaugurated under Colonel Monro's supervision at the famous Cinque Port School.

Rewarded with the C.B., Colonel Monro, in May, 1907, crossed the Irish Channel and took over the command of the 13th Brigade, which had its headquarters in Dublin. He remained here till January, 1911, having in the previous October risen to the rank of major-general. His next appointment, in March, 1912, was as G.O.C. Second London Division of the Territorial Force, and he retained this until the outbreak of the Great War. From the first he had taken a close interest in our "citizen soldiers," and he displayed this interest by a characteristic insistence on the necessity for hard, practical, persistent training. Among the men his zeal won for him the soubriquet of "Old Squad Drill."

The Monro Doctrine of "Thorough"

In the army manœuvres of 1913, he created something like a sensation by his masterly handling of a Territorial Division which was opposed by units of the Regular Army. His men took cover, cut off convoys, destroyed communications, and generally made things distinctly unpleasant for their opponents; and at the end of it all it was hard to say who was the proudest, the Territorials of their commander, or he of them. Headquarters realised that the Monro doctrine was "Thorough," and when the London Territorials met the flower of the German Army in France and Flanders, some of the results of that doctrine were made obvious to the man-in-the-street at home.

When the First Army Corps went to France from Aldershot, in August, 1914, under Sir Douglas Haig, a divisional command was allotted to Major-General Monro, who led his men through the thickest of the fighting, between August and November, on the Aisne and elsewhere. In the first battle of Ypres he had a narrow escape, being knocked unconscious by an enemy shell. On the reorganisation of Sir John French's force into armies, the leadership of the third was given to Sir Charles Monro, then a K.C.B., with mention in despatches for pre-eminent and valuable services.

Successor to Sir Ian Hamilton

In October, 1915, Sir Charles Monro was gazetted lieutenant-general, and with the rank of temporary general he succeeded Sir Ian Hamilton as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, with the onerous task of reporting to the Government on the advisability or otherwise of a withdrawal from the Dardanelles. By many of his friends the task was viewed with some not unnatural concern, for it was felt that, whatever might be his decision, it would be attacked by the critics. He reported in favour of a withdrawal. Lord Kitchener went out himself, and arrived at the same conclusion, which, bitter as may be the inevitable reflections called up by it, eventually commended itself to general acceptance.

In Command of the First Army

With the help of Admiral Wemyss, Sir Charles Monro was responsible for the masterly withdrawal, with infinitesimal losses, of the troops, guns and stores from Anzac and Suvla Bay, and their debarkation at Salonika. His services were rewarded in March, 1916, with the G.C.M.G., and in the following month he received the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

The withdrawal from Gallipoli took place in December, 1915, and in the same month Sir Douglas Haig succeeded to the command of the British Forces on the Western front, whereupon Sir Charles Monro returned to France to take over the leadership of the First Army. Thereafter, the civilian at home, no less than military men, watched for news of his activities with the most lively interest. It was felt to be high time that an infantry officer should be placed in charge of what was essentially infantry war when it was not a war of artillery.

In March, 1912, Sir Charles Monro married the Hon. Mary Caroline Towneley-O'Hagan, daughter of the first Baron O'Hagan, K.P., twice Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

To face page 1817

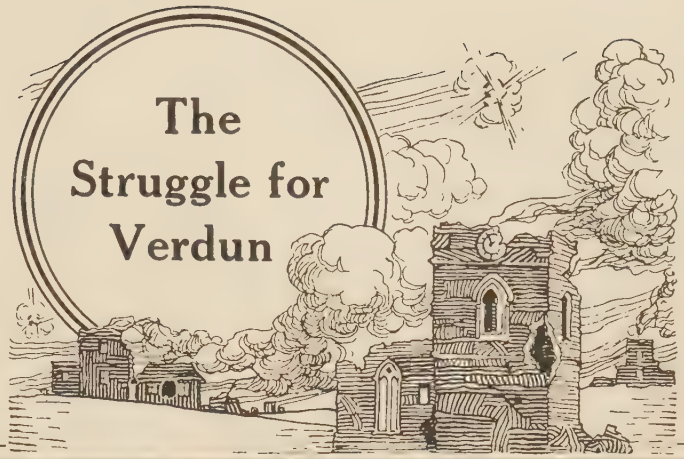
BRITISH HEAVY HOWITZER IN ACTION ON THE WESTERN FRONT BEFORE THE GREAT ADVANCE OF JULY, 1916

The huge shell has just been fired, and the men are seen standing clear of the heavy steel truck on which the monster gun is mounted. The men behind the gunners have stopped their ears to escape the sound.

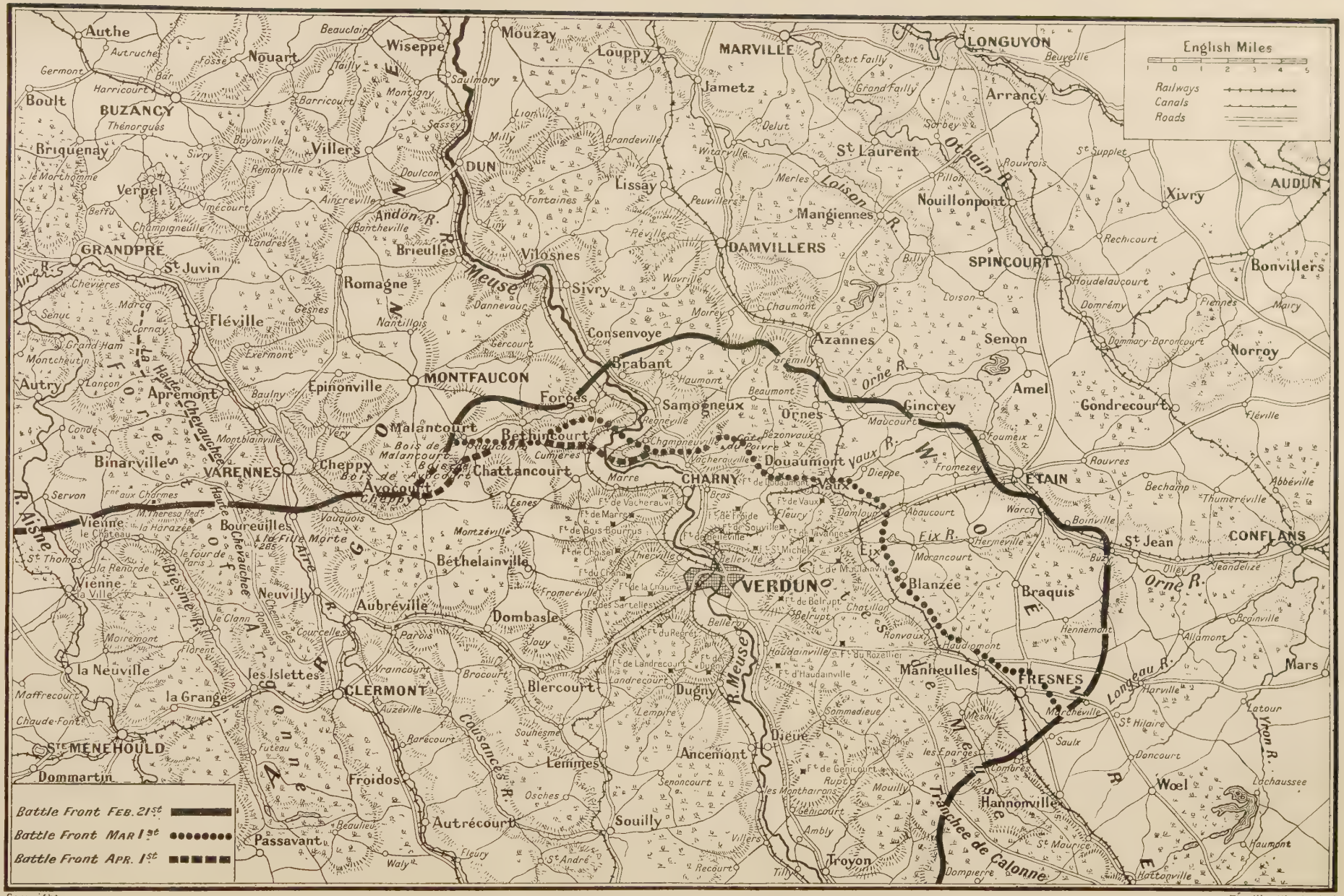
Silken guise is swept aside
From thy armour grim and black,
And to-day we watch with pride—
As those countless hordes attack—
Dauntless Verdun hurl the tide
BACK.

In this bloodiest of frays—
Scarred on history's expanse,
All the world shall sing thy praise,
Gallant land of Old Romance,
Crown thy sons with deathless bays—
FRANCE.

—Jessie Pope



General Pétain, the heroic defender of Verdun, looks across the fateful field.



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The War Illustrated.

MAP SHOWING THE VARIOUS BATTLE-FRONTS IN THE OPENING STAGES OF THE FIGHT FOR VERDUN.

The thick black line indicates the French positions when the Germans launched their attack on February 21st, 1916. The Avocourt–Fresnes sector to which our Ally for strategic reasons had retired by April 1st, 1916, is shown in broken and dotted lines.

THE STRUGGLE FOR VERDUN

By Lord Northcliffe

THE extraordinary series of attacks and counter-attacks which went to make up the long-drawn-out and ever-changing battle for the possession of the Verdun positions embodied more material for the military historian than most of the great wars of the past. It is impossible in any reasonable space adequately to tell the story of that titanic struggle. The most that can be done is to present some impressions of certain aspects of it—features that are likely to stand out in the general history of the war as characteristic of this, its most epic, period. It was the privilege of Lord Northcliffe to be an eye-witness of some of the earlier stages of this great struggle, and the series of despatches which he then wrote to the "Times," and which were quoted at length in the newspapers throughout the world, were universally recognised as the most noteworthy contributions made by any journalist to the endless narrative of the war. The following chapter, written by Lord Northcliffe in the second week of April, 1916, in large measure summarising the most salient points of these famous despatches, in the light of the situation at that date, enables the reader to gather a really vivid and enduring idea of what the struggle for Verdun was like.

VERDUN is, in many ways, the most extraordinary of battles. The mass of metal used on both sides is far beyond all parallel; the transformation on the Douaumont Ridge was more suddenly dramatic than even the Battle of the Marne; and, above all, the duration of the conflict already looks as if it would surpass anything in history. When, by the kindness of General Joffre and General Pétain, I was able to watch the struggle from various vital view-points, the battle had already been raging for a fortnight, and four to five thousand guns were still thundering round Verdun. Impossible, therefore, to describe the entire battle The most one can do is to set down one's impressions of the first phases of the terrific conflict.

My chief impression is one of admiration for the subtle powers of mind of the French High Command. General Joffre and General Castelnau are men with especially fine intellects tempered to terrible keenness. In 1914, when they were commanders, France was inferior to a great degree in point of numbers to Prussianised Germany. In armament, also, France was inferior at first to her enemy. The French High Command thus had to do all that human intellect can against almost overwhelming hostile material forces. General Joffre General Castelnau—and, later, General Pétain—had to display genius where the Germans were exhibiting talent, and the result is to be seen at Verdun. They there caught the enemy in a series of traps of a kind hitherto unknown in modern warfare—something elemental, and yet subtle, neo-primitive, and befitting the atavistic character of the Teuton. They caught him in a web of his own unfulfilled boasts.

Germany's Gigantic Preparation

The enemy began by massing a surprising force on the western front. It was usually reckoned that the Germans maintain on all fronts a field army of about seventy-four and a half army corps, which at full strength number three million men. Yet, while holding the Russians from Riga to the south of the Pripet Marshes, and maintaining a show of force in the Balkans, Germany seems to have succeeded in bringing up nearly two millions and a half of men for her grand spring offensive in the west. Troops and guns were withdrawn in increasing numbers from Russia and Serbia in December, 1915, until there were, it is estimated, a hundred and eighteen divisions on the Franco-British-Belgian front. A large number of 6 in. and 12 in. Austrian howitzers were added to the enormous Krupp batteries. Then a large proportion of new recruits of the 1916 class were removed into Rhineland depôts to serve as drafts for the fifty-nine army corps, and it is thought that nearly all the huge shell output that had accumulated during the winter was transported westward.

All this gigantic work of preparation could not be hidden. But I do not think the allied Staffs, in spite of their various and wide sources of information, penetrated deeply into the German plan; for the hostile Chief of Staff, General Falkenhayn, made his dispositions in a very skilful manner. Out of his available total of one hundred and eighteen divisions, he massed his principal striking force of thirty-two divisions against the British army. Verdun was apparently only a secondary objective, against which fourteen and, later, thirty divisions were concentrated. At the time of writing, the principal enemy mass was still placed, according to the last information I have, against Sir Douglas Haig's army.

One effect of this massing of German troops against the new and longer British line was that the then French commander at Verdun, General Herr, scarcely expected the overwhelming attack made upon him on February 21st, 1916. General Herr's Staff knew—though he himself obstinately declined to believe it—that the enemy was preparing a formidable assault in the woods north of the old French frontier fort. But though the German airmen were very active throughout January and February, a good deal could be seen by the French aerial observers of the vast work going on amid the misty tracks of woodland. Lieutenant Immelmann and other crack Fokker pilots joined the Crown Prince's army, and for some weeks our allies at Verdun almost lost the command of the air above their lines.

The French Handicap in Aircraft

It is true that one Zeppelin was brought down by gun fire while trying to bombard the French railway line of communication, and two German aeroplanes were destroyed out of a squadron of fifteen that bombed Révigny. But the triumph over the Zeppelin did not in any way alter the effective situation. Our allies were at a very serious disadvantage in regard to aircraft during the critical periods of the German preparations and the enemy's main attacks. It was not until the middle of March that the French recovered fully at Verdun the power of reconnoitring the enemy's positions and bombing his distant lines of communication.

The French Staff reckoned that Verdun would be attacked when the ground had dried somewhat in the March winds. It was thought that the first enemy movement would take place against the British front in some of the sectors of which there were chalk undulations, through which the rains of winter quickly drained. The Germans skilfully encouraged this idea by making an apparent preliminary attack at Lihons, with rolling gas-clouds and successive waves of infantry. During this feint the veritable offensive movement softly began on Saturday, February 19th, 1916, when the enormous masses of hostile artillery west, east, and north of the Verdun salient started registering on the French positions. Only in small numbers did the German guns fire, in order not to alarm their opponents. But even this trial bombardment was a terrible display of power, calling forth all the energies of the outnumbered French gunners to maintain the artillery duels that continued day and night until Monday morning, February 21st.

Looking at the country from the observation point east of Verdun, one can see why it was chosen by the German Staff for a grand surprise attack. As I stood, with the flooded Meuse and its high western banks behind me, and before me the famous plateau crowned by the ruins of Douaumont Fort, I was reminded of Scotland. Perth on the Tay, amid its fir-wooded heights, is rather like Verdun in the basin of the Meuse. It was the evergreen fir-woods that attracted the German Staff, as splendid cover for their vast artillery preparations. As their aircraft at last almost dominated the French aeroplanes, they completed their concentration of guns by an arrogantly daring return to old-fashioned methods. Instead of digging any more gun-pits, they placed hundreds of pieces of artillery side by side above ground, confident that the French artillery would be overwhelmed before it could do any damage. A French airman, sent to count the batteries in the small

wood of Granilly, gave up his task in despair, saying there were more guns than trees.

The method of handling these great parks of artillery was a development of the phalanx tactics used by Von Mackensen in breaking the Russian lines at Gorlice; and according to a rumour, Von Mackensen was at Verdun, with his chief, General von Falkenhayn, superintending the disposition of guns and men. The commander nominally in charge, however, was Field-Marshal von Haeseler, a tall, thin man of eighty, of the type of Von der Goltz—excellent at drawing up schemes on paper, and accounted, before the test of war, the best military leader in Germany. He had, therefore, been placed in command of the Crown Prince's army, so that by his genius he might win personal glory for the Hohenzollern dynasty. In any case, it is clear that Von Haeseler either adopted and developed Von Mackensen's new system of attack, or that Von Mackensen in person directed the movement, with Von Haeseler in nominal command, in order to mislead the French Staff as to the way in which the movement was likely to develop. Certainly, General Herr did not anticipate the character or the tremendous violence of the assault that opened at dawn on February 21st, 1916.

Two Army Corps Against Seven

For two days the German heavy howitzers had been battering at the twenty-five miles of defensive earthworks round Verdun, in order to make so large a gap that the hostile long-range guns of defence behind the third line could not close the rent by means of curtain fire. General Herr and his Staff had only two army corps to hold back the seven army corps that the Germans first brought forward; but the high, broken, difficult ground about Verdun favoured the defending forces. Moreover, the French engineers had worked in an astonishing fashion to perfect the natural difficulties of the terrain. In the low ground, such as that round the two Ornes heights held by the Germans, the French had tunnels running to a depth at which no shell could penetrate. In the three important woodlands between Ornes and the Meuse—Haumont Wood, Caures Wood, and Herbebois Wood—there was all the intensive system of protection that had been developed in the Argonne fighting. General Sarrail had only extended his lines to the woodlands in the plain between the Meuse and Ornes in the spring of 1915, snatching the ground from the enemy bit by bit when the German forces at Verdun were weakened through sending reinforcements to the Champagne and Lille fields of conflict. General Sarrail, however, seems to have extended his lines into the low-lying northern woodlands with considerable reluctance. He liked hill positions himself, and there was a dispute between him and the High Command regarding his manner of fortifying the newly-won ground. As a result he was sent to Salonika, and the defence of Verdun in the new style was given to a new man, little known to the public—General Herr.

But the phalanx tactics of the Von Mackensen school were calculated to overwhelm any system of defensive works, new or old, in forests or on hillsides. The German attack was irresistible, and it was only the large space of country available for retreat between the Meuse and Ornes line and the Douaumont Plateau that saved Verdun from rapid capture.

Precision of German Gun Fire

The enemy seems to have maintained a bombardment all round General Herr's lines on February 21st, 1916, but this general battering was done with a thousand pieces of field-artillery. The grand masses of heavy howitzers were used in a different way. At a quarter past seven in the morning they concentrated on the small sector of advanced entrenchments near Brabant and the Meuse; 12 in. shells fell with terrible precision every few yards. The trenches were obliterated. In each small sector of the six-mile northward bulge of the Verdun salient the work of destruction was done with surprising quickness. After the line from Brabant to Haumont was smashed, the main fire power was directed against the other end of the bow at Herbebois, Ornes, and Maucourt. Then when both ends of the bow were severely hammered, the central point of the Verdun salient, Caures Wood, was smothered in shells of all sizes. In this manner almost the whole enormous force of heavy artillery was centred upon mile after mile of the French front. When the great guns lifted over the lines of craters, the lighter field-artillery, placed row after row in front of the wreckage, maintained an unending fire curtain over the communicating saps and support entrenchments.

Then came the second surprising feature in the new German system of attack. No waves of storming infantry swept into the shattered works. Only strong patrols at first came forward, to discover if it were safe for the main body of troops to advance and reorganise the French line so as to allow the artillery to move onward. The German commanders thought it would be possible to do all the fighting with long-range artillery, leaving the infantry to act as squatters to the great guns, and occupy and rebuild line after line of the French defences without any serious hand-to-hand struggles. All they had to do was to protect the gunners from surprise attack, while the guns made an easy path for them, and also beat back any counter-attack in force.

General Castelnau's Perplexing Tactics

But, ingenious as was this scheme for saving the man-power of Germany by an unparalleled expenditure of shell, it required for full success the co-operation of the French troops. But the French did not co-operate. Their High Command had continually improved their system of trench defence in accordance with the experiences of their own hurricane bombardments in Champagne and the Carency sector. General Castelnau, the acting Commander-in-Chief on the French front, was indeed the inventor of hurricane fire tactics, which he had used for the first time in February, 1915, in Champagne. When General Joffre took over the conduct of all French operations, leaving to General Castelnau the immediate control of the front in France, the victor of the Battle of Nancy weakened his advance lines and then his support lines, until his troops actually engaged in fighting were very little more than a thin covering body, such as is thrown out towards the frontier while the main forces connect well behind.

The tactical effect of this extraordinary measure was to leave remarkably few French troops exposed to the appalling tempest of German and Austrian shells. The fire-trench was almost empty, and in many cases the real defenders of the French line were men with machine-guns, hidden at some distance from the positions at which the German gunners aimed. The batteries of light guns, which the French handled with the flexibility and continuity of fire of Maxims, were also concealed in widely-scattered positions. The main damage caused by the first intense bombardment was the destruction of all the telephone wires along the French front. Communications could only be slowly re-established by messengers, so that many parties of men had to fight on their own initiative, with little or no combination of effort with their comrades.

The Memorable Defence of Caures Wood

Yet, desperate as were their circumstances, they broke down the German plan for capturing trenches without an infantry attack. They caught the patrols and annihilated them, and then swept back the disillusioned and reluctant main bodies of German troops. The small French garrison of every centre of resistance fought with cool, deadly courage, and often to the death.

The organisation of the French Machine-gun Corps was a fine factor in the eventual success. One gun fired ten thousand rounds daily for a week, most of the positions selected being spots from which each German infantry advance would be enfiladed and shattered. Then the French "75's," which had been masked during the overwhelming fire of the enemy's howitzers, came unexpectedly into action when the German infantry attacks increased in strength. Near Haumont, for example, eight successive furious attacks were repulsed by three batteries of "75's."

Some of the Haumont guns got through the German fire curtain, and helped in the defence of the Caures Wood. Here there occurred some memorable exploits. First of all the wood was lost by the smashing effect of the German heavy shell fire. The position was almost as strong as the famous German Labyrinth near Arras, and, knowing this, the enemy used his 16·8 in. Berthas in addition to the 12 in. Skoda guns. The deep roofs were driven down upon the men sheltering beneath, and the wood had to be abandoned. But the survivors of the garrison held the enemy back,

Poignant Pictures from the Furnace of Verdun

Squad of French prisoners captured by the Germans in one of their assaults against Verdun. Judging by the distinctly miserable expressions of the German soldiers, one would be inclined to think that they were the prisoners and our allies were the captors.

Ashes to ashes. Scene in a war-stricken corner of France. Military funeral procession consisting of a two-horsed waggon, two French infantrymen, and the village priest. The cortege is passing through a village shattered by gun fire.

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LARGE SCALE MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE FIRST PHASE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR VERDUN.

The comparative heights of all the hills memorable in the great battle are shown, also the various woods, and the course of the River Meuse.

The War Illustrated.

while a lieutenant of engineers with his men laid a large number of mines with electrical firing wires. The German general, after his skirmishers and bombing-parties had been beaten off, went back to the old Prussian method of a mass attack, and launched a division against the wood. By arrangement, the French covering troops fled in apparent panic, and were hotly chased down the trenches and communication saps to the southern outskirts. As the last man left the wood, the lieutenant of engineers, who was near Beaumont waiting the signal, pressed a button. Many of the trees rose in the air, and the Germans suffered very badly.

Lieut.-Colonel Driant's Magnificent Stand

Soon afterwards, Lieutenant-Colonel Driant, with two fine battalions of Chasseurs, recovered by a counter-attack the southern part of Caures Wood. Driant was a magnificent soldier. His heroic end saddened the French people, and yet inspired them with fresh courage. The day after his fine victory the forces on either side of him were compelled to withdraw, and the Germans closed round him on both sides. Arranging his two battalions in five columns, he made a splendid fighting retreat between the two German divisions which almost enveloped his force. With only a hundred men he rearguarded the retirement, and was found dead by the Germans on the battlefield. He was buried beside one of his captains close to the wood.

In spite of the vast forces employed by the enemy, the Germans achieved but little on the first day of battle, February 21st. They won a footing in the first-line trenches and in some of the supporting trenches—a thing any army could have done with a large expenditure of shell. The French still held Brabant and Haumont, with Colonel Driant in Caures Wood and the garrisons of Herbebois Wood and Ornes holding their own. But on the morning of February 22nd, the Germans worked up a ravine between Brabant and Haumont by means of burning liquids spurted from flame-projectors. At the same time the German artillery renewed its smashing, intensive fire, wrecking and flattening out Haumont village and breaking up the French works for a depth of three or four miles. Fortified farms were bombarded south of Haumont Wood and transformed into volcanoes by the huge German shells, and when night fell trench warfare had come to an end so far as the northern part of the Verdun garrison was concerned.

French Retire from Herbebois

All their earthworks had been swept out of existence, and the troops fought and worked in the open in a tragic darkness lighted by the enemy's wonderful star-shells. They had been hammered out of Brabant, on the edge of the Meuse, and their centre had been driven in. On the right, however, the garrison of Herbebois Wood still clung on to part of their original position, under an intermittent hurricane of heavy shell, the intervals of which were filled by infantry attacks. Under the enemy's fire the French troops linked their Herbebois line with Hill 351, digging all night in a rain of death to connect the two positions for a fresh defence against an enfilading attack on Beaumont. When morning broke, the Germans began the attack on this new French line. After a desperate struggle lasting twelve hours, in which the enemy commander continually brought up fresh regiments, the French retired from Herbebois and another wood below it, but still held on to the hill.

All along this side of the salient hand-to-hand fighting went on, from Ornes to Bezonvaux and the advanced position of the Hill of Vaux. Small French garrisons held advanced positions in the plain stretching towards the enemy's base of Etain. There was terrible fighting at Maucourt, where the French had some quick-firing guns, posted only five yards apart, and unmasked against German columns charging twenty men abreast in close ranks. The French soldiers themselves sickened at the slaughter they wrought. From Ornes to Vaux the ground was covered with dead or maimed men. The French gunners suffered more in proportion than their infantry, especially in the centre and the left wing, where the guns had to fight a continual rearguard action in the open. Though they often caught German columns at short range, they were in turn smitten by the heavy German guns, enemy airmen circling over them and directing the fire. Ornes held out until the afternoon of February 24th, when the garrison retreated to Bezonvaux, from which a ravine ran up to Douaumont. Covering the country north of Douaumont was a superb set of fighters composed of Zouaves and African sharpshooters. They recaptured part of the wood between Herbebois and Hill 351, and then withstood a prolonged bombardment of terrific intensity. The din and concussion of the heavy shells were appalling; the blood at times poured from the men's ears under the shock of the pressure of air, and yet they stuck to their job. They were pushed out of Beaumont and out of the wood they had recaptured, and they lost Fosses Wood a little way below the Douaumont Plateau, towards which they retired.

Meanwhile, the centre and left of the French salient were hammered back with increasing rapidity. The division close to the Meuse, which had withdrawn from Brabant and Haumont, tried in vain to counter-attack from their second line at Samogneux, Hill 344, and a fortified farm near by. The enemy massed his guns against them across the Meuse, northward, and north-westward. They could not move out to attack, and by the evening of February 23rd their position was untenable. In the night they withdrew from Samogneux towards Pepper Hill (Côte du Poivre), which was practically their last dominating position. Pepper Hill was, indeed, the critical position of the entire defence of Verdun. Had the enemy won it he would have been able to advance along the Meuse and cut off a large part of the French forces in the salient.

Sanguinary Struggle for Pepper Hill

General Herr and his Staff, however, devised a deadly system of defence for Pepper Hill. Across the river at this point the French held several lines of dominating heights, from which they poured a flanking fire into every hostile force advancing from Brabant and Haumont. The nearer the Germans came to Verdun, on the Pepper Hill sector, the more terribly they suffered from the fire across the Meuse. They came within range of rifles, machine-guns, and light field-pieces, as well as heavy howitzers, and while their flanks were thus shattered, their front was hammered from the Pepper Hill position. At Vacherauville, a village just below Pepper Hill, the enemy's advance was definitely checked on February 25th. In one ravine near the village, as day was breaking, some French gunners on Pepper Hill espied a grey mass of hostile forces, and shelled it furiously. The Germans did not move. When the light was clear, it was seen that the figures were dead, though many still stood upright. They had been caught the evening before by the guns across the river and slain wholesale, more by shell-blast, apparently, than by shell fragments. Von Haeseler had made a costly mistake in driving up the Meuse towards Pepper Hill before he cleared the French from Goose Crest (Côte l'Oie), Dead Man Hill (Mort Homme), and Charny Ridge across the river. He afterwards tried to remedy his error by bringing his main artillery forces against Goose Crest and Dead Man Hill. But before thus widening the scope of his attack, he tried to preserve the intensive, narrow method of assault in the Von Mackensen style by thrusting into the centre of the flattened Verdun salient. That is to say, he shifted the point of the phalanx from Pepper Hill to the middle of the Douaumont Plateau. This was the right and plain course, for it removed the attacking masses and their immediate artillery supports from the French flanking fire across the Meuse, and brought them nearly within reach of victory.

Snowstorm Aids the French

The great thrust into the French centre also cleared the French out of the eastern edges of the Heights of the Meuse overlooking the Woevre Plain, for the Zouaves and Moroccans and the former garrisons of Herbebois and Ornes were farthest from Verdun, and most in danger of being cut off. The Zouaves and Moroccans fell back on Douaumont, while the troops from Bezonvaux entrenched by the Dquaumont Ravine and the Vaux Ravine.

Then the great snowstorm of February swept over the hilly battlefield and the lowland marshes of the Woevre. The storm was a disaster to the Germans. It robbed them in the crisis of the struggle of their tremendous power of artillery. Gunners and aerial observers were blinded, and from their point of view matters were not much improved by the mist that followed the snow. Snowdrifts in the valley paths delayed the forward movement of the guns and

the bringing up of ammunition and supplies to the firing-line. This was when the original German plan for economy in men went all to pieces. The High Command could not wait for its guns to resume full action. The infantry had to undertake, with diminished artillery support, the terrible work of breaking the French front by hand-to-hand fighting. Verdun, after all, was to be purchased with German blood and not with German shells.

The great arc of artillery was still able to work by the map and by observers in the firing-line. It could pound villages, farms, and old forts, in which French troops might be sheltering, but it could not aim at the manœuvring columns and discern all the paths of communication. On the Plateau of Douaumont, some four hundred feet above the Meuse, the garrison of Verdun had the old entrenchments prepared at the outbreak of the war and improved by long labour. Then there were many improvised new defences—masked batteries of quick-firers, to be unmasked only against mass infantry attacks, hundreds of machine-guns detached from battalion service and acting as a sort of secondary artillery corps. And far behind the flaming, smoking plateau there was a superhuman outburst of activity in France, veiled from enemy air scouts by the falling snow.

The Situation Becomes Very Critical

General Joffre, General Castelnau, and their Staff were now convinced that Verdun was the enemy's first objective. The British army took over all the line where the second grand German offensive was expected, thus liberating important French reinforcements for the battle on the Heights of the Meuse. All lines and roads leading, round-about or direct, towards Verdun, were crowded with men and material. The main French force was driving towards the enemy. The only matter of doubt was whether it would arrive in time to hold Verdun, or whether the supreme contest between French and German would take place on the western side of the Meuse.

This depended upon the staying power of the small, original garrison of Verdun. At heroic sacrifice they had to cover the massing of the great new forces. The situation had become very critical on the afternoon of February 24th, when large enemy forces debouched between Louvemont village and the hill in front of the Douaumont Plateau. General Herr flung all his remaining reserves into the fight, with the order that the line between Douaumont and Haudromont was to be held at any cost. Von Haeseler, in turn, brought up all his available infantry and employed them in mass attacks of great ferocity and persistence. His aim was to wear down the physical power of endurance of the French. On February 25th the Germans, after a long hand-to-hand wrestle, took all the village of Louvemont at the slope of the plateau, and climbed up the ridge, but were thrown down.

About this time General Castelnau came to Verdun to see how things were going on. He was not contented with what he saw. The Germans had won a magnificent artillery position on the high land at Beaumont, towards which they were dragging the main group of their heavy guns. The command of the air had been almost lost, and there was not enough pontoon bridges across the flooded Meuse to bring up quickly the needed reinforcements. General Herr was relieved of his command, and a very fine engineer, who was also a specialist in handling heavy artillery—General Pétain—was entrusted with the reorganisation of the Verdun defences. Meanwhile, before General Pétain could get to work, there was the immediate task of checking the massed infantry attacks which the enemy was employing until the air cleared and his guns were sited on the new Beaumont position. General Castelnau could not bring up a large force—time and means were lacking. A picked body of fighters was needed, and the general wired for the Bretons who had won the Battle of Nancy for him—the Bretons of the Twentieth Army Corps, under General Balfourier.

General Balfourier's Timely Arrival

They arrived just in time on the plateau on February 26th. As was the case at Nancy, the Kaiser was present, watching the development of a "grand German victory." He stood on one of the hills near Ornes, with the Crown Prince by his side, and Von Falkenhayn and Von Haeseler. For reasons of domestic politics a purely Prussian force—the Brandenburgers—had been chosen to deal the decisive stroke. All the previous day and the previous night ordinary German divisions carried out the real work of smashing against the Zouaves and Moroccans, and bringing them to the limit of human endurance.

The Zouaves were perfect. They were in front of Douaumont village, with the Moroccan Division and two infantry regiments; they fought for two days and two nights without eating or sleeping. On February 26th, when Douaumont Fort was lost, the Zouaves and their comrades still held the village, and on February 27th, without help, they broke the long prepared attack by part of the German Fifteenth Army Corps. They let their foes come within two hundred yards, and then put a shrapnel curtain behind them to prevent retreat or reinforcement, and smote them down with "75's," machine-guns, and rifles. The struggle for the village went on to the end of the month, by which time the Germans had made eighteen attacks in force, all of which were broken. When the approaches to Douaumont were covered with dead and wounded the French made a counter-attack, and won a footing in a redoubt north-west of the village, from which the enemy had been pouring an uncomfortable machine-gun fire.

The Crisis at Douaumont

Stubborn, however, as was the stand made by the Zouaves, they would have perished on the critical day of the Douaumont fight but for the arrival of Balfourier's Bretons. On the afternoon of that day they were in extreme peril of being enveloped on their right. The dismantled fort had been taken by three thousand Brandenburgers during the heavy fog. Still working by the map, the gunners of the long-range German and Austrian artillery massed with remarkable precision against the fortress works, and then poured great shells about it, in a blind profusion which was expensive but effective. After this bombardment had made the trenches of the troops untenable, the Brandenburgers, who had come in the night up the ravine from Bezonvaux and gathered in a wood, charged under cover of the fog, and won a footing on the plateau. Reaching the dismantled fort, that crowns a swell of ground some 1,200 feet above sea-level, the men of the Brandenburg Mark tried to break through the French rearguard. But after withdrawing for a mile and a quarter, the French line remained unbroken, bent away from the fort, but still curving round the village. Friday night (the 25th) and Saturday morning were a period of extreme crisis. Open field fighting of the most desperate nature went on continuously. The Germans fought with great bravery, according to the best tradition of Prussian discipline. But the French, French Colonial, and African troops still bore up against the superior numbers of fresh enemy forces. Fighting and working, our allies strove to establish themselves solidly on their new line of defence, while the Germans, with victory apparently well within their reach, tried to break through by overwhelming weight and unfaltering driving power. They took, without breaking, heavier punishment than their own theorists before the war expected modern national armies to stand. But firm as they were, the outnumbered French soldiers were firmer, and as twilight was falling, Balfourier, with the famous Twentieth Army Corps, came into action.

Kaiser Trapped in his own Boasts

The vehemence of attack of the fresh French force was terrific. The men went forward with such speed that the enemy was surprised. The Bretons smashed onwards for more than a mile, joining on to the Zouaves at Douaumont village, and enclosing part of a Brandenburg regiment in the fort. The Germans on the slope of the ravine, however, managed to hold on to a sap running through a coppice and connecting with the fort. The enemy thus retained a valuable observation station on the plateau, from which he could direct his main batteries at Beaumont. But for the rest he was trapped.

The Kaiser in person had sustained a more disastrous defeat than he had received at Nancy, for at Verdun he could not retire. He had telegraphed to Berlin news of his great victory over the "hereditary enemy"; his officials had filled the German and neutral Press with glorious anticipations of the capture of Verdun, of which the principal fort was alleged to have fallen. Rumania, according to Teutonic opinion, was only being restrained

Where the Germans Were Shattered at Douaumont

Until the end of February, 1916, Douaumont was but an obscure village on the Meuse salient, but after then it bore the brunt of the Verdun offensive, and this curious word with four consecutive vowel sounds will be remembered as the scene of the most appalling slaughter ever imagined. Thousands of Germans met their fate on the Douaumont Ridge, being shattered piecemeal by the French artillery. The town itself was taken and retaken four times. This remarkable impression is of one extremity of the village. In the background is seen the ridge leading up to the fort rushed by the Brandenburgers.

from following the example of Italy by the tremendous energy with which the Germans were renewing their drive in France. The Kaiser's telegram concerning the conquest of Douaumont had been sent to Berlin as a transmitting station; its true destination was Bukarest.

Political and Moral Value of Verdun

I cannot think of any parallel in history to this phase of the situation at Verdun. The War Lord of Germany was entangled in the web of his own prestige. To General Castelnau and General Joffre the operations at Verdun assumed a new complexion. If they could bring up and organise their forces in time, they had the enemy so fixed that they could bleed white one of his largest armies. They might also sap the strength of movements he was preparing in other directions, by compelling him continually to reinforce at all costs his Verdun army. Only so long as they kept the Crown Prince out of Verdun could they hold the Kaiser trapped in his own boasts, with all his people waiting for the fulfilment of their high hopes, in an intensity of spirit that might be an important moral factor if cheated of success. Verdun had become more than a military objective. For Germany its political and moral value had become even greater than its strategical importance. It was worth capturing Verdun at a cost of life that made the capture equivalent, in terms of ultimate resources, to a defeat. Two hundred thousand German casualties are alleged to have been the Kaiser's estimate of the worth of Verdun.

All this, however, greatly aggravated the burden on the mind of the new defender of the French frontier town, General Pétain, who, nevertheless, carried his burden easily. Tall, fair, blue-eyed, of the northern stock of France that has absorbed much Flemish blood, Pétain was radiant with energy of both character and mind. He was only a colonel of the engineers in August, 1914, but while developing his own special branch of knowledge and showing a fine gift of leadership in the handling of infantry, he became also a master-gunner—the new French heavy howitzers being his favourite weapon. It was as the master-gunner of France that he was brought by General Castelnau to Verdun to fight against the two thousand guns of the German phalanx, the largest pieces of which carried farther than the French heavy howitzers immediately available.

General Pétain's Methods

General Pétain, however, had a method of getting more out of his howitzers than the manufacturers expected. Even with his medium pieces he could often overpower heavy enemy guns. He had, besides, worked out a method by which he could use these medium pieces with the flexibility of light field-artillery. But until he had constructed his telephone service, recovered the command of the air, and got his guns into the special positions required by his system, he had a desperately hard struggle to maintain his line and win time for completing his preparations.

After breaking against the Douaumont Ridge on February 26th, the German attack seemed to weaken. Fierce infantry fighting continued at Douaumont village till the end of the month. Then came an ominous period of calm, lasting three days. The enemy was moving his enormous parks of guns closer to Verdun. But the time thus spent by the Germans was like a gift from heaven to General Pétain. He threw bridges over the Meuse; he augmented his gun power on the western heights at Dead Man Hill and Charny Ridge, making his flanking fire from this direction more deadly and far-reaching; he strengthened the Douaumont Plateau defences, and poured in guns, ammunition, and fresh troops.

General Pétain did not, however, pack his infantry into the restricted Verdun area. Under fire his men were scattered but fresh, the main force being well out of range of the German artillery, and used in short shifts at the front. On the other hand, no German within five miles of the French guns was safe. As the new French commander's shell supply quickened, by his constant improvement of his lines of communication, and as newly-rifled guns arrived regularly to replace those worn by firing, he gradually dominated the German artillery.

In continual drum-fire bombardments it was not only shell stores that were spent, but the life of the heavy ordnance. The wasting of shell accumulation and the wearing out of the guns crippled the immediate offensive power of a nation in a manner that no reserve of man-power could supply. General Pétain therefore had to provoke the hostile artillery into constant action, as well as induce the German infantry to fling itself against his quick-firers and machine-guns. Thus, even if he could have done so at once, it might not have been sound policy to overwhelm the enemy with a large part of the French accumulation of shell. Considerable subtlety in playing upon the mind of the German commander was needed, in order to induce him to exhaust all his resources thoroughly while not doing any grievous damage to France.

General Pétain was always willing to sell at a good price the pieces of ground he did not want. On the first day of his command he withdrew all French posts in the Woevre Plain and placed them upon the high ground. But afterwards he was not so sternly scientific in his concentrations of force. Instead of evacuating his weak points, he concealed machine-guns around them with observers at the end of a telephone wire, which ran to a central exchange, from which heavy guns by the hundred could be aimed. This gave the Germans something strenuous to achieve, and, going on the principle that the struggle was greater than the prize, they had, after accomplishing their object, something to celebrate in their communiqués.

Abrupt Change in the Situation

In the first days of March they resumed their bombardment and infantry attacks upon the Douaumont Plateau, losing heavily, but not shifting General Balfourier's corps; but Douaumont had then become a place of secondary importance. General Pétain had not waited for bridging material to transport his big guns across the Meuse. Instead of concentrating round the spot at which the enemy was striking, he ran his new heavy ordnance more quickly up the Argonne Forest to the hills above Verdun, on the opposite side of the stream. There, with a range of five miles, he could sweep all the reserve, support, and firing lines of the enemy's forces engaged on the front of three and a half miles between Pepper Hill and Douaumont.

This abruptly changed the situation, as the Germans viewed it. They had to take the hills across the Meuse—Dead Man Hill and Charny Ridge especially—in order to recover fully the power of making mass attacks on the Douaumont Plateau. So the tide of battle shifted—but at the masterly direction of General Pétain. The great batteries at Beaumont swung round to westward to make a flanking bombardment on the French positions across the Meuse, and east of these positions another mass of heavy German artillery near Montfaucon opened a hurricane fire. Then on March 6th infantry assaults began. Forges was taken at great cost, but the enemy could not debouch from the hamlet on to the northern slopes of the Goose Crest. The force that attempted to do so was shattered. But the next day a fresh German division reached part of the crest, and worked down the railway to Regnéville, lying over against Samogneux, with the river between. Again new forces were deployed on March 7th, and by another day of hard and good fighting the German commander made a brilliant stroke. He captured Crows' Wood (Bois des Corbeaux) and Cumières Wood, from which a decisive advance could be made on Dead Man Hill. If Dead Man Hill fell, General Pétain's power over the enemy's ground across the Meuse would be seriously reduced, and his more southerly position on Charny Wood would be menaced.

Attack on Fort of Vaux

He at once threw reinforcements towards Dead Man Hill, and by an attack quite as fine as that of Balfourier's corps at Douaumont, the division recovered the greater part of the two woods. All the next day it withstood frontal and flank attacks, with the enemy's guns pounding it from the north, east, and south, the reverse fire coming from German batteries across the river near Pepper Hill. On March 10th another fresh, large enemy force of some 20,000 infantry worked again through part of Crows' Wood and Cumières Wood, suffering frightful losses and achieving no great result; for all that General Pétain had fought for was time. He had gained more than forty-eight hours in which to organise the works on and round Dead Man Hill in the way he wanted. This important advanced position had now become safe—for the crucial time at least.

Near Verdun Where War Was Fierce & Furious

French "75" gun the target of a German 280 mm. weapon. The latter, however, failed to hit the mark, though the state of the ground proves that its shells fell near enough.

Striking proof of the undaunted heroism and ready resource of the French Army. During a fierce bombardment in the Verdun sector the troops of our ally retired to a wood, and rapidly organised a new position by felling trees and digging trenches. Inset: French Alpine Artillery on their way to the firing-line in the Vosges region.

The enemy commander also needed time to bring up his guns to cover the ground he had won in the woodlands and by the river. So there was a lull round Dead Man. But on the distant eastern side of the Verdun salient the German offensive was resumed with extreme violence. The new objective was the Fort of Vaux, south-east of Douaumont Fort, and connecting with it in the old system of defence before the structures of armoured concrete were emptied of guns. The fort on the plateau was approached by a ravine in which lay the village of Vaux. Supported by their heavy artillery in the Woevre Plain, the Germans attacked round the mouth of the ravine on March 9th, and at night some 6,000 Poles got into the village, but were scattered by a bayonet charge.

But, to the amazement of General Pétain and his Staff, the Berlin wireless spread the news that the Posen Brigade had stormed not only the hamlet in the hollow but the fort on the plateau. Paris was perturbed, and General Pétain had to send one of his Staff officers to Vaux. He found the garrison in merry mood, with the soldiers off duty playing cards. They had neither won nor lost any battle; the enemy had not come near them. Meanwhile, the German Staff discovered it had made a ridiculous misstatement, and tried to palliate its blunder by ordering the fort to be taken. But General Pétain now knew that the Vaux sector had become important, and that if he massed an unusual number of guns and men there, and improved his means of bringing up shells, his labour would not be wasted. Thus opened another general butchery of Germans, slaughtered for the sake of Prussian prestige. Vaux Fort had become Verdun in little. It had to be captured to save the reputation of a race of braggarts.

Germans Show Signs of "Grogginess"

But it was not captured just then, though the struggle for it went on for weeks with increasing fury. Even by the middle of March the ground below the fort was heaped with greyish forms, where the dead and dying had rolled down the slopes. In the ravine below the Germans, by the end of March, won the eastern houses of the village, but could not for long advance farther. Vaux Fort still remained untaken, and the neighbouring Caillette Wood was recovered early in April, thus strengthening both the Douaumont and Vaux positions.

The Germans began to show definite signs of "grogginess." The chief among these signs was their tendency to lies of a gross and childish nature. Their claim to the capture of Vaux Fort* was possibly a bad mistake, due to some eager Staff subordinate's misunderstanding. But in the middle of March, when the Vaux attacks looked like failing, the German Staff claimed the capture of Dead Man Hill. They stormed the Dead Man by conveying the name to a lower ridge of no decisive importance which they had occupied. Challenged on the matter by the French Staff, they tried to evade the charge of falsehood by stating that the words "Mort Homme," as lettered on the French map they used, extended to the lower ground. As though the best-informed War Staff in the world did not know every acre of ground near its own frontiers! Most likely it was an attempt to soothe the German people, whose anxiety in regard to Verdun was turning into angry despondency.

Von Falkenhayn had increased the Crown Prince's army to twenty-five divisions. In April he added five more divisions to the forces around Verdun by weakening the effectives in other sectors and drawing more troops from the Russian front. It was rumoured that Von Hindenburg was growing restive, and complaining that the wastage at Verdun would tell against the success of the campaign on the Riga-Dvinsk front, which was to open when the Baltic ice melted.

The Crown Prince's Gamble

Great as was the wastage of life, it was in no way immediately decisive. But when the expenditure of shells almost outran the highest speed of production of the German munition factories, and the wear on the guns was more than Krupp and Skoda could make good, there was danger to the enemy in beginning another great offensive likely to overtax his shell-makers and gun-makers. Von Falkenhayn's great concentration against our army, for example, remained perhaps only a silent demonstration because of the shell and gun difficulty. There was, of course, ample munition for a most violent and sustained attack, but if after another operation like that at Verdun our line was unbroken and our artillery power undiminished, it would be difficult for the enemy to turn against re-armed Russia.

The attacks continued on the Heights of the Meuse, and especially round Dead Man Hill, to the middle of April. Victorious Verdun was still being blown up in flaming ruin like Rheims and Ypres. Whenever an infantry assault failed, the Germans hurled incendiary shells into the unattainable town. Yet it was still to be attained by their forces, only the price at which the Crown Prince was to be allowed to ride by Vauban's citadel was much higher in April than it was in February. General Pétain was a hard bargainer. And he could not be left alone. He had forcibly to be kept in the position he occupied, for if the force against him weakened he might in turn employ his enormous artillery power to blast a path right through the German lines. His position, at the eastern corner of the long German line stretching to the sea, was very menacing. Far from the Battle of Verdun being ended, there were possibilities in it of a decisive development.

* Vaux Fort did not definitely fall to the enemy until June 6th, 1916; by which time he had paid for it a terrible price.—Ed.

Though the bugler is not a conspicuous figure in modern warfare, the French Army boasted these musical units, and during the hard fighting round Verdun the inspiriting notes of the bugle did much to steel our ally at critical moments. This photograph shows bugler members of a French regiment practising their calls.

Forest of Fire on the Slope of Dead Man's Hill

On the slope of Dead Man's Hill—a fiery furnace set aflame by German incendiary shells. On March 6th, 1916, when the enemy first attacked on the west bank of the Meuse, they were repulsed on this sinister-named height, a French artillery position of incalculable value. The combat was so furious that the position became a veritable inferno. In addition to a terrific bombardment, enemy aeroplanes circled overhead and rained bombs on the French. When the German infantry advanced, doubtless expecting to find the hill peopled only with the dead, they were heavily counter-attacked by our irresistible ally.

German Shrapnel Storm in the Valley of the Meuse

Desolate appearance of the neighbourhood of the Crown Prince's offensive against Verdun, March, 1916. Shrapnel is seen bursting in the centre of the photograph.

German shrapnel bursting in the environs of Verdun. These photographs were taken at the very considerable risk of the operator, who was, in fact, severely wounded. Inset: Corner of reconquered Alsace. Impression of part of a former German possession, now French again.

En Avant! For the Glory of France at Douaumont

When the German onslaught on the Douaumont position had all but succeeded, a staggering counter-blow was delivered. After waiting eighteen hours in the snow the French reserves came into action, Bretons and Zouaves dashing forward oblivious to the fearful storm of German shells. Blue, khaki, the rolling white snowfields, the flashing bayonets, the shining bugles and flaming Tricolour made as impressive a spectacle as could be imagined. With an inspired courage the men of France stemmed the German tide at the critical moment, sweeping the enemy over the Douaumont Ridge, February 26th, 1916.

Personalities and Pawns in the Verdun Contest

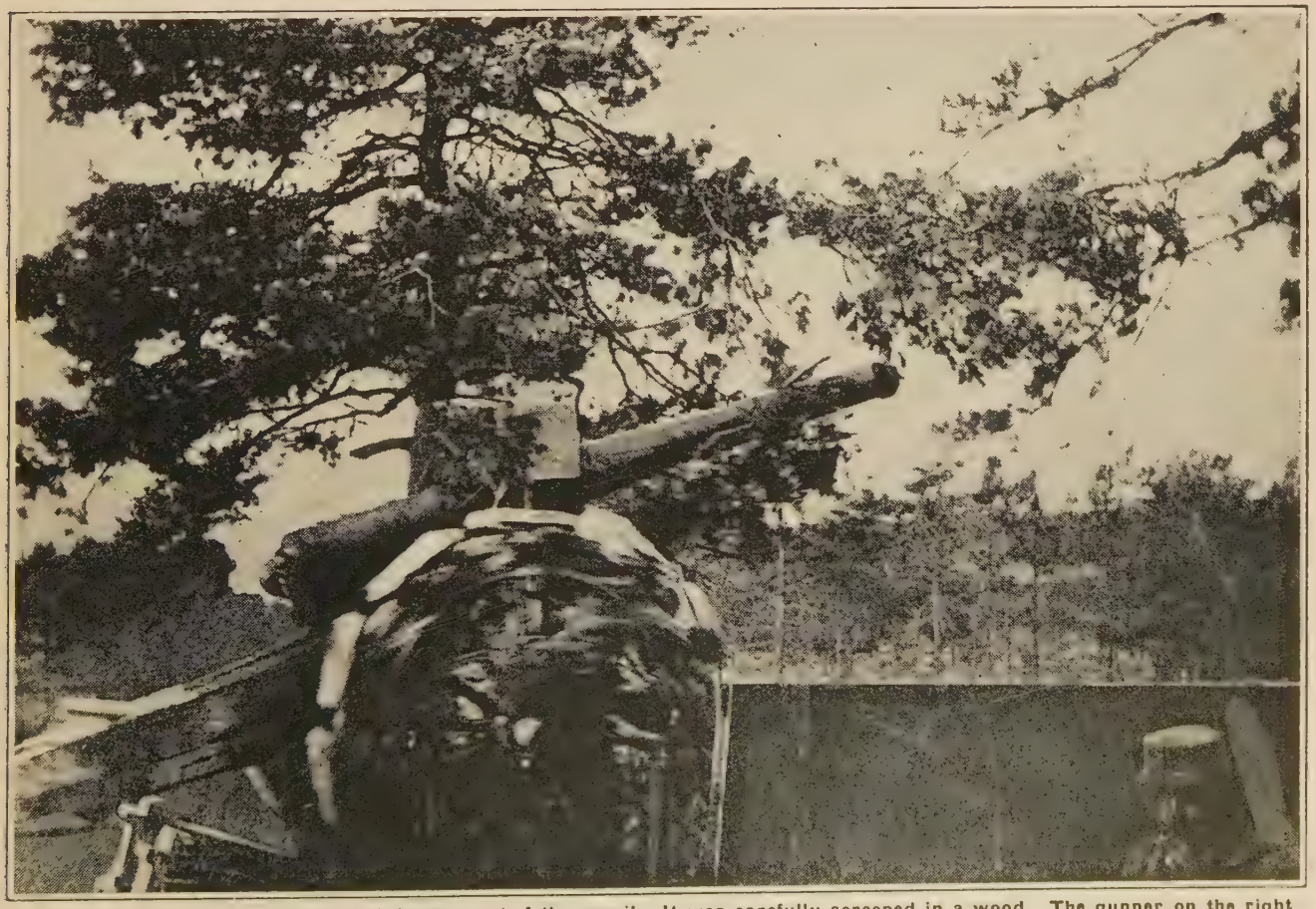
Types of German prisoners captured in the Verdun fighting, showing how the Prussian infantry had degenerated.

Artillery horse tethered to a post. Its rider and his comrades were killed in the Verdun assault.

On the outskirts of Verdun. General Joffre himself made sure that the Prussian forces hurled against Verdun were on the decline in point of physique and fighting power. Together with a number of Staff officers, he surveyed them critically. Above is a photograph of the hero of Verdun, General Petain (in fur coat).

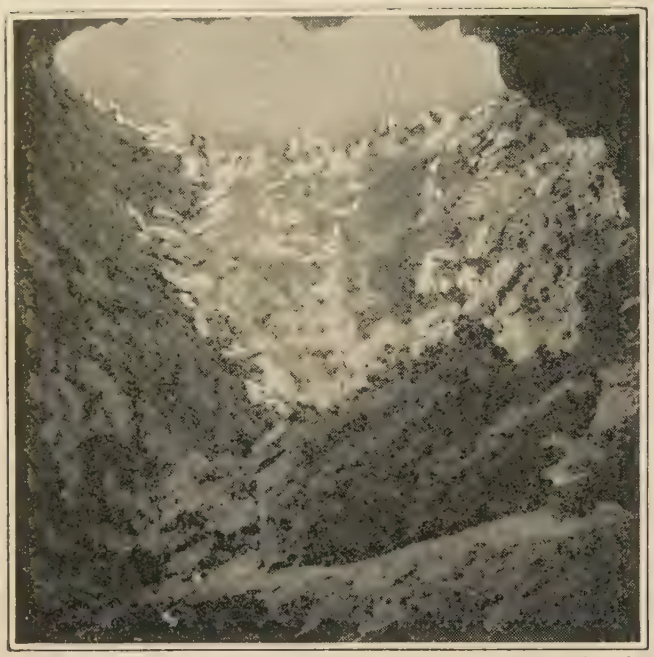
Actualities from the Environs of Verdun

One of the chief factors which brought about the success of the French Verdun resistance was the excellent system of transport. To maintain this the minutest attention was paid to the routes to and from the battle zone. In some cases German prisoners were detailed off to repair the roads, as seen in this photograph.



French 90 mm. gun photographed at the moment of the recoil. It was carefully screened in a wood. The gunner on the right apparently was so used to the noise of the explosion that he did not trouble himself to stop his ears.

Deserts of Debris Along the Wooded Meuse:



Breach made by a heavy shell in Fort Vaux, captured subsequently by the Germans, together with the remnant of its heroic defenders. Right: Impression of the debris of battle through an arch of Fort Souville.

This identical trench in the Caillette Wood was the scene of the most sanguinary hand-to-hand encounters in the struggle for Verdun. The tortured condition of the field and the shattered trees give an idea of the deadliness of these combats. The circle photograph shows a corner of the field of Souville and the fragments of an ammunition waggon shattered by a direct hit.

Ferocious Fighting for the Great French Fortress

On the left an impression of the ground before Fort Souville broken to a depth of many feet by German shells. Right: Trees in the Bois de Cailletto blasted by the most terrible bombardment of the war.

General Mangin, the stalwart figure with his back to the camera, wearing a steel helmet, addressing his troops behind the lines. General Mangin, another photograph of whom is inset, commanded one of the bravest French divisions before Verdun, and became a popular hero of France. (The photographs on these two pages are exclusive.)

With our Wonderful Ally near Louvemont & Vaux

French scouts creeping forward among the fire-swept trees to watch the enemy from a wood near Fort Vaux. It was in the neighbourhood of Vaux, to the north-east of Verdun, that the Germans hurled the fiercest of their onslaughts in February, 1916.

French infantry advancing on the heels of the disappearing enemy, after the successful counter-attack at Louvemont, north of Douaumont, on February 25th, 1916. The figures in the distance are the rearguard of the retreating Germans.

Lovely Settings for the Grim Drama of Verdun

Beautiful effect of the snow on the Vosges woods. It is hard to realise that in this dreamland of silver the most tremendous battle in history was waged—the struggle for Verdun. Only the sombre Chasseurs Alpins in this picture recall the atmosphere of war.

Initial work in the construction of a light railway through a French wood. Many of these beautiful forest districts, which were livening under the magic influence of spring, especially in the Verdun sector, were completely obliterated by bombardment.

The End of the Line in the Sodden Prêtre Wood

Posted in a densely-wooded corner of the Prêtre Wood, these two French soldiers, from behind the sand-bagged position, kept vigil for signs of Germans. With eyes and ears strained for enemy movements, crouched down for hours on the saturated earth, underneath dripping trees, such was the lot of the outpost. A rude canopy suspended among the branches helped to screen the men from the incessant rain and enemy airmen. The Bois le Prêtre is situated between Thiaucourt and Pont a Mousson.

A June Morning in the Caillette Wood

Throughout the terrible battles for Verdun our French ally econcm'sed in man-power with skilful consistency. Thus her losses were something like one-third of the enemy casualties, which, even taking into consideration the fact that the attackers always lose more heavily than the defenders, was surprisingly small. The French plan was to employ a small number of men in the fire trenches, and keep a large reserve out of range of German shells. In this photograph reserve troops of the Mangin Division are posted in the recaptured Caillette Wood, waiting to relieve their comrades if necessary.

After a Futile German Onslaught : Nightfall

THE German troops were hurled against Verdun with such reckless prodigality that any attempt at an accurate calculation of their casualties was futile. In massed formation, regiment after regiment paraded across the open ground, only to be decimated by the wonderful concentrated fire of the French mitrailleuse gunners. But few of the men succeeded in getting as far as the French barbed-wire. At nightfall, during the mighty days of the first Verdun offensive, the scene was

Somewhere on the French Line Before Verdun

ifying. The light of the setting sun revealed dark heaps German dead strewn all over the snow-covered plain. Such effect as that appearing in the above illustration was witnessed along the line. During a lull in the fighting two French officers are surveying the stricken fields, while some steel-capped soldiers are attending to the wounded in shell-battered trenches and dug-outs. A Poilu, with an improvised bandage about his head, contemplates a broken bayonet with grim philosophy.

Shambles ! A Warm Corner of the Verdun Sector

A scene of ruin and desolation near Verdun, providing a striking illustration of the wreckage and wastage caused where the batterings of the tide of war were fiercest.

By April, 1916, not a building stood intact in the environs of Verdun, so terrific were the artillery bombardments. The devastation apparent in this photograph is typical of the utter ruin in the region of this epoch-making conflict. Inset: Bomb-proof billets built of masonry by the French near Verdun.

The Shell-Ploughed Ridge of Douaumont

Official photograph of the shell-shattered slope before the Fort of Douaumont, where men were slaughtered in thousands while trying to hold or take the fort upon the summit which, nevertheless, had long been dismantled and was unimportant as a defence work to the French.

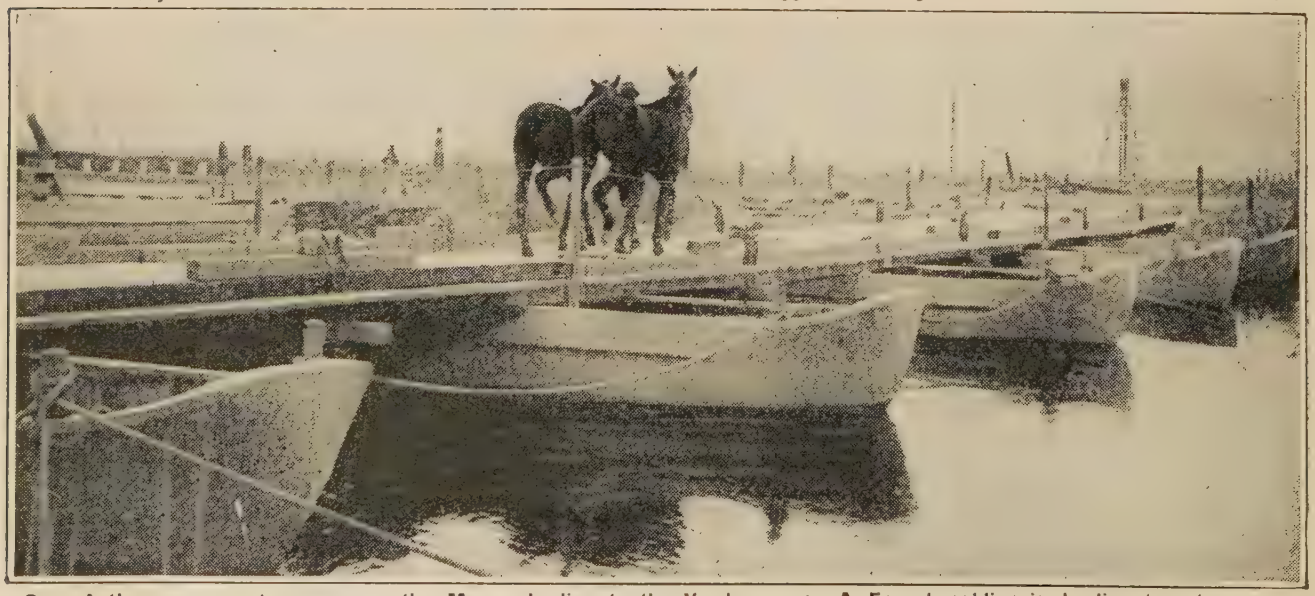
Battery of French "75's" in action immediately behind Fort Douaumont. These guns were used alternately to repel the German advances in massed formation and to bring down enemy aircraft.

Over the Meuse and in the Heart of Verdun

During the prolonged siege of Verdun by the Germans, their guns continually poured projectiles into the citadel. This impressive photograph, taken under heavy fire, shows a Verdun building in flames.

Impression of a well-known thoroughfare at Verdun. Every house suffered from bombardment.

The number of shells used by the Germans and French at Verdun staggers the imagination. Here are a few "75" cases.



One of the many pontoons across the Meuse leading to the Verdun zone. A French soldier is leading two transport horses to "do their bit" in this the most dramatic scene of the Great War. (*Exclusive photographs.*)

Frenzied Fighting Hand to Hand for Fort Vaux

The loss of Fort Vaux, officially admitted by the French on June 8th, 1916, was in reality a victory for our undaunted ally. Not only did the Germans suffer incredible losses in the assault, but the possession of the fort itself did them no good, as the splendid French guns prevented the enemy from using it. One of the heroic incidents before the gallant defenders surrendered is illustrated here. In a particularly murderous struggle in the northern ditch of the fort the opposing ranks fought hand to hand with knives, daggers, and revolvers. One French soldier killed a German by using his steel helmet as knuckle-duster.

Debris and Derelicts of the Verdun Storm

Ruins of Hennemont. A vivid impression of war's wreckage and wastage. Under the shattered wall, half-buried in the snow, is a mangled gun-carriage.

Some of the Germans captured during the thrust at Verdun being marched to the rear, to the delight of a few small boys still remaining in the town. Inset: French officers interrogating prisoners at Verdun.

Pétain's Heroes to and from the Battle-Front

On the war-way outside Verdun—a scene along a main road behind the battle-line. Soldiers are marching to or from the trenches, while women, children, and old men, ordered to leave their homes, are beginning their journey to safety.

Troops in reserve behind the Verdun fighting-line, eagerly awaiting the order to advance. Inset: Civilians about to leave the battle-zone. At the beginning of the fighting the military authorities required all civil inhabitants to leave the town and villages near the front.

The Human Emplacement: For the Glory of France

An outstanding deed of heroism and resource, among the many recorded in the great French resistance before Verdun, was that of two Zouaves with a mitrailleuse. The weapon having fallen from its emplacement, one of the gunners, in order to keep it blazing away at the Germans, went down on all-fours, making a stable support for the gun. This striking picture by an ally artist represents the incident with a beauty and forceful dignity of which French illustrators seem to possess the secret.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

GENERAL PÉTAIN: DEFENDER OF VERDUN

This distinguished French Commander organised our Ally's resistance to the greatest artillery attack in the world's history

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL PÉTAIN

GENERAL PÉTAIN burst upon the public vision in February, 1916, when the unclean hordes of the Teuton invader were launched in demoniac fury at the long-threatened gates of Verdun, ostensibly to batter a way through to Paris, actually to restore the waning prestige of the decadent heir to the Hohenzollern throne.

Born and brought up in the famous fortified town of St. Omer, in the Pas-de-Calais, in 1856, Henri Philippe Pétain was educated at the celebrated Military School at St. Cyr. Tall, handsome, but of comparatively slight physique, with blue eyes and fair hair, a gifted pianist and friend of the great French composer, the Chevalier Claude Debussy, he had found professional promotion very slow in the days before General Joffre began his drastic work of reform. It is understood that he held certain political-religious views which did not commend themselves to his military superiors. Be that as it may, on the eve of war he was about to be placed on the Retired List—a simple colonel of Engineers at Arras.

The Opportunity To Do or Die

He would have retired gracefully enough to his hobbies, music and congenial gossip: his chief concern the avoidance of hay fever in summer, and the effects of cold in winter. But with the coming of the great crisis came renewed vitality, reawakened zeal, the opportunity to do or die for his beloved France. That indomitable will, that strength of character which was only known to his intimates, that military genius so long hidden, suddenly flamed up in the man and sent his name singing over the cables to all corners of the civilised world as that of one of the most sensational discoveries of the French defence—a master-gunner in a war that was to be decided, if the Germans could have their way, by the monster weapons created in the arsenals of Krupp and Skoda.

Appointed to the command of the 4th Infantry Brigade, General Pétain displayed so much resourcefulness in the withdrawal of the troops from Charleroi, that before the first month of the war was over he was given the stars of a brigadier-general. In the French Army, under General Joffre, it was the custom to reward good service promptly as well as with the right feeling. Thus the September of 1914 was only a few days old when Brigadier-General Pétain was given a more important command, and this step was soon followed by his promotion to the temporary rank of a General of Division. Not only had he proved his own complete self-possession, it was found that everywhere he spread around him an atmosphere of calm confidence.

The Victor of Massiges

In October, 1914, General Pétain was placed in command of the Thirty-third Army Corps, and he thoroughly justified his appointment in the heavy fighting in the vicinity of Notre Dame de Lorette, Ablain-St.-Nazaire, Carency, Souchez, and Neuville-St.-Vaast. In April, 1915, his temporary rank was made permanent. In the following June he was given the command of the Second Army. In September and October he greatly distinguished himself in the great French offensive in Champagne. These were the days of the Vimy Ridge and Tahure, and the capture of the hand-shaped down of Massiges. It was at Massiges that General Pétain first claimed special attention by his effective use of heavy artillery, and so gave a direct challenge to the massed-gun tactics of the foe. The great captures of German guns and men were due chiefly to the precision of his arrangements. It is recorded that during the fighting he covered three miles at the double —to the lasting admiration of his men.

But he still remained comparatively unknown to the world outside the fighting area. The surprise was yet to come. It was precipitated by the combined efforts of the German Crown Prince and Marshal von Haeseler to break through at Verdun, after a series of feints or "feelers" all along the allied front from the sea-coast to the Alps. The position before Verdun was a naturally strong one. Its defences had been strengthened by General Sarrail. But it was held lightly by a force of Territorials, Chasseurs, and Colonial troops under General Herr. The immediate result of the enemy onslaught was that the French front lines had to give way. Their trenches were simply obliterated by bombardment.

General Pétain's Call to Verdun

On February 26th, 1916, when Fort Douaumont was lost, the Kaiser and his Staff, including Von Falkenhayn, arrived to witness the great victory they anticipated. But on that very morning General de Castelnau also appeared on the scene, with instructions from General Joffre to hold the fortress. Taking over the command, General de Castelnau organised the brilliant counter-attack by General Balfourier and the famous Twentieth Army Corps, which drove the enemy off the plateau and restored Douaumont to the French. General de Castelnau's next "lightning move" was to summon General Pétain and his army. It was then, as already remarked, that Pétain "burst upon the public vision."

Days extended into weeks, and weeks lengthened into months, but despite all they could do, despite the most awful sacrifices of men, and the massing of their huge guns, the Germans, though they gained some ground, were denied possession of their objective. The Kaiser retired as he retired before Nancy. France thrilled with the discovery of a second Bayard.

His View of the Soldier's First Duty

A general with an extraordinary capacity for work and a master of scientific tactics, qualities only partially appreciated by his superiors before the war, many stories are told of General Pétain's belief that it is the soldier's first duty to keep himself fit.

He held strict views as to diet. For example, it has been said of him that he measured out his food daily, arguing that cavalry horses were rationed according to physiological requirements, and that an officer should similarly ration himself so as to get the possible maximum of mental and physical yield. One item in his daily exercises was a matutinal ten minutes with a skipping-rope. We are told that in the event of no other point of 'vantage presenting itself, he never hesitated to climb a tree to obtain a view of the enemy's position. His energy in the organisation of the field defences of Verdun was displayed in such rapid travelling by armoured motor-car, that he had fourteen chauffeurs in two months. No one man could stand the nerve-strain of driving at such high speed for more than a day or two together.

On the Roll of the Legion of Honour

General Pétain had no use on his staff for ornamental "brass hats." His immediate subordinates had to be expert cyclists or trained athletes. But with a Napoleonic faith in the old adage that an army fights on its stomach, his care in seeing that his men were well fed was as remarkable as were his scientific tactics. On the day when his reserve corps re-took Douaumont Fort they had been served first of all with a good square meal of soup, meat, and pannikins of hot coffee. For selected soldiers, according to a writer in the "Petit Journal," he obtained the privilege that they should not dig trenches, the condition being that they should form a *corps d'élite* for the storming of the trenches of the enemy.

On April 28th, 1916, the name of General Pétain was inscribed on the special tablet of the Legion of Honour as Grand Officer, with the following note:

> He is a most valuable General Officer. Since the beginning of the war he has not ceased, as commander, successively, of a brigade, of a division, of an army corps, and of an army, to give proof of the most remarkable military qualities. By his calmness and firmness, and the skilfulness of his positions, he has been able to adjust a most delicate situation, and to inspire all with confidence. Thus he has rendered his country most important services.

On May 8th, 1916, General Pétain was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the central armies, covering a front of about one hundred and twenty miles between Soissons (on the Aisne) to Verdun, inclusive, General Neville succeeding him as head of the special army defending Mort-Homme.

They called you decadent, corrupt, and light,
Because you loved, and feasted in the sun,
And plucked Life's roses ere their petals fell.
Nor guessed the bitter wisdom of past years
Had taught you laughter, just to hide your wounds.
But when your ancient enemy's guns were heard
You threw aside the roses, left unkissed
The wooing mouth, unloosed the clinging arms.
Your soul awoke and flamed into a sword
That thrust for freedom and long-smouldering wrongs.
O France, your star has never shone so clear,
So glorious ; your patriot spirit burns
As ardently as ever. And they know —
Who called you decadent—they know they wronged
you, France !

—KITTY LOFTING

With the Glorious Armies of France

Duel to the death between hereditary foes: French and German patrols at handgrips.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The French Swoop on Peronne

By EDWARD WRIGHT

THE Germans had long since known that France was using all her finest troops round Verdun. At Douaumont the Germans had been forced back by the supreme French fighting force—the famous Iron Division, which had won the Battle of Nancy, broken the German centre on the Marne, and made its first commander, General Foch, the hope of his country. With the Iron Division was another superb division of Bretons, who formed, with the Ironsides, the 20th French Army Corps under General Balfourier. The Germans knew these troops were at Verdun, because they had been defeated by them.

They also knew that General Pétain had brought with him from Champagne to Verdun an army corps, composed of the Colonial Division and the Moroccan Division, which had conquered the Hand of Massiges in the Battle of Champagne in September, 1915. The Colonials and the Moroccans had made the fame of General Pétain even as the Iron Division had made the fame of General Foch. And the Germans had the satisfaction of knowing that so long as they continued to batter at Verdun, they would retain there the two finest French Army Corps.

But another French general had recently risen to power in the same way as Foch and Pétain. His name was General Fayolle. He had fought in Artois under Foch, and in Champagne alongside Pétain. Foch asked for him in view of the allied offensive on the Somme, and General Fayolle was given any troops he cared to select. Naturally, he took the best, and when the Germans, towards the end of June, 1916, were making their supreme effort against Verdun, there were only regiments of the Line opposed to them.

Veterans from Verdun

The divisions of the 20th Corps were travelling by rail and motor to the Somme, and after them came their rival in tenacity and veteran valour, the Colonial Division, with the Moroccan Division. The two army corps had naturally suffered considerable loss in the Verdun battles, but they were brought up to full strength by picked young men from the farms of Brittany and from the French plantations in Northern Africa. The corps were much strengthened by the new young blood; they had the vehemence and swing of youth, harnessed to the most experienced skill in fighting known in history.

While thus the spearhead of France was being directed towards the new point of attack, the German General Staff was being misled by the combined efforts in deception of General Joffre and General Foch. From the opening of trench warfare on the western front, General Joffre had fixed on the little town of Peronne as a point towards which a thrust must be made. So he gave orders that Peronne and the country round about should not be disturbed, and when General Foch took over the control of the north-western front he followed the policy of his Commander-in-Chief and imposed it upon our troops. The British forces along the Somme became known as "the Deathless Army," because they had so little fighting to do. Worn brigades from Ypres and the Lille Ridge used to be sent towards Peronne to enjoy a rest cure.

Successful Ruse Round Peronne

The idea, of course, was to lull the enemy into a feeling of complete security, at the point where the French commander intended to launch a grand attack when France and Britain could equal the enemy in heavy artillery power. Simple as the scheme was for making the Germans round Peronne easy and unsuspicious, it succeeded. From October, 1914, to July, 1916, the Sixth German Army, under General von Einem, had practically no work to do. The apparent weakness of the French and British forces opposed to him once made Einem over-confident, and he attempted to thrust along the Somme River and break the junction point of the Allied Armies at the village of Frise. He lost more than a division, and was thrown off the hills he won, but allowed to retain Frise. General Foch appreciated the geographical situation better than did Einem, and thought that if Frise was in the hands of the Germans it would be the easiest possible place at which to break the enemy lines.

Frise lies in a marsh threaded by the Somme Canal and the Somme River. On either side of the marsh rise the white cliffs of the great chalk tableland of Santerre. On the southern bank the river and the canal make a great bend, carving the mass of chalk into a large low promontory, at the eastern base of which nestles the romantic city of Peronne, by a marsh some two miles broad. Beyond the marsh, on the German side, are high ridges of chalk, where the main German heavy batteries dominated Peronne and the river valley. From the German point of view, Peronne was not worth taking by the French, for if the French reached Peronne they would be faced by the wide marsh and the ridges of trenched and galleried chalk, concealing guns that could hammer Peronne to ruins. But it was on this German view of the situation that Joffre and Foch had built. The French commander did not want Peronne, but only the great chalk promontory immediately west of it, and we shall afterwards see why he wanted this promontory.

Charge of the French Colonials

The action of the British forces north of the Somme River seems to have been designed merely to assist the French swoop on Peronne. As our force at Gommecourt helped our more southerly force at Montauban, so our army at Montauban, with the 20th French Corps that fought beside it, helped General Fayolle's main force that advanced towards Peronne. When, on Midsummer Day, our guns began their terrific bombardment, General Foch also opened fire between the Somme and the Aisne. His principal weight of metal, however, was at first thrown on the Roye sector, some twenty miles south of Peronne. In other words, he feinted with his artillery fire in much the same way as did Sir Douglas Haig. But at dawn on July 1st, 1916, some hundreds of the gigantic new French howitzers were rapidly massed along their light railway lines behind the French trenches on the Somme, and with the rest of the French artillery they completely shattered the German earthworks at Dompierre. Here the French Colonial Division charged with remarkably slight losses.

General Pétain's Trick of Attack

More experienced than some brigades of our New Army, they were not caught in the rear by enemy machine-guns when they advanced into the second, third, and fourth lines of German trenches. In Champagne, in September, 1915, Pétain had taught the French Colonials a trick of attack which prevented any German surprise. Each French company was divided into a charging force, mainly armed with bayonets, and a clearing force, mainly armed with hand grenades. When a long stretch of German trench was won, the charging force climbed over it, while the clearing force stayed behind and entered every dug-out, house, cellar, and tunnel, and smashed the German machine-gunners.

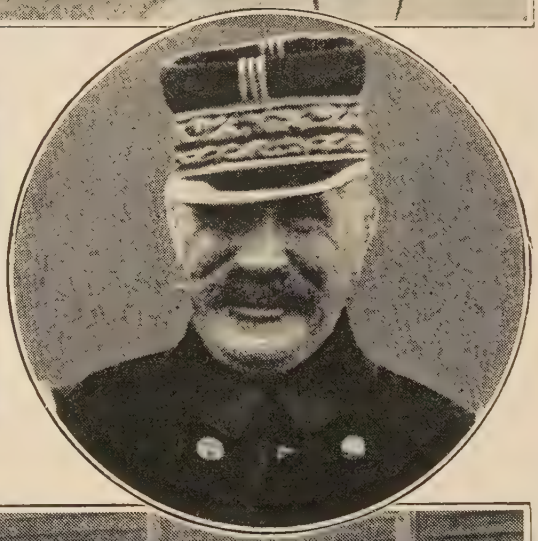
The Colonial Division is said to have had only a hundred men killed in the Dompierre action. The men, however, did not go far. They walked to their goal, instead of running, and their officers held them strongly back when they reached the line that had been assigned to them. The French regiments in action had been through the furnace of Verdun, and it was easy, therefore, to restrain them from becoming impetuous. For they knew what would happen to them if they went beyond the limit of the full power of curtain fire from their artillery.

[*Continued on page* 1894

With General Foch Advancing on the Somme

French reserves awaiting the signal to advance in the Somme region where the redoubtable General Foch conducted our ally's offensive.

The Germans relied more than ever on the machine-gun during the Allies' advance. This photograph shows French soldiers practising with a mitrailleuse.



M. Briand, the French Prime Minister, taking tea with a British general on the occasion of his visit to the British front. Inset: Characteristic portrait of General Foch, the brilliant French leader in the Somme.

THE FRENCH SWOOP ON PERONNE

(Continued from page 1892).

All that happened was that they did the work assigned to them with swift precision and almost mechanical regularity. Covered by their guns, they killed every enemy that showed fight, and killed him with their ancient fierceness of attack. But not a man of them got drunk with the lust of battle, and attempted to go beyond the limit of advance fixed by General Fayolle. In Dompierre, where seventeen hundred Germans had been killed by shell fire, the rest of the brigade were slain and wounded by the charging force and the clearing force, and then in the hunt through the cellars and caverns a remnant of seven hundred prisoners was taken. At Becquincourt, close to Dompierre, the hamlet was stormed, and farther south at Fay the gap in the first German line was widened.

Lessons Learnt in Champagne

There were practically no charges in the old-fashioned style. The French troops went forward in single file, at very wide intervals, under an arch of shells from their guns. At a certain distance from the hostile position each file fanned out into lines of walking men in open order. If the advanced slow thin line met with any resistance whatever, the men fell flat and sought for cover, while their telephone operator or aerial scout communicated with the batteries and brought, with great rapidity, a hurricane of closely placed shells upon the obstacle. This method of attack was a speciality of General Fayolle. He saw nothing of the battle, but sat with his staff at a central telephone exchange, at which he could bring thousands of his guns to bear, in less than a minute, on any point at which he learnt his troops were being held up. His manner of sending his divisions out in single file, so that they presented a target only a yard broad to the enemy's guns, appears to have been his own invention. The device of the central telephone exchange for handling all the guns in mass was something he had learnt in Champagne from General Pétain.

The Germans wasted shells by the hundred thousand in trying to break up, by a great curtain fire, the non-existing lines of charging French infantry. The enemy gunners could not discern the new French tactics of file advance. Their observation balloons had been either destroyed or forced to descend, as the French had brought against them a new instrument consisting of an explosive rocket fired from a small gun carried in an aeroplane. The German scouting machines and fighting machines had also been driven from the front by a grand French aerial attack. Moreover, the country was veiled in morning mist, so the German gunners on the distant chalk ridges could not see what was happening. Nearly all their telephonic communications had been destroyed by the monster French shell, which was charged with a new explosive of much greater power than lyddite or trinitrotoluene.

Mereaucourt Fortress Reduced to Ruins

For all practical purposes, therefore, the German gunners were blind. All they could do was to maintain by the map a heavy curtain fire over the first French line, and over the No Man's Land between the barbed wire fences. The result was that the very widely separated single files of attacking divisions received only some chance shrapnel bullets, and many of these bullets were turned by the French steel helmet. The Colonials and Moroccans, in an action lasting three hours, took and occupied four lines of German trenches, from Dompierre to Fay, and then worked with tremendous energy in erecting new parapets and building new machine-gun positions.

Behind them the rest of the army laboured, with still more intense and sustained energy, in prolonging the light railways down which the great howitzers moved, in digging pits for guns and chambers for shells, and in bringing up munitions of war. The modern soldier is in the first place a navvy, and only in the second place a rifleman and grenade thrower. For one ounce of blood he sheds in a victory, he has first to pour out gallons of perspiration.

But the next day these great labours for the advancing artillery gave General Fayolle a larger command over the promontory of Santerre. There was only one wood of importance on the tableland—Mereaucourt Wood, running east of Frise, with a prolongation towards Peronne known as Chapitre Wood. Mereaucourt Wood was an immense fortress, consisting of redoubts quarried in the chalk and covered with cupolas of armoured steel. Beneath the cupolas were heavy howitzers as well as pieces of field artillery. But no armoured steel could withstand the shattering force of the new giant French shells, which were more than a ton in weight.

On the morning of July 2nd the labyrinthine fortress of Mereaucourt was an utter ruin, though no Frenchman had attempted to set foot in it. When the Colonials advanced they took Frise as easily as they had taken Dompierre, and walking through the chaos of chalk, that had once been a wood, they occupied it and built a parapet near the cross-road running from Feuilleres to Assevillers. All night and all day the fire of the light and heavy French guns continued, hundreds of them being again moved forward, while thousands continued the overwhelming bombardment. The Germans had some forty thousand infantrymen originally holding the attacked positions, and the larger part of these men were put out of action by French gun fire. Before Einem could bring up two army corps of reinforcements, General Fayolle broke the centre of the second German line at Herbecourt, captured the northern German wing position at Feuilleres and the southern German wing position at Estrées.

This happened on July 3rd, when the French infantry were still working very close to their guns. The German commander seems to have miscalculated the range of the new French artillery. For he sent forward in daylight a considerable part of his reinforcements, and they were caught and broken by the French gunners. French airmen circled only five hundred feet above their infantry, watching all their men's movements, and wirelessing to their batteries if any obstacle or counter-attack menaced the advance. Above the lowest squadrons of aerial scouts there were level over level of French flying men, some reconnoitring, others observing for the guns, with, at twelve to thirteen thousand feet, the supreme conquerors of the Fokkers, ambushed in clouds and guarding all the aerial fleet from attack.

General Fayolle's Success at Santerre

By midnight, July 3rd, the French had penetrated more than four miles into the German lines. Some days of rain and thick weather then enabled the German commander to bring up reinforcements, and to make a great counter-attack which completely failed, owing to the fact that the French were completely covered by their guns. These guns were able to move forward through the curtains of rain without their movements being espied, and on July 9th the southern Battle of the Somme was practically won. The new monster guns then had a network of light railways running to the highest point of the conquered promontory. They shattered the hamlet of Biaches, three quarters of a mile from Peronne; and when Biaches was occupied by the French infantry the guns were turned on the neighbouring high ridge of La Maisonette, which was also stormed by our Allies.

Along the northern bank of the Somme the Iron Division kept in line with the British advance, and carried the villages of Curlu, Hem, and Hardecourt. But their work was only valuable at this stage of the advance in so far as it cleared the ground for the great guns on the Santerre promontory, south of the river.

From the promontory, General Fayolle began to smash, by long distance fire, the vital railways and important canals that knotted at Peronne. The town was useless to him at the time. He could not use it until the British Army and the French 20th Army Corps curved round it from the north-west. But from the promontory in the bend of the Somme the French howitzers and monster cannon were able to break the two German railway lines of supply that fed the great enemy salient round Noyon, and also to reach the railway that ran towards Laon and helped to feed and munition the German front along the Aisne. Fayolle had cut one of the main arteries of the invading armies, and he had done it with such slight losses that his method of attack became at once even more famous than that of Pétain.

In France by Rivulet and Silver Birch

French dragoons on patrol duty. With the reconnoitring lancers suggesting a picturesque aspect of war, and the landscape typical of Nature's allurements in Northern France, the camera has succeeded in capturing a scene that might be from the brush of a painter.

Scouting party of steel-capped French cavalrymen halting on the edge of a wood in the North of France to water their horses in a sunlit pond by the wayside after a long and dusty ride during reconnoitring duty.

DAWN IN THE FRENCH LINE.—As the first touch of red in the sky heralds the dawn over the battlefield an indescribable scene of enthusiasm takes place in the foremost French line. The steel-capped warriors who have been on guard throughout the night, sleepless, resolute, and ever looking across the gloom of the neutral plain towards the foe, cannot govern an impulse to jump the parapet and shout for joy that the enemy is still held back. Irrespective of the danger in exposing themselves, these heroes of France stand up to salute the birth of another day, waving their steel casques, and singing a line from the "Marseillaise," and hoping that the Huns will be swept out of their beloved land.

Cave Men and Cavalry in the French Lines

Storing cases of ammunition in a cave on the French front. The French were fortunate in possessing many caves at various points along the lines, for, being safe from enemy shells or aircraft bombs, they formed perfect storehouses for ammunition.

French mounted outpost patrol, somewhat reminiscent of Cromwell's Ironsides with their steel helmets, riding through a village in the region of Verdun.

The Mansion in Ruins and the Cottage Intact

To inspect the handiwork of the Huns. General Lyautey paying a visit to his ancestral home at Crevic, which had been destroyed by the Germans for no other reason than that it was the beautiful property of a well-known chief of the French Army.

Who would think that this pleasant interior picture represents a French cottage in the Meuse, the scene of the most fearful conflict of the war? In spite of the danger, this French family, consisting of three generations, went about its daily work and play, unconcerned that the Hun was practically on the threshold, knowing that he would eventually be driven out of France by her devoted sons.

A Shattered Sanctuary in Meurthe and Moselle

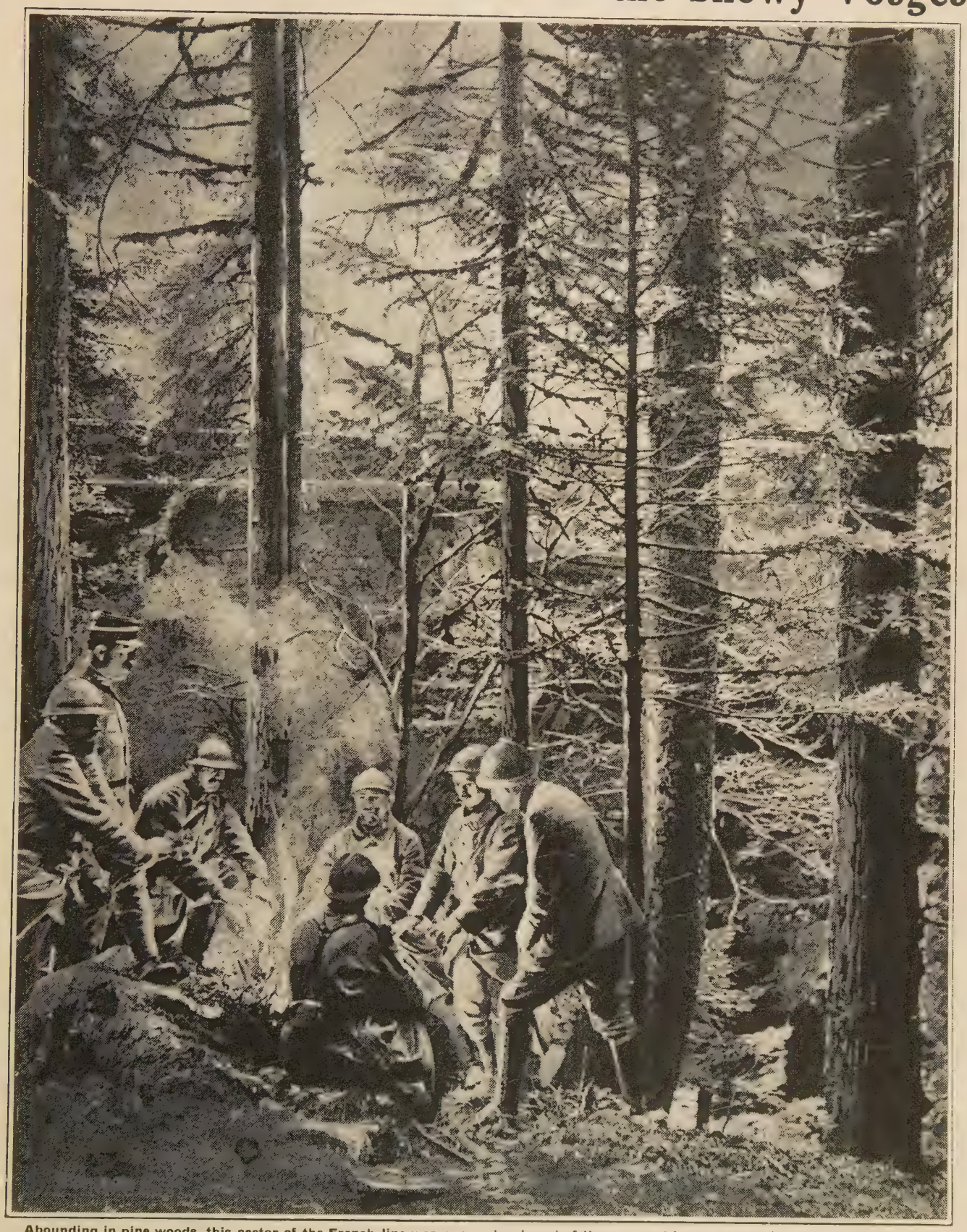
The beautiful church of Magnieres in the Meurthe and Moselle sector on the west front, which to-day stands roofless and in ruins after being desecrated in the course of bombardment. This is one of many sacred edifices in France which were caught in the maelstrom of war, and whose sculptured masonry has been shattered by high explosives.

French Hussars in the Trenches as Infantrymen

French Hussars as infantrymen on duty in the trenches. Inset: Two French soldiers on the shore of an ice-bound lake in the Meurthe and Moselle sector.

French Hussars passing through a village in the battle-zone on their way to take a turn of duty in the trenches. The cavalry of all belligerents adapted themselves readily to the modern conditions of warfare.

Warm Corner Amid Pines of the Snowy Vosges



Abounding in pine woods, this sector of the French line was one of the most attractive on the front, and during a snowfall presented a weirdly beautiful appearance. Verdun being in the Vosges sector, these forests were subjected to the most terrific bombardment of the war, and large territories were laid waste. This impression, taken at evenfall, shows a group of French officers warming themselves at a camp-fire, and recounting stories of the great German offensive.

FRENCH TROOPS ADVANCING TO A COUNTER-ATTACK.—After exploding a number of land-mines at a certain point along the French front detachments of infantry received orders to occupy a number of positions from which they could launch a strong counter-attack against the Germans. This, one of the most striking photographs obtained in the zone of fire, shows the advance, at the double, of the first detachment. In the foreground is the second detachment, awaiting the command to advance and play its part on the colossal chess-board of war. All the men are wearing their steel helmets and respirators, in anticipation of a gas-attack by the checkmated Huns.

Young Ears That Heard the Cacophony of War

Motherless children of Italian soldiers at an institution where they were well cared for.

Left: Village children "camping out" with French troops in the North of France. Above: Mark of friendship between combatant and neutral. Scottish officer offering chocolate to a tiny Greek maiden at Salonika.

French pedlars, during a visit to a British camp at the front, selling their wares to interested "Tommies" who, in spite of their scanty French, still managed an exchange of pleasantries. In some French villages within sound of the guns there remained many peasant women and children, who refused to leave their homesteads behind the firing-lines.

BAYONETS GLITTER ALONG THE YSER CANAL.—The Yser Canal will go down to posterity as the scene of some of the most ghastly fighting in the great war. Frequently during the terrific German bids for Calais the waters of this Belgian dyke were red with blood and choked with the slain. This intensely dramatic picture was secured during an attack by Zouaves on a German trench. With bayonets fixed the men stand ready to charge. Note the wounded man who is being carried out of danger by a comrade.

To face page 1905

BROTHERS IN ARMS: A "POILU," LADEN WITH SOUVENIRS, GREETS BRITISH SOLDIERS AT A FRENCH RAILWAY STATION.

Against the Foe Through Wire and Wattles

Frenchmen cautiously cutting their way through enemy entanglements. Thousands of miles of wicked wires were twisted across Europe, and no man could tell whether any one was not a communication cord, to sever which would signal his presence to the foe.

A French advanced look-out post on the top of a hill, a pinnacle of peril where the tiniest faggot is a friendly shelter, and the smallest loophole through which the eye can peer may be a gate for death to enter.

Scenes and Incidents Along the French Front

Mules carrying munitions for mitrailleuses. A German shell falling among a herd of these animals, sixty were killed outright by the explosion.

Faulty shell of large calibre which failed to explode.

Neatly constructed French trench. A wood flooring was laid down and the walls were consolidated with wattles.

Dummy cannon mounted on a carriage, a device used to draw and waste German ammunition.

The war game of hide-and-seek. Secreting a heavy French gun on the fighting front.

"75" in action against a German aviator. There is little or no recoil with these weapons.

The Vivandière: A Romantic Figure Recalled

The vivandière, that romantic and essentially French figure conspicuous in Napoleonic wars, has dropped out of step with modern campaigning, where marching is minimised by rail transport and nearly every woman is engaged in more practical if less picturesque work than selling cigarettes and liquor to soldiers. There is an element of the old-time vivandière, however, about this light-hearted photograph from the French front, but the drummer-woman did not follow the French armies to victory. She is merely the deputy town-crier of a village in Northern France in the absence of her husband with the Colours.

Moroccan Spahis to Aid Europe's Deliverance

Spahis, or French Moroccan troops, training somewhere in France for service on the west front.

French Colonial soldiers learning the principles of siege warfare.

Types of dusky Moroccan warriors, one of whom has gained two medals for gallantry in action.

Spahis moving across a wide French plain in a body with rifles and bayonets at the ready. These Moroccan warriors are among the most dashing and picturesque soldiers in the world, and are never happier than when engaged in mortal combat. They performed good work for France.

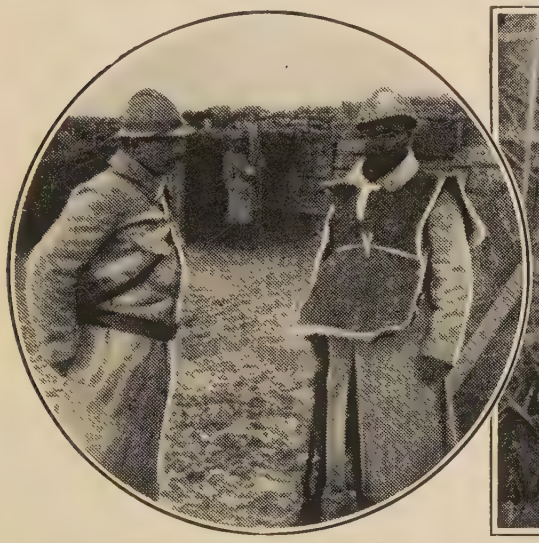
To the War by Wire in the Snowy Vosges

During a great war necessity is more than ever the prolific mother of invention, and it is doubtful if any period produced so many innovations as that of the first two years of the war. In the Vosges, where mountainous country makes rail transport an impossibility, the enemy erected a wire railway, and this illustration, reproduced from a German paper, shows the novel means of communication in working order near Hartmannsweilerkopf.

TO THE PLACE OF PEACE.—Everywhere near the front the churches again became what they were in mediæval times, places to which all may turn to rest their tired bodies and refresh their weary souls. In this Belgian church exhausted soldiers are sleeping, a little lad gravely watches another cleaning his rifle, civilians are rapt in prayer and meditation, and an old lady moves away, her sweet expression showing that she has been "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

The Daily Jaunt to 'No Man's Land' and Back

French bandsmen marching to the firing-line, there to hearten their comrades with "the spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife," before advancing to attack a German position.

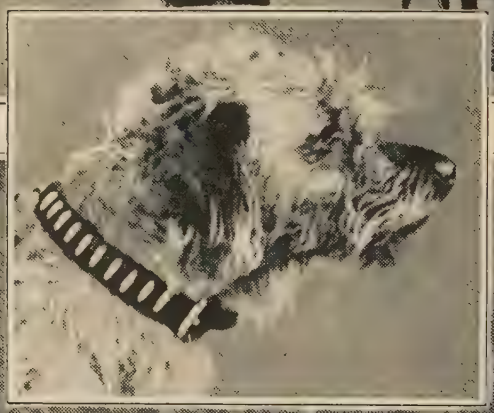


Spacious though muddy "courtyard" of a French trench. The man on the right is wearing a leather cloak as an additional guard against the cold and rain. Right: Sentries within the buttressed walls of a French firing-trench on the watch for an expected gas cloud. The hanging boxes contain respirators ready for instant distribution. Note the direction-boards on the corners of the "streets."

Along a main road leading from the stress of battle to the comparative quiet of billets. Steel-helmeted Frenchmen, heavily laden, on their way from the firing-line trenches for a well-earned rest at their billets near the base.

French Dogs of War Decorated for Field Service

Serbian boy and his war dog, Flock, with the French officer who saved them in Serbia. Right: Canine heroes about to be decorated with gold collars.



Some of the French war dogs that were mentioned in despatches for their services in finding the wounded and acting as scouts and publicly decorated with gold collars. Inset: Laustic, one of the splendid war dogs which won the "Collier d'Honneur."

Poison Masks for School Children of Rheims

Comedy and tragedy blend curiously in these two illustrations. These little children of France may be considered to have been in the fighting-line. Daily they attended their school in Rheims, within range of German shells, wearing respirators. Such an antithesis of civilisation it would be hard to find. And to think that this might have happened in some city in England had it not been for the twenty-one miles of sea separating us from the Continent—and naval supremacy!

French Colonials Getting into Fighting Fettle

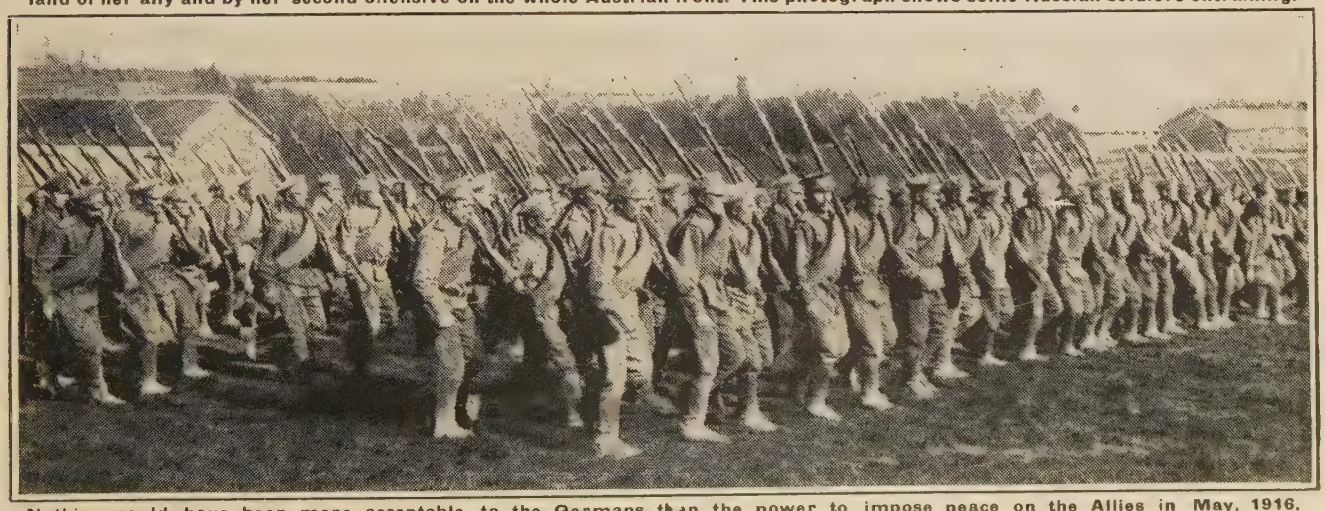
Algerian Tirailleurs in training. Numbers of these native soldiers proved their worth as fighters for the Tricolour.

France's sturdy coloured warriors from Algeria learning to dig trenches and to wage war by European methods. Inset: Algerians, or "Turcos," at firing practice in one of the cleverly-masked trenches near their training camp.

Russia's Glorious Rally to Her Wonderful Ally

The appearance of the Slav soldier on the west front did much to inspire our French ally with greater hope and confidence. As the typical Russian fighting men, armed with long bayonets and carrying greatcoats slung round them in bandolier fashion, passed along the French roads, the populace hailed them with unbounded enthusiasm and jubilation.

What must the German General Staff have thought of the Russians, on whom they hoped to impose a separate peace after Warsaw? The glorious loyalty of Tsardom to the cause was symbolised by her sending thousands of troops to fight in the land of her ally and by her second offensive on the whole Austrian front. This photograph shows some Russian soldiers entraining.



Nothing could have been more acceptable to the Germans than the power to impose peace on the Allies in May, 1916. The resolution of the Tsar to fight on until victory was achieved, in view of the physical resources of Imperial Russia, was in itself an urgent reason why the Central Empires should strive to stop them.

BEFORE BATTLE. French soldiers on their way to the trenches halt by the roadside for soup. Rifles are piled, and the Tricolour is laid with reverent care across two stacks of arms. Sprawling at ease in the long grass, these splendid men of France take bite and sup before proceeding another stage in their great adventure.

AFTER THE ATTACK.—One cannot contemplate this photograph without being struck by the paradox of humanity that prompts men to wound each other in battle and repair the wrong immediately afterwards. The care and sympathy extended by these French soldiers to their wounded enemies could not be surpassed.

The impossibility of holding first-line trenches under concentrated artillery fire is a truism of the war. The French invariably retired and then inflicted terrible artillery punishment on the enemy before he could consolidate his gain. This picture is tragically eloquent of the inferno of a fire trench.

Music and Menu Amid the Débris of Battle

Scene in the music-room of a French chateau, stripped by the enemy of every ornament and piece of furniture save the piano, which was left intact. One of the French officers is going through a solo, while his comrade is studying a book of music.

The ravenous hunger of Mars. Poilus on leave from the trenches attack their rations with conspicuous determination. Scene in a retreat just behind the foremost lines, where the French were holding back the enemy.

A WEAPON OF THE DARK AGES.—Perhaps the most nerve-racking weapon of all used in the Great War was the trench-gun, or mortar. These deadly machines, of which there were many types, projected shells and aerial torpedoes into the enemy trenches. The horror of them lay in the fact that soldiers could see them coming, thereby suffering all the mental agony in advance as to their eventual destination. This illustration shows a squad of French soldiers in a trench on the western front working a battery of these weapons. The small bomb-throwers, or "taupias," two of which are shown on the edge of the trench, were made out of a piece of shell-casing, and fired through a touch-hole. The larger mortar, in the foreground, is a "crapouillot"; it hurled a bomb with a circular end bolted on to a ribbed case which contained the explosive. This mortar made a deafening report, and was very destructive. A German shell having just struck the trench position, part of a trench-gun was sent flying over the parapet, together with a Poilu's casque.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

GENERAL FOCH

He directed the French attack on the Somme, July, 1916, and in 1914 defeated the Germans on the Marne

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL FOCH, G.C.B.

FERDINAND FOCH'S name will endure when many men as well or better known at the present day will have been forgotten. His is the rare case of the student who has been able to put his life-long theories into successful practice, to bring, for example, as much severely logical intelligence to bear on the art of war as the best of the German generals, and to adopt and to beat them in their favourite methods of "spear-head attack," with the great and outstanding difference and distinction that genius ever displays against even the most highly-trained talent. Reviewing the first year of the war, a careful critic declared that General Foch "had some claims to be considered the first soldier in Europe."

A Subaltern in the War of 1870-71

Born in the same year—1851—as General Joffre, and a native of the same part of the dear land of France—the Pyrenees—General Foch entered the world-conflict with the ease and grace of a young man; slim of figure, rapid and precise in speech, with the piercing grey-blue eyes of a man capable on the instant of translating thought into action. He studied for the Army at Fontainebleau, and first saw service as a subaltern in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, taking part in the fierce fighting round Sedan. At the age of twenty-six he was given a captaincy in an artillery regiment.

A Staff appointment followed, then an artillery command at Vincennes. From 1896 to 1901 he was professor of strategy and tactics at the Ecole de Guerre. No one man did more than he to fashion the pattern of the modern soldier of France. Some of his lectures were published, notably those on "The Principles of War," "The Conduct of War," and "Tactics of the Battlefield." They quickly reached the status of military classics in every European country.

In 1903 General Foch became a colonel, and four years later a general; while from 1907 till 1911 he was Commandant at the Ecole de Guerre and a member of the French General Staff. Later he held the Governorship of Nice; then he was appointed to the command of the Eighth Army Corps at Bourges. In 1912 he was head of the French Mission which attended the manœuvres of the British Army. When war broke out he was commanding the Twentieth Corps at Nancy, where he was frequently the host of officers of the British Staff. His first opportunity for putting his theories to the test came in Lorraine.

The Victor of the Marne

In command of the new Ninth Army, General Foch came into touch with the enemy early in September, 1914, near Sézanne, and after, with masterly skill, conducting a three days' retirement between Sézanne and Mailly, he was able to turn upon the foe, and, by driving a wedge between the forces of Von Bülow and Von Hausen, and smashing the Prussian Guards opposing his centre into the marshes of St. Gond, he contributed materially—perhaps more than any other individual commander—to the crucial victory of the Marne.

At the Battle of the Aisne, Foch greatly distinguished himself in the fighting around Rheims. Then began that wonderful co-operation between him and the British Commander-in-Chief, to which Lord French's official despatches bear eloquent witness, when Foch was in control of the French forces operating north of Noyon and Compiègne.

A dramatic story is told in this connection. In the early hours of a grey November morning, when the British were being hardly pressed, and it seemed as though prudence directed a retirement, General Foch is reported to have broken into the deliberations with the remark: "The Germans have sixteen corps in front of us; with yours, we have only ten. If you retire, I shall have only eight. I give you my word as a soldier, I will die rather than retire. Give me yours."

General French listened in silence. Then he grasped General Foch firmly by the hand. The understanding was mutual. The thin British line held its ground, though every available unit was called into the fray. But in the end the Germans suffered one of the most sanguinary defeats in their history.

In December, 1914, during his first visit to the western front, King George invested General Foch with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

A Leader on the Somme

After the first battle of Ypres, when his co-operation with the British undoubtedly saved Calais, and the battle of Soissons, which again left him with a greatly enhanced reputation as a strategist, General Foch directed the French offensive between Arras and Lens, in May, 1915, and his activities during the ensuing twelve months fully justified General Joffre's action in entrusting him with the conduct of the French operations on the Somme in July, 1916, when, with re-created armies, and the aid of General Fayolle, he organised the great thrust at Péronne, the brilliant character of which aroused the admiration of all competent observers.

This thrust provided an admirable object-lesson not only in the unity of action in the French command, but of the general superiority of French tactics—and French patience. To take the last-mentioned point first, it became generally known during the fighting on the Somme that General Joffre had fixed upon the little town of Péronne as an objective as far back as the date of the German stand on the Aisne. But, despite their spies and all their elaborate schemes for gaining intelligence, the enemy were successfully lulled into a feeling of security. The country round Péronne was left alone until the hour had struck for the allied offensive. Then Foch knew the man for the work—General Fayolle—an old colleague of his in Artois, and one who had also fought with Pétain in Champagne.

His Favourite Maxim

One of General Foch's favourite maxims is "Find out the weak spot of your enemy, and deliver your blow there." "But suppose, general," remarked an officer of his Staff, "that the enemy has no weak spot?" "In that case," was Foch's terse reply, "make one." Although born with the brain of a mathematician, General Foch never made the Teuton mistake of regarding war as an exact science. He never lost sight of the mental and moral factors essential to victory. He proved himself a philosopher as well as an exponent of strategy and tactics.

For an officer he maintained that discipline meant a thorough apprehension of an order; in other words, not the execution of orders in so far as they appear suitable or reasonable to the officer to whom they are given, but just "action in the sense of orders received." As for the men in the ranks, he made it his care consistently to get into personal contact with as many as possible, to find out and remove merely irksome and useless regulations, and, to the fullest extent of his power and opportunity, to improve the health and general well-being of all under his command.

Admiration for the British Soldier

An old friend of Lord French, he entertained before the war the highest belief in the splendid fighting qualities of the British soldier. During the British Army manœuvres in 1912, already referred to, he said to Sir John French, "Your cavalry and artillery are excellent. Your infantry? Well, I would sooner fight with it than against it." Two years later, to the day almost, when he was visited at Doullens by the British Commander-in-Chief, he recalled the words he had spoken at Aldershot, adding: "I did not imagine then that the time would so quickly arrive when we should be fighting side by side; but now that it has come, and now that I have had more than one opportunity of proving the worth of your splendid soldiers, I can repeat and amplify all I then said, and with tenfold emphasis." The British, on their part, soon learned to appreciate at their proper worth the great gifts and compelling personality of the French generalissimo's right-hand man.

Marching on Tanga, marching the parched plain
Of wavering spear-grass past Pangani river,
England came to me—me who had always ta'en
But never given before—England, the giver,
In a vision of three poplar-trees that shiver
On still evenings of summer, after rain,
By Slapton Ley, where reed-beds start and quiver
When scarce a ripple moves the upland grain.

Then I thanked God that now I had suffered pain
And, as the parched plain, thirst, and lain awake
Shivering all night through till cold daybreak:
In that I count these sufferings my gain
And her acknowledgment. Nay, more, would fain
Suffer as many more for her sweet sake.

—A Member of the British Expeditionary Force, Marago-Opuni, German East Africa. June, 1916.

The Conquest of German East Africa

General Smuts, in command of the Imperial forces against German East Africa, making observations from his armoured car.

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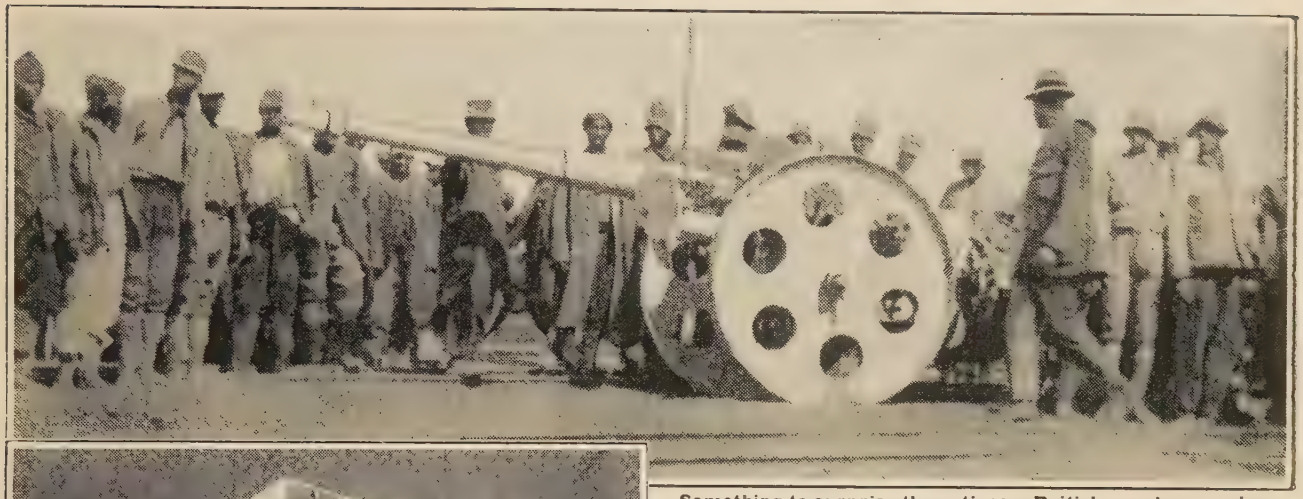
The War Illustrated

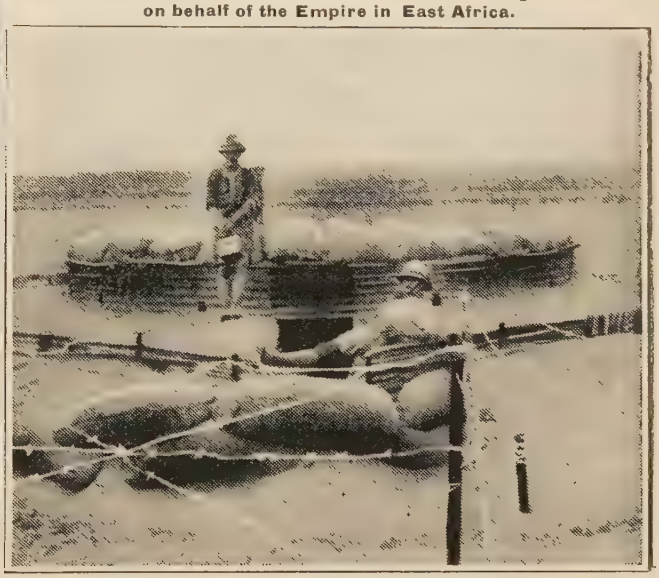
The Last German Colony, East Africa, where a number of successes in March, 1916, marked the opening of General Smuts' offensive. Portugal having definitely thrown in her lot with the Allies, March 10th, 1916, the colony was practically surrounded, with the Belgian Congo on the west. B.E. Africa on the north, and sea-power on the east.

British Drive into German East Africa



Something to surprise the natives. British naval gun arrives on behalf of the Empire in East Africa.

German fort in East Africa stormed and captured by the South African troops under command of General Smuts.



Enemy block-house somewhere on the Equatorial front also taken by the advancing Colonial troops.

Guns which were abandoned by the Germans in retreating before the South Africans. On May 25th, 1916, General Northey, working on the borders of Rhodesia and Nyassaland, advanced twenty miles into German territory, the enemy retiring to Ipiana.

War Traffic on the Trek in East Africa:

Campaigning difficulties in German East Africa. Regimental transport ox-cart crossing a river drift.

Loyal natives in Freedom's cause. African troops carrying boxes of ammunition.

THE German dream of a great Colonial Empire gradually vanished as the conquering army of General Smuts steadily wore down the enemy forces in German East Africa. With the approach of the final victory, the chagrin of the War Lord must have been intense, especially in view of the fact that South Africa materially helped to wrest from him his last colony.

On June 24th, 1916, Major-General Van de Venter, the able lieutenant of General Smuts, drove the enemy from all his prepared positions about Kondoa Irangi, and was pursuing him towards the Central Railway. Kondoa Irangi is about ninety miles north-east of Kilimatinde, an important town on the Central Railway. The whole region of German East Africa between Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika was then practically clear of the enemy.

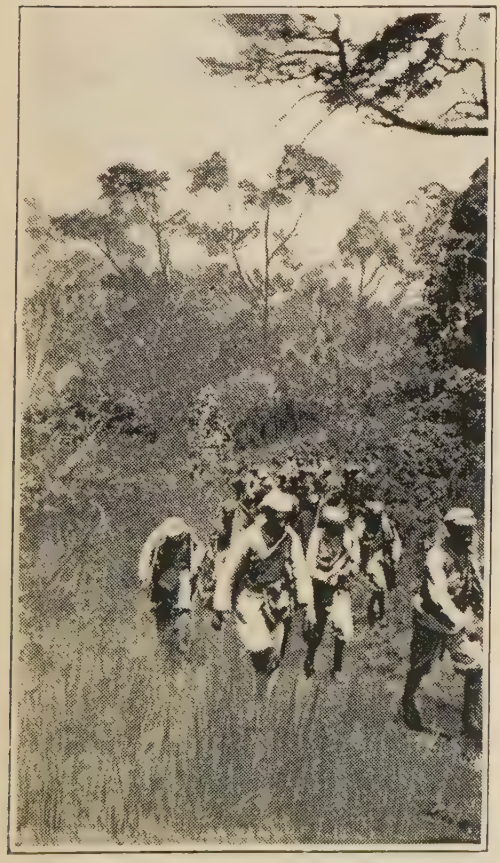
Building a River Bridge.—This photograph gives an excellent idea of the country through which General Smuts' gallant troops had to advance to conquer Germany's last colony, when much constructional work had to be done. Inset: Troops crossing one of the drifts, in which the colony abounds.

Forward to Victory Through the Sombre Bush

German observation-post, for big gun, up a tree at Kilimanjaro.

Remaking a bridge over the river. In the absence of other material, timber was used, of which the country provides a plentiful supply.

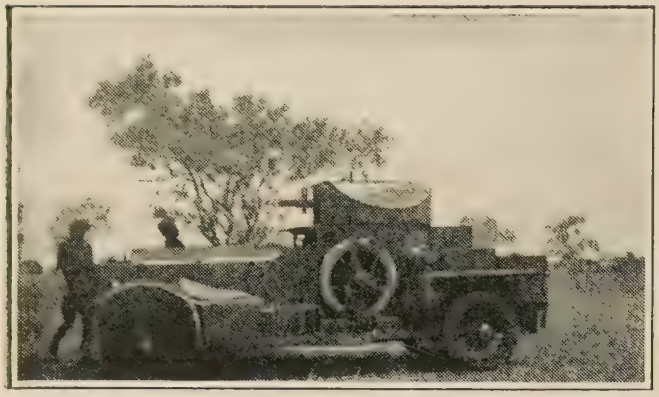
The position where the soldier is standing is a machine-gun post on a raised platform, from which the concealed enemy wrought considerable harm.



Some of General Smuts' gallant men crossing a river in German East Africa.

How the enemy utilised the resources of the colony. A cunningly arranged position for a German pom-pom.

With Our Special Photographer in East Africa:



Armoured car, several of which modern war-machines performed great service over the arid wastes of East Africa.

British engineers, assisted by natives, rebuilt a bridge over the Lumi River, which had been destroyed by the Germans.

Helio station and staff at work during the Battle of Salaita, March 12th, 1916, when the Germans were forced from a hill.

Ox transport trekking along an African highway in a cloud of dust. A British soldier is bringing up the rear.

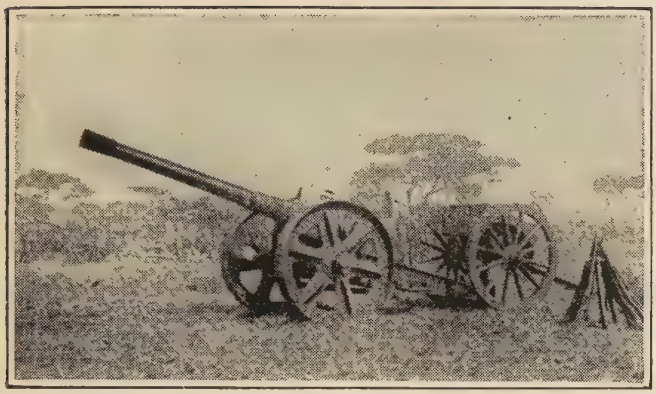
Stalwart types of born fighters. Men of the King's African Rifles lining up to proceed to the zone of fire.

Fort Moshi, a strong German position in East Africa, captured by British troops, March 25th, 1916, after a sixty-mile advance.

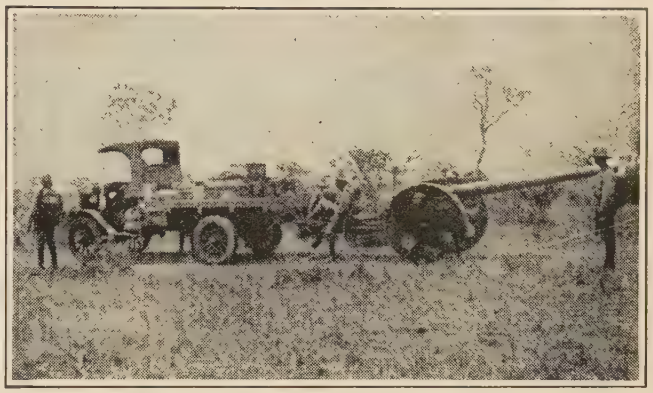
Automobile, conveying a water-tank, in difficulties while crossing a drift. Every gallon of water had to be stored in tanks like this.

Road trenches dug by the Germans in retreating from Salaita to prevent pursuit by British armoured cars.

In the Van of General Smuts' Great Advance

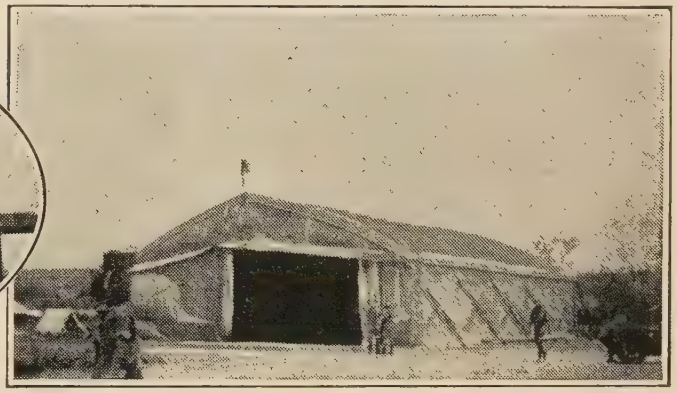


Naval 12-pounder in action. These weapons did excellent work during the advance.



Method of moving heavy artillery across open country. Powerful motor-car dragging a naval gun into action.

British hospital train waiting to start for the base with wounded soldiers from the fighting round Salaita.

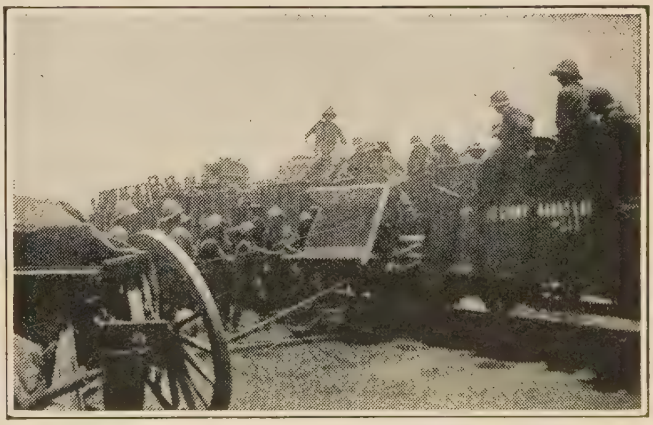


Portable naval hydroplane hangar. These invaluable sheds were erected and taken down with remarkable rapidity.

Graves of patriots who fell far afield. Cemetery of British officers who fell during the Battle of Taveta.

The great difficulty of the campaign was lack of water, which had to be stored and transported in these special tanks.

Temporary office of the supply section. A tarpaulin stretched over some dead trees.



British troops in East Africa detraining waggons in sections. Scene on the line of General Smuts' advance.

WHITE OFFICERS AND NATIVE MEN IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.—Detachment of the East African Mounted Rifles during an inspection at a temporary camp in East Africa. This corps was raised in Nairobi at the beginning of the war, and consisted for the most part of young settlers and coffee planters. They held up the German invasion in the early stages of the campaign, and added to their reputation in the Kilimanjaro operations. They latterly did good work under General Smuts' command.

BRITAIN'S RENOWNED NATIVE REGIMENT.—Column of the King's African Rifles crossing a primitive wooden bridge in British East Africa. "The men are wonderful," wrote an Englishman. "They marched twenty miles, climbed a precipice, fought a battle that included a bayonet charge, and marched back, some of them wounded; and this on a water-bottle—no food. They are always cheerful, do not know what fear is, and fight like demons."

ON THE MARCH TO KILIMANJARO.—Mr. F. C. Selous, the veteran hunter, accompanied the column. General Smuts began operations on February 25th, 1916, and by March 22nd he had added the Kilimanjaro area to the British Empire, "the richest and most desirable district of German East Africa."

Stalwart Burghers Move on German East Africa

Pay-day—and well-deserved. Burghers from South Africa lined up to receive their hard-earned pay in a desert district during the campaign against the Germans in East Africa. In the battle on the Kitova Hills, March, 1916, they displayed great bravery.

Trainload of armoured motor-cars on their way to the front in East Africa excites the interest of the loyal natives.

One of our South African batteries helping General Smuts to conquer Germany's last colony.

Worthy of each other. Gallant men and splendid mounts from South Africa who, after fighting under General Botha in German South-West Africa, proved their prowess with General Smuts in the more prolonged task of reducing German East Africa.

The Martial Parade in Sunny Durban

South African Infantry marching through the streets of Durban on their way to embark for East Africa. The men of South Africa rallied splendidly to the Flag, to serve under the command of Lieut.-General Smuts and help to conquer the Germans' last "place in the sun." General Smuts' force was composed of representatives from all corners of the British Empire.

The Campaign Against the Kaiser's Last Colony:

Troop of King's African Rifles lined up alongside a rail track. The height of these native soldiers is remarkable. A black leader in the foreground is about to give some instructions to an orderly. In the far distance stone barricades mark the British position.

Bullock-drawn munition column trekking across an open space in British East Africa. Some of the Indian troops who were engaged in the East African campaign are seen in the foreground.

Artillery in Action on the East African Front

British artillery pounding away at the German positions in East Africa. The gunner on the right has just fired the weapon, while those on the left are crouching behind the ammunition-waggon.

Striking impression of British artillery being hauled across an East African drift by a team of bullocks. The manœuvre is in charge of Britons, but one or two natives are assisting with the traces. An excellent idea of the country over which the struggle for Germany's last colony was waged may be gathered from this photograph.

Fighting the King of Beasts in African Jungle

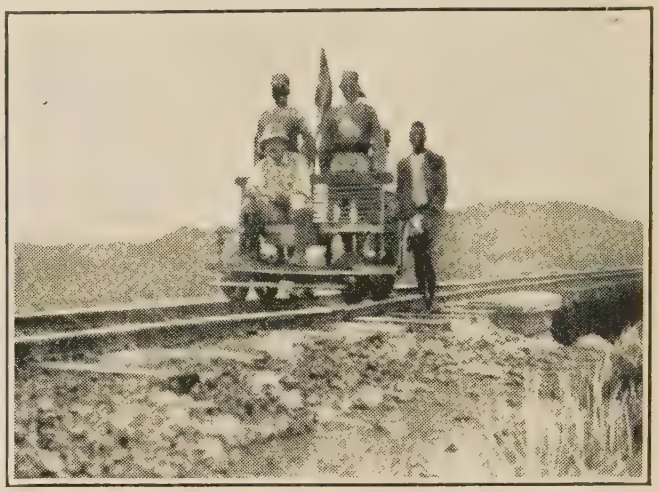
In addition to the hardships of campaigning in tropical and sometimes waterless country, across miles of jungle, British troops in East Africa were subject to attacks by wild beasts. A strangely exciting experience was recorded by a correspondent with General Smuts' forces in this Equatorial region of the world-war. A squad of motor-vehicles, in one of which General Smuts and his Staff were travelling, was attacked by lions near Kilimanjaro. To hold the infuriated beasts at bay a belt of revolver fire was kept up through the long hours of the night, and the lions eventually slunk away into the forest

The Great Push Against German East Africa

British troops on one of the armoured barges which were found of great service to General Smuts' forces on the numerous rivers in the area of operations in East Africa. These rivers somewhat hindered our pursuit of the retreating Germans.

Native stretcher-bearers and riflemen of the King's African Rifles on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. During the ten minutes' fight between British and German gunboats on the lake, on December 26th, 1915, all the German officers were killed, and the enemy's native troops were forced to surrender. Lake Tanganyika divides German East Africa from the Belgian Congo

In the Wake of General Smuts' Offensive

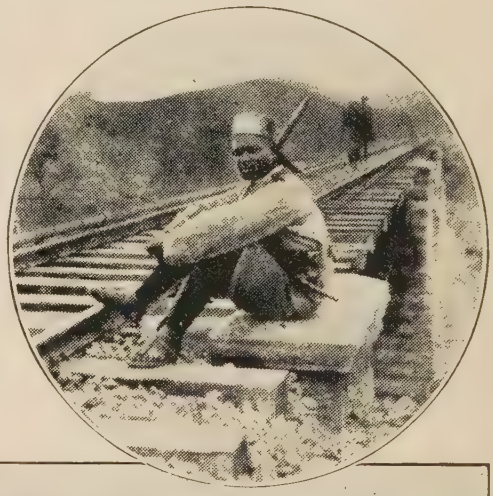


Novel form of locomotion used by British officers on East African railway lines. Two cycles, with tyres removed, are joined by cross-pieces. Right: Officer of the King's African Rifles inspecting the line. On March 13th, 1916, General Smuts occupied Moshi, eighteen miles west of the Kitovo Hills, the scene of the battle of March 11th.

THE fact that Portugal, our oldest ally, fought with us against Germany's well-drilled and armed native army in East Africa brings to mind the historical aspect of the friendly relations between Great Britain and Portugal, maintained by the firm adherence to treaty obligations. The first treaty was signed with great solemnity in 1373; the second, solidifying the alliance, in 1386. It was revised during succeeding years about five times until, in 1873, Lord Granville stated the modern terms of the treaty.

It was during the reign of Charles II. that an Article was inserted by which England and Portugal agreed to join forces in their Colonies. Thus the origin of the joint operation in East Africa.

Another interesting fact is that when General Smuts planted the Flag on Germany's last colony, he reclaimed for Britain a possession that she ought never to have lost. After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, there was a tacit assumption that Zanzibar and the adjoining coast was unclaimable by other Powers. Yet German explorers overran the country; but when these "peaceful" Teutons penetrated Uganda and inveigled the king into granting them concessions, the British Government took action. In 1890 Britain and Germany conferred, boundaries were agreed upon, and one of the little presents to the sulky Kaiser was—Heligoland!



On the beach of Lake Tanganyika. Awaiting prisoners from the German armed steamer Kingani. Inset: Sentry of the King's African Rifles. General Smuts gave no rest to the enemy, who retired rapidly southwards along the Tanga Railway.

To face page 1937

PROUD TO FIGHT FOR THEIR KING-EMPEROR. MAGNIFICENT CHARGE OF INDIAN TROOPS AGAINST THE GERMAN TRENCHES.

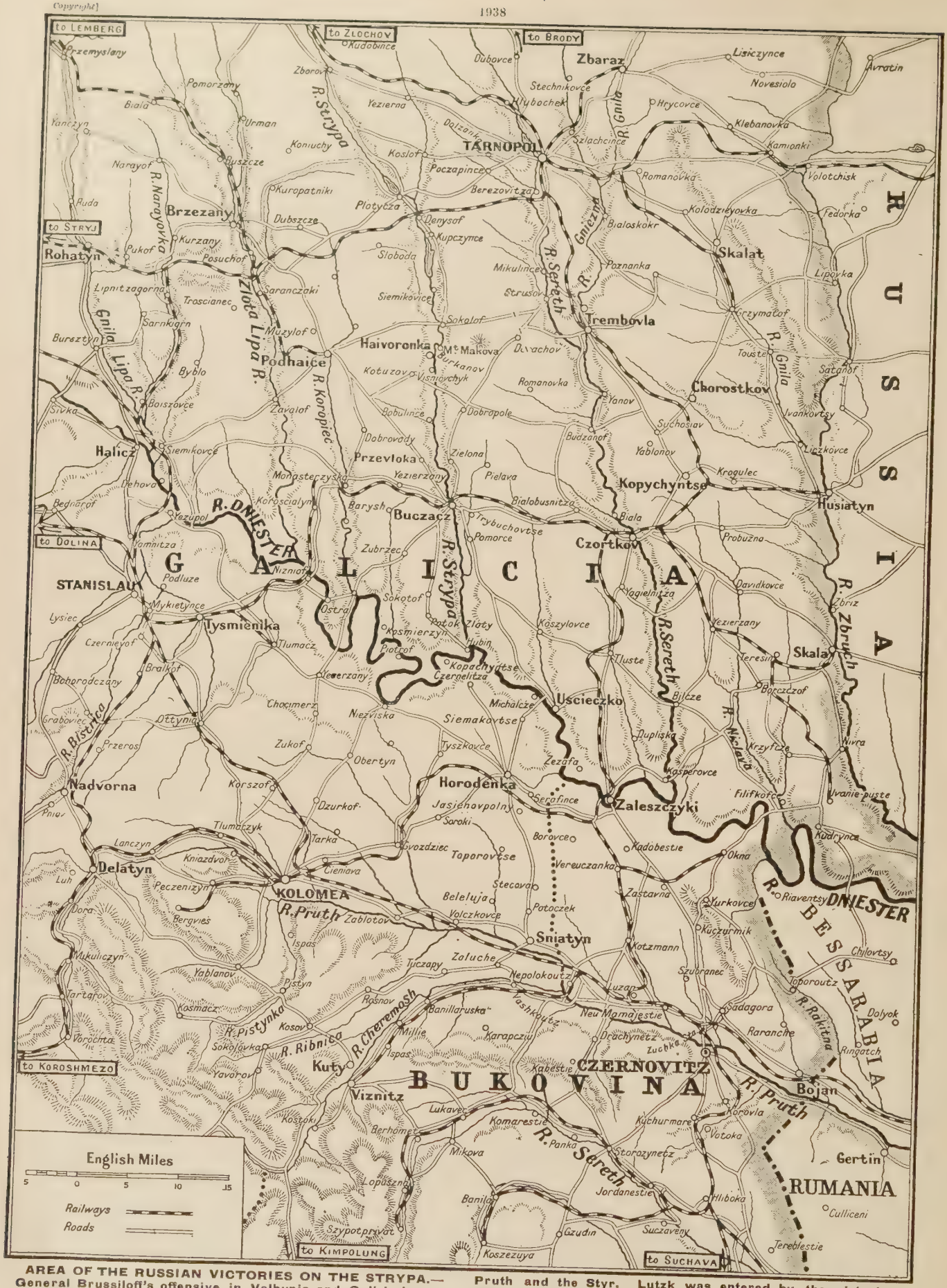
Notwithstanding the heavy blows and consequent losses which Russia suffered during the summer of 1915, and which would probably have overwhelmed any less tenacious and courageous people, her army has been thoroughly reorganised and re-equipped; her armaments have increased, and the spirit which pervades her forces is as high as at the outset of the campaign.

The active co-operation of the Russian people in the manufacture of munitions of war exhibits very clearly the reality of their patriotism, and their determination to carry this life-and-death struggle, whatever its length, to a victorious conclusion. —EARL KITCHENER,

In the House of Lords, February 15th, 1916

With Russia Resurgent

Russia strikes on the Eastern Front: Cossack patrol reconnoitring the German positions.



AREA OF THE RUSSIAN VICTORIES ON THE STRYPA.—General Brussiloff's offensive in Volhynia and Galicia began on Sunday, June 4th, 1916, and fighting quickly developed along a wide front from the River Pripet to the Rumanian border, particularly heavy fighting taking place between the Pruth and the Styr. Lutzk was entered by the victorious Russians on June 6th, and Czernovitz, the capital of Bukovina, fell for the fifth time in twenty-one months on June 17th. The Austro-German prisoners taken up to June 19th numbered over 170,000.

My Ride with the Caucasian Cavalry

An Adventure on the Russo-Hungarian Front

By H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT

Mr. Seppings Wright, Artist-Correspondent.

Of the innumerable types of fighting men engaged in changing the map of Europe, the Caucasian is the most romantic and mysterious of all. His striking figure and picturesque uniform and the remote region of his fighting lend him a peculiar interest and charm. For whole months his activities are shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Then suddenly the world will ring with some splendid achievement, such as the Battle of Sarykamish or the capture of Erzerum. It is fitting, therefore, that the first of our new and absorbing series of articles by famous correspondents on their most thrilling adventure in the great conflict should be devoted to an incident with the Caucasians. The Editor requested Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, the eminent battle chronicler and artist, whose experiences include service in the Ashanti, Spanish-American, Russo-Japanese, Balkan, Tripoli, and present campaigns, to open this feature with a story of his ride with Caucasian cavalry on the eastern front.

AMONG my recollections perhaps one of the toughest jobs during my services with the Russian Army was on the occasion of a trip I made with the Caucasian Cavalry, commanded by the Grand Duke Michael. These splendid troops are generally called Cossacks. This is a misnomer, and I write this brief account of them under their proper title.

The mistake, no doubt, arises from the fact that the huge Cossack army wear the picturesque national dress of these native Caucasian regiments on grand occasions. On active service the uniform of the Cossacks and their equipment are identically the same as those of the cavalry.

There are, however, distinguishing features. A heavy mass of hair falls over the left brow of the Cossack. This love-lock is his particular pride. He oils and curls it with all the assiduity of an ancient beau. The men of the Caucasian sotnias, or squadrons, wear an untrimmed, shaggy beard, and long, flowing hair; the latter is so coarse that it is scarcely distinguishable from the goatskin kepi, imparting to the figure a wild, ferocious appearance, totally at variance with his real sentiments, which are kindly, gentle, and humane.

Towards the Hungarian Frontier

I left a certain town in Galicia in a military train, which dropped me at a village farther south. From here a drive of some thirty miles in an open sledge, drawn by four horses abreast, conveyed me to the headquarters of the X army, where I received a warm welcome.

It was winter time, and deep snow covered the country. Although well wrapped up in skins, and lying in a nest of straw, I could scarcely keep warm.

The troops were mostly billeted in different cottages in the village of ——. Their hardy little horses standing about seemed impervious to weather conditions, for, like their masters, they are born campaigners; cold, hunger, heat and thirst seem all the same to them. I understood and appreciated these qualities later on.

That same evening we were ordered on some expedition, whether it was scouting or foraging, I didn't know. It was somewhere toward the Hungarian frontier, and that was good enough.

Being provided with one of the quietest horses in the troop, I rode off in high spirits. Not being accustomed to the cushion, or high pillow, which is strapped to the saddle, I found some difficulty in getting across my mount. The saddle itself is a high, peaked, half-moon shaped seat perched on a pack, with square saddle flaps buckled to the battens. The stirrup leathers are long. This obliges one to remain bolt upright instead of sitting on the saddle. My greatest difficulty lay in that cushion, which gave me the impression of being seated up in the air, not altogether a pleasant sensation, especially when your beast is lunging breast high through snow-drifts.

And the cold—how it cut! Three pairs of socks, felt boots, and those stuffed with paper, failed to keep it out.

Some sort of order was kept in spite of the snowstorm. Between each file a led horse carried supplies, spare ammunition, etc., besides which the troopers' horses each bore a miscellaneous burden, a "cargo of notions" hung all about the saddle—t'ente d'bris, buckets, the inevitable teapot, etc, and, in many cases, the prayer-carpet, for not a few of these Caucasians are strict Mohammedans.

I never once gave a thought as to where we were bound. Now and again I caught glimpses through the snow-wreaths of distant pine-clad slopes. We were riding among trees, and I got a good many smacks from branches as they recoiled with the force of a catapult from my leading file.

Halts were called at intervals to allow our "Marine Cossacks" to come up. These very useful and necessary reinforcements were supplied by sailors from the Black Sea Fleet, and were attached for the purpose of working the mountain battery. Like all sailors, they adapted themselves to their new "craft," as they called their horses.

Some country waggons had been requisitioned for their especial benefit, to bring along the guns, shells, etc. Once I very nearly came off, as my horse stumbled over some railway tracks, which I afterwards learned were the road leading into Hungary. After considerable jolting and jogging on this rough track the going became, if anything, worse as we plunged into a dense forest with a thick, matted undergrowth. Here we made "heavy weather" as the Tsar's Tars said. After hours, so it seemed, we arrived at a defile, where the air became sensibly milder.

Evidently this was a rendezvous, for the challenging neighs of the horses were answered from somewhere in the woods. A sudden turn in the ravine brought us into the midst of a big camp, where we were offered food and tea, my small tent was pitched against a sheltering bank, and I was soon asleep.

Romance 'Mid the Snowy Pines

I woke about noon and started making notes of the wild and picturesque surroundings. The camp was ideally chosen. A dense wood of pines effectually screened us from any marauding aeroplane. The horses in their saddles were tied up to the tree-trunks, lances, rifles, accoutrements of all sorts were suspended from the stumps of old branches—"Nature's pegs." The men were huddled about in groups, and looked quite happy and contented; bursts of merriment and applause greeted the successful story-teller, for there is something Far Eastern in the habits of these soldiers. They love to listen to tales as marvellous as the "Arabian Nights."

I also learned that our sotnias had been told off to attack an Austrian force entrenched some distance ahead in a position commanding a mountain pass of great importance. This was the cause of the high spirits. These hardy mountaineers love nothing so much as a scrap.

Although small tents are served out, the men seldom use them—I have on occasion seen them used during heavy rain much in the same way as our carters use a sack—but stick to the more primitive custom, a shelter of boughs; many even disdain this luxury, and content themselves with sleeping in the snow, wrapped up in their "borkas." This borka is shaped like a large riding cape, or cloak,

WITH THE CAUCASIAN CAVALRY (Continued from page 1939.)

which reaches down to the ground. The material of which it is made is a sort of felt of goat's or camel's hair, and is so thick that it is quite impervious to wet or cold, and does for bed, blanket, and tent. These well-seasoned troopers desire nothing better. I have seen men actually burrow into the snow, curl themselves up in the borka, and sleep soundly although snow was falling. In the morning nothing is to be seen but mounds of snow!

We broke camp and started late in the afternoon. By this time I was getting used to the excitement of keeping on the back of my steed. In the exhilarating ozone of the mountains I quite forgot my stiffness, which had gradually reduced itself to a comforting numbness. This ride was well worth all the initial weariness. It was life—without pain or ache!

We bivouacked for the last time amongst a grove of beeches, without noise. No talking, no smoking, and no fires, for the enemy was but a few miles distant. The expedition had been carefully planned. A large force of Russian infantry lay somewhere away on our right flank. Their business was to make a flanking attack. To our chaps fell the honour of direct assault.

The guns were carried up in sections by our "Marine Cossacks," and I watched them as they toiled up through the snow until lost in the brushwood slopes.

The observation officers had already started, having established the telephones, and were now in constant communication with the commandant.

Getting to the Business of War

The most trying part of the war correspondent's mission is at this moment. You somehow feel yourself *de trop*—everyone seems trying to avoid you. You are alone. It is like that great loneliness which the small boy experiences on his first day at a big boarding school, yet it is only imaginary. Everyone, from the jovial commandant down, has his own serious business to occupy him. In addition, perhaps, his own solemn thoughts. Each one has become individualised.

I caught myself wondering why the telephone did not shrill. Of course, it was all nonsense, but it showed the drift of one's mind. The whole business was uncanny and eerie; men mustered, and silently glided away, always upward. The very horses seemed to know that something extraordinary was going to happen, for they stood motionless beside the tree-trunks. Occasionally their lips gave out a sort of muffled chopping, as one or other would reach out for a few straws, the remnants of last night's meal.

With the permission of the commandant, I followed the trail of the guns, until, guided by sounds of digging and scraping, I came suddenly on the position, which was well chosen. Squatted at the back of the crest, or ridge, of the mountain our grim little battery looked quite formidable; the guns were well sunk in the ground, and further protected by circular-topped shields. The Russian Jack Tars, who formed the guns' crews, seemed quite as much at home as if they were on their native element. Higher up, and entirely concealed by the projecting buttress of a friendly cliff, stood the observation officer, waiting the fateful moment. The telephone wires, like black threads, lay along the snow—there were two—one connected with the battery, the other with headquarters.

First Shot from the Enemy

The scene before me will ever remain photographed on my mind. I can see it now, and could almost tell the number of bushes which sparsely covered the undulating sides of the hills opposite, and beyond the smooth plateau, which swept with a bold curve towards the north-west, clumps of dark trees here and there dotting its surface emphasising its purity and whiteness. A fringe of trees framed this plain, while the perspective of hill-tops concentrated the eye on the enemy trenches. These were constructed on the German system—small, half-moon shaped and in groups, covering each other. They were so well concealed that for the moment I failed to locate them.

Our range-finder gives us the exact distance to the enemy's first-line trench—3,000 yards as a crow flies, but to cover this short distance our men have to cross two deep ravines. Strict orders are given to wait until the infantry attack develops. At last! The first shot comes from the enemy. No need for silence now. Our batteries get to work, while the advance proceeds.

As I have said, the enemy's position was well chosen. His guns were posted and concealed on the opposite heights, and they closely searched the wooded slopes of our mountain without doing much damage. On our side we did some good shooting, getting on to a wooded ravine wherein lurked the Austrian reserves and supply columns. The main road to the Hungarian plains passes through this gorge; we could not distinguish the road itself, but we knew it was there, and probably crowded with the enemy's transport. It was both their feed pipe and line of retreat.

Glorious Charge Across the Snow

The shell smoke in little puffs and wreaths punctuated the distant woods to the right which concealed our supports. The grinding patter of the machine-guns and louder detonations of the shells made a considerable din and painted a smudge of smoke and dirty flame across the landscape. From my eyrie I got a bird's-eye view of the whole field, though at times obscured by the shell mist, and I could follow the plan of the attack and watch its gradual development. While the enemy's attention was directed to our front I saw our supports leaving the cover of the woods. To me it looked as if they were going to certain destruction; afterwards I found that their movements were masked by the curve which I mentioned before, and were further concealed by a spinney of trees. The method of advance was clearly seen. The observation men came out first. Then the points, followed by the platoons, until the trees were reached, where the attacking force concentrated. From here, after a shell storm—so dear to the hearts of the gunners—the whole body charged down over the exposed country. Simultaneously our men dashed from their cover, shouting, yelling, and gesticulating in their excitement.

It was magnificent! These soldiers of the Caucasus are uncontrollable. Officers and men were strung out over the plain like hounds. It was everyone for himself and against the common foe. During this mad race many disappeared under the snow, and one of the leaders seemed suddenly to have gone mad. He undressed, and began waving his arms about apparently in a maniacal frenzy. I afterwards heard from him that he felt a bullet strike him in the shoulder, and to ease the pain he stripped, went through the Swedish drill to feel if there were any bones broken, injected some sedative near the wound, and went on at the head of his men. This is a fact!

Herculean Work of Artillery

These hardy soldiers, wearing their borkas, made this brilliant charge thigh deep in snow. It was a tough fight, and went slowly at first, but a final overpowering dash, in conjunction with the Russian infantry, cleared the trenches. The enemy taking to the wooded hills, our infantry occupied the trenches and threw out a skirmishing line to clear the woods. The Cossack soldiers hurried back to get their horses, and the pursuit commenced. My business was to go to headquarters as soon as possible. I found the General Staff established in the comfortable shacks lately occupied by one of the enemy commanders.

Late that night the cavalry returned, their steaming horses showing they had ridden far. They brought in some prisoners and two guns, besides supplies of sorts. There were still heaps of work to be done in order to strengthen the position, and also to get the guns up the hills. No one but an artilleryman knows the difficulties of this operation. I think they are the most patient people in the world. Nothing ever seems to go right, yet these wonderful fellows never lose their tempers or their heads. "Belly aching" is the American term for bringing on guns, and the expression is apt.

This fight was but the beginning of much more serious operations. Streams of reinforcements kept flowing in to secure the ground won. Day and night trenching and fortifying went on unceasingly, transforming the whole district for miles, until the countryside looked like the foundations for building a new city. It was "a city of refuge," for we all had to live underground—in caves.

Caucasian Cavalry Advance in the Carpathians

Caucasian cavalry advancing through snow to attack an enemy position on the Hungarian front. As Mr. Seppings Wright points out in his article in these pages, these men are born campaigners, and their power of endurance is nothing short of marvellous. Degrees of temperature, lack of food and water, are mere bagatelles to these hardy warriors. Each horse, in addition to its rider, carries a miscellaneous burden, a "cargo of notions," including not infrequently a praying-carpet, for many of the Caucasians are staunch followers of Mohammed, and know their Koran by heart.

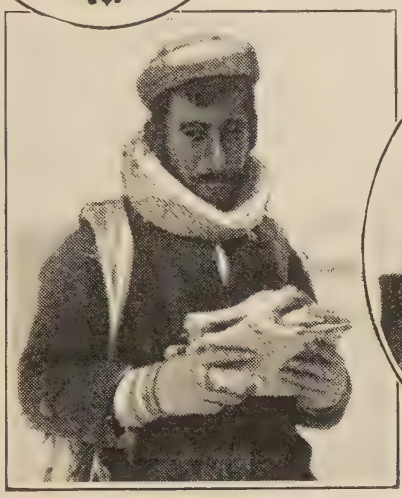
Imperial Russia Keeps Guard Over Trebizond

After the fall of Erzerum, February 16th, 1916, the capture of Trebizond by the Grand Duke Nicholas's Caucasian army was but a question of weeks. This historic citadel on the shore of the Black Sea is the terminus of one of the great routes between Europe and Asia. The illustration shows the network of trenches and some of the Turkish guns before Trebizond.

Captured forts of Trebizond under Russian guard. It was at Trebizond that Xenophon and his comrades the Ten Thousand Greeks, who had lost their way campaigning in the Valley of the Euphrates, came upon the sea with the immortal shout of jubilation, "Thalatta! Thalatta!"—meaning "The Sea! The Sea!"

First Scenes from Erzerum

AS it militated against the possibility of further Turkish reinforcements being sent to the Bagdad front, the fall of Erzerum, February 16th, 1916, proved to be an event of more outstanding importance to the allied cause than was at first supposed. The brilliant achievement of the Grand Duke's Caucasian forces had the effect of awakening Germany to the futility of her dream of victory in the East, and thus freed British troops stationed in Egypt.

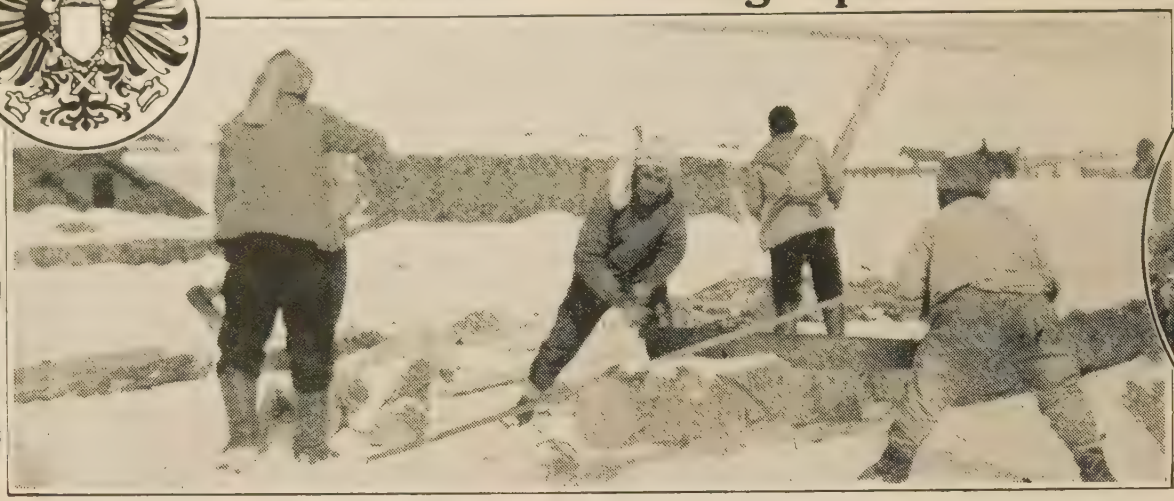


Types of the Turkish inhabitants of Erzerum, photographed after the entry of the victorious Russian troops into the captured fortress capital. Right: An optimistic Turkish cobbler, carrying on "business as usual" outside his shop.

One of the Grand Duke's valorous soldiers enjoying himself in Erzerum on a donkey, after taking part in one of the greatest feats of arms in the war. Centre: Turkish prisoners captured at Erzerum. Right: Typical beggar of Erzerum.

Picturesque tatterdemalions of the Armenian capital standing outside a watchmaker's shop. Right: Turkish carpenter at work in an Erzerum street. A further selection of these striking photographs is published in succeeding pages.

Exclusive Photographs of Erzerum



Turkish woodmen sawing logs outside Erzerum. Centre: Enemy flags and banners numbered among the vast amount

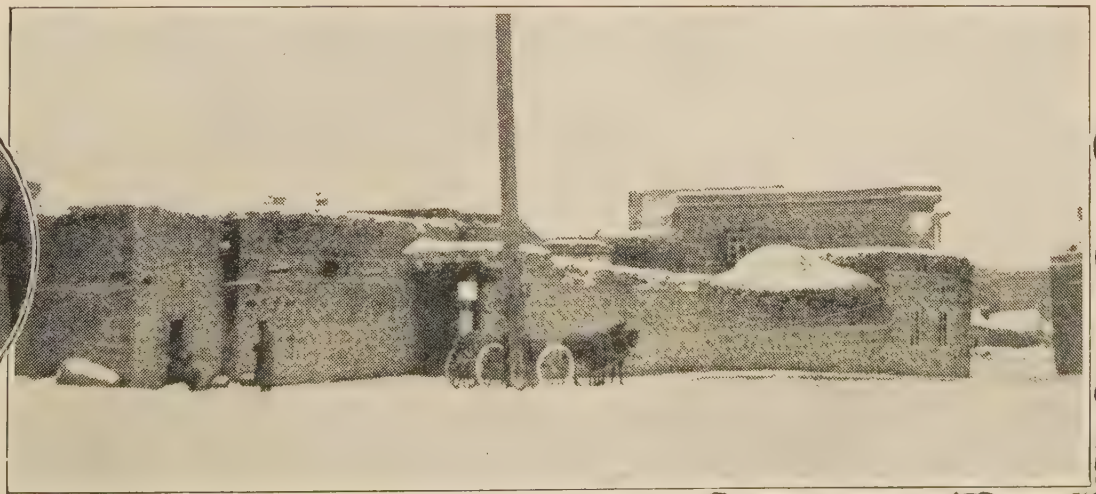
View of one of Erzerum's unpaved streets. The motor-car in the distance seems out of place beside the old-world Asian houses wit their Oriental façades. Centre: Corner of the bazaar at Erzerum. Right: Russian oxen-drawn convoy on the snow-covered fiel

Russians resting at a crude shelter on the ice-bound plain adjacent to Erzerum. Cent Caucasian soldier standing in a hole made by a bomb dropped from an aeropla

the Captured 'Metz of Asia Minor'

ophies and spoils which fell into the victors' hands. Right: Turkish hut, built mainly of logs, on the outskirts of Erzerum.

ar the capital, the scene of some of the fiercest fighting in the war. After the capture of the fortresses and the town, the victorious rces of the Grand Duke hotly pursued the Ottoman Third Army, which retreated in three directions—north, south, and west of Erzerum.



ight: One of the entrances to Erzerum, the bleak, mysterious and snowbound fortress ty of the Caucasus. The post is that of an electric lamp.

Erzerum, the Anvil for the Grand Duke's Hammer-stroke

Russian transport column passing through a street in Erzerum, where the booty captured by the Russians was enormous. The Siberian troops, by their cyclonic rush under appalling climatic conditions, gave the Turks no opportunity of saving their guns.

Turkish prisoners under guard at Erzerum. In addition to the Turks' terrible losses in killed and wounded, a great number were captured when the "Metz of Asia Minor" fell.

Further types of the many Turkish defenders of Erzerum who fell into the hands of the Russians during the Grand Duke's hammer-stroke. (These photographs, and those on the preceding pages, are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")

Cossacks Search for Wounded with Electric Torch

Cossacks tracking their way across the snow at night with electric torches. Many a wounded Russian, lying helpless and overlooked during a rapidly-moving engagement, owed his life to the hand "searchlights" which formed part of the equipment of the Cossack when he was on outpost or patrol duty. Primarily they were carried to assist the riders in finding their way at night, discovering obstacles, examining suspected traps, exploring pathways in dark forest recesses, and for signalling. In this picture a troop of Cossacks is seen galloping over a road near the scene of fighting, searching for wounded.

SLAV AND TEUTON IN CLOSE CONFLICT.—Illustration, reproduced from an enemy newspaper, representing an attack by the Russians against the Austro-Hungarian positions on the Bessarabian front. Renewed activity on the part of the Russians manifested itself in March, 1916, all along the extensive front. Our eastern ally, thanks partly to the active co-operation of Japan and a thorough reorganisation of her own munition factories, had, to a great extent, remedied the shell shortage responsible for the fall of Warsaw.

Slavs Push on to Cities of Immortal Romance

Picturesque Russian camp on the snow-covered ranges near Erzerum. After the fall of the forts and town, February, 1916, the Turks were steadily driven southwards and westwards.

Persian artillery in an old-world courtyard on the Irak frontier. Inset: Ruins of Khorassan, in Persia, after the town had been bombarded by the advancing Russians. The dislodgment of the Turks from a series of positions in Persia, and the fall of the town of Kermanshah, brought the Russians on the Teheran-Bagdad route to within two hundred miles of the Tigris above Bagdad.

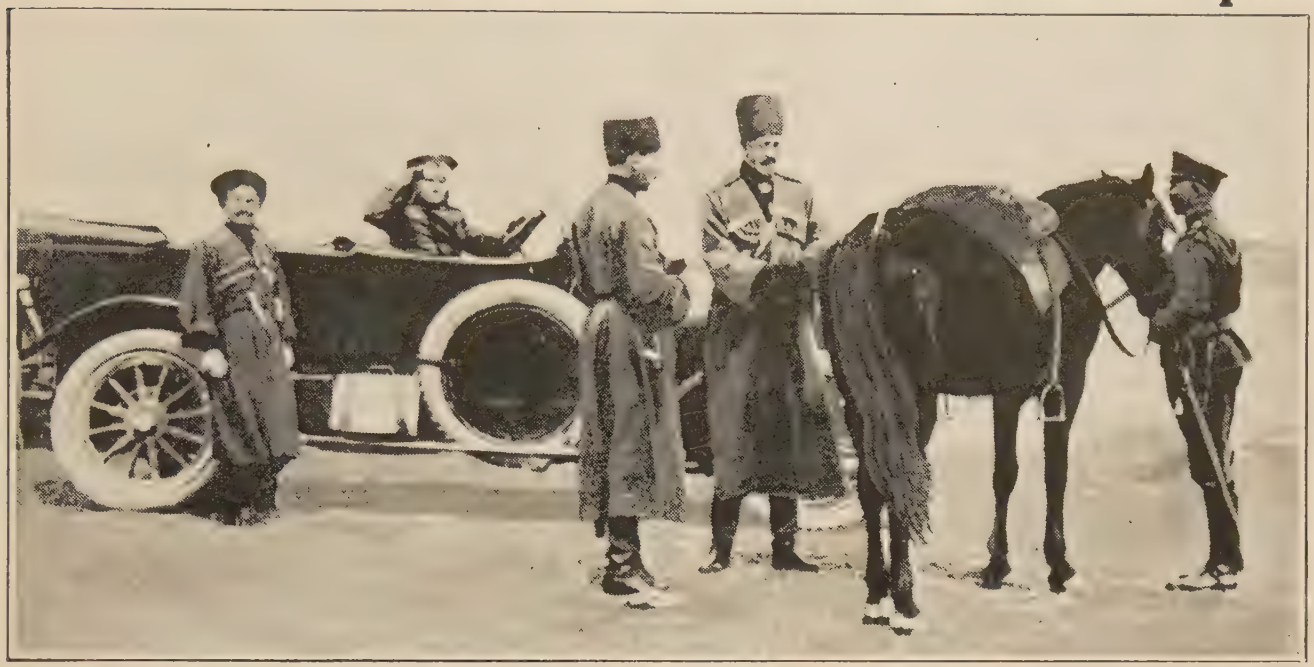
Motor-cycle shed on the Russian front. Automobiles played a tremendous part in the great Russian advance into Austrian territory. (*Exclusive photographs.*)

Observation balloon, used for "spotting" batteries of hostile artillery and range-finding, deflated under cover of a wood. Two Russian sentries stand on guard.

FOUR PHASES OF THE VICTORIOUS RUSSIAN ARMY.—Military stores, for the most part fodder, piled up along a rail communication with General Brussiloff's armies.

Watering horses at a picturesque backwater along the Russian front. Slav cavalrymen, who were utilised to pursue retreating Austrians, resting after a successful attack.

Russian Grand Dukes at Teheran and in Japan



Grand Duke Nicholas leaving his automobile to mount his charger prior to holding a review of the Russian troops in Teheran. Our ally's successes in the Caucasus in the early part of 1916 caused depression and discouragement in the Turkish ranks.

Grand Duke Michaelovitch sightseeing from a rickshaw at Nikko, Japan. His Imperial Highness was sent to the Mikado as the Tsar's envoy to discuss the military situation with Russia's former adversary, but later her trusted friend.

Russian Royalties Work and Rest Behind the Lines

The Tsar with the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Grand Dukes Peter Nicholaievitch and Alexander Michaelovitch, Prince Peter Alexandrovitch of Oldenburg, officers of H.I.M.'s suite, and the Staff of the Grand Duke.

Royal group, including the Tsar, his four daughters, the Tsarevitch, and four of H.I.M.'s nephews, taken in the grounds of the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo.

The Emperor with the Tsarevitch, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, and Prince Nikita Alexandrovitch, one of the Tsar's nephews, at Tsarskoe-Selo.

From Riga to Sebastopol is a far cry, but the indefatigable Emperor of All the Russias could one day review troops in the Baltic port and another inspect his fleet at the other end of Russia's line, in the Black Sea. This photograph shows his Imperial Majesty with Admiral Gregorovitch and Naval Staff.

FEARLESS COSSACKS SABRE AND PUT TO FLIGHT A CRACK REGIMENT OF HUNGARIAN HUSSARS.

To face page 1952

War and the Spiritual Force of Slavdom

A war-time spread behind the Russian lines. Slav soldiers enjoying the luxury of a table in a pleasantly screened corner of our ally's front.

A miss-fire. Bomb thrown by a German aviator into the Russian lines, but which failed to explode.

THE Russian may be said to be the most religiously inspired fighter among modern European nations. For the Tsar to declare a Holy War against the Hohenzollerns meant far more than an ordinary racial conflict for ambitions and territorial conquest.

In their war against the Germans the Russians were buoyed up by an irresistible spiritual force. The mystical impetus of the Slav temperament proved a great factor as against the purely materialistic attitude of Teutonism. The Germans machined their way to Warsaw; but though machines counted in the first eighteen months of the great struggle, mental and physical stamina, and a profound conviction that right only is might, gave our eastern ally the will eventually to win back all that she had lost, and a great deal more.

Russian officer kissing the Holy Ikon, a religious custom of our eastern ally before going into battle.

Still hot! Nose of a shell which exploded dangerously near the soldier who is holding it

THRILLING CHARGE OF THE COSSACKS.—In the fighting between General Brussiloff and General Leiningen in South-Eastern Galicia, June, 1916, cavalry were given an opportunity of which they had been deprived too long to suit their pleasure. The Russians delivered a staggering punch which sent the Austrians reeling. Attacks were repeated with rapid ferocity, and the line was broken. Then the Cossacks were let loose. They poured through the breaches made in the enemy front, rejoicing to be in the saddle again with work to do, and wrought fearful havoc. Some regiments penetrated by long gallops into the rear and put everyone they could find to death or flight. Then they met retreating Austrians and rode through them again and again, spearing and slashing them. The cavalry captured many guns, and the regiments cut off were forced to surrender. Among the prisoners taken were many Germans, thus confirming the report that German forces had been sent from the Pripet front to try to check the Austrian rout.

Between Two Fires at Mamornitza

My Unique Experience on the Bukovina Border

By BASIL CLARKE

MR. BASIL CLARKE

MR. BASIL CLARKE, who is the author of the thrilling personal episode published on this page, became familiar to numerous readers by his series of important articles on "Food for Germany," and his war correspondence from France, Bukovina, and other fronts in the "Daily Mail." Prior to the war he had won his spurs as a brilliant "special" on the staff of that daily newspaper. Mr. Clarke's choice of Mamornitza as a more or less happy hunting-ground for copy was a journalistic enterprise of considerable ingenuity. From this vantage point, which is neutral territory situated between Austria and Russia, he was able to discuss the campaign from both sides, one day with the ally and the next with the enemy. Mr. Clarke's experiences range from the first days of the German onslaught on Belgium. He was at work among the dunes when the British Navy bombarded the advancing German hordes. He has known the awe-inspiring precincts of Ypres Cathedral under shell fire, and studied various aspects of the war from all centres.

THE editor of this volume has requested me to describe some memorable incident of my experiences of the war. I choose one with difficulty, for I can tick off memorable incidents on the fingers of both hands, and then not find fingers enough. I was in Belgium, for instance, when the Germans' first great rush was in full swing, and when the exodus of Belgian refugees was at its worst. Those were memorable and heartrending days. One day, later, I was sheltering in the cover of a sand-dune on the seashore, not a long way from Nieuport and the Yser Canal, when the British Navy for the first time bombarded the German army on the coast roads of Flanders and smashed up that deadly advance on Calais. On the sand-dunes there my Belgian guide and I could have hornpiped for joy at the sight of those wicked-looking little black boats of ours pouring shell after shell from out of the mist on to the German hordes, who for days had been steadily advancing upon us along the coast, carrying all before them. That is a day I shall always remember. It was the last day of the German advance in Flanders.

Ypres Under Bombardment

Not long afterwards I was in the old city of Ypres, which the Germans (having failed to take it) were smashing up for sheer devilment and spite. And I was in the cathedral there while the heaviest of German shells were whistling and booming about it, and while a grey-haired priest, distracted with grief, was running about the cathedral trying to put out with water from a sacred ewer the burning ruins that fell clattering from the roof. That, too, was a memorable scene.

Later, I saw queer war-happenings in France, in Serbia, in Bulgaria, in Greece, and elsewhere. But for the war-incident which I shall describe here I want to take you right beyond all these places to a spot which was at the time—and still is to this day, I believe—the most inaccessible place in Europe.

Take train to as far north in Rumania as you can get, and you will reach a queer little town called Dorohoi; then take a sleigh and four horses—as I did, for it was winter—and drive still farther north through the Jewish town of Hertza, and then east, and in time, if the snow is not too deep and soft, you will reach the village of Mamornitza. The peculiar attraction of Mamornitza for a war correspondent was this—that though it lies only one hundred yards from Austria (Bukovina), and about the same distance, or little more, from Russia (Bessarabia), it is in neither. Thus you could dodge one day into Russia, the next day into Austria—as the battles waged to and fro; you could see all the fighting there was to be seen on either side, and watch the soldiers of both sides at work, and then at your convenience dodge back into Rumania to telegraph to your newspaper on the wires of a neutral country. So I took quarters in a peasant cottage in Mamornitza.

And this leads me to say now why I singled out this tiny iota of all the European War to write about. First because it was the only bit of all the war-Europe I visited in which the contending armies were good enough to fight their battles so near at hand as in my own back garden; and secondly, because it was the only bit of the war in which I could be shot at one day in Russian trenches, or trains, or forts, and then next day go and look at close quarters at the very Austrian men and the very Austrian guns that had shot at me. That, I believe, is a unique privilege, even in war correspondence.

A little Rumanian peasant maid and her brother looked after me. She was brewing my morning coffee, I remember. Her childish head was bent down over my spirit stove; her feet and legs were bare; her hair was taken straight backwards from her forehead and done in a plait; her blouse was white-and-red native work, with golden sequins and beads; her skirt was dark red. And "boom!" went the first gun of the battle. Over went my coffee. The poor child chattered with fright, and I had to rescue the spirit stove; for the gun was not a hundred yards away, and the boom of it rattled the house. I scrambled into my warmest coat and some "gum boots," and hurried out of doors through the snow and into the back garden. The Austrians had come in the night, and had posted guns hardly a hundred yards away, almost on the other bank of the tiny stream that divides Austria from Rumania at this point. I could see the men at the guns—could hear the officers talking to them and giving the orders to fire. The horses had been taken away and tethered together at a spot a quarter of a mile off.

Charmed Life of Cossacks

In front of the artillery by one or two hundred yards were the infantry, entrenched a little way along the very road that passed my front door. The Russians were up the valley of the boundary stream, farther north. By going up a hill at the bottom of the garden I could see the whole battle. On the Russian side Cossack patrols were riding fearlessly up to the edge of the River Pruth, which lay between the Austrians and them. The Austrian infantry by the road were blazing away at them with rifles, but the Cossack scouts seemed to bear a charmed life.

All that day—except for an interval when I came home to lunch—I watched the Austrian gunners pegging away at the Russian positions (by the village of Bojan) and the Russian patrols galloping over the snow to the edge of the river and trying to make out the Austrians' positions. And that day not a Russian gun answered the Austrians' shots. Once a little Russian train came in sight, and as it passed along the valley the Austrians blazed away shell after shell at it. With a glass I could see the shells bursting all around the train, but not one hit it.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES (Continued from page 1955.)

The gun fire stopped during the night, but next morning it began again. That day I got over the River Pruth, at a point slightly to the east, and was picked up by a Russian patrol before I had gone many yards. They took me to a Russian colonel who, after examining my papers, was very gracious and kind; and he, in turn, after he had given me lunch with himself and his brother officers, sent me along in the same little train that I had seen being shelled the previous day. The Austrian guns were still popping away, and a number of their shells hit the railway track, but did little harm. The Russians showed me a number of their gun positions, and also took me to see the general of that division, General Lawrentieff, who gave me tea à la Russe, and told me many things. And I, for my part, was able to tell the Russians one or two things that were of use to them, for the Austrians, in pitching their batteries so near the Rumanian frontier, had not only infringed international law (which says guns must not be placed within a kilometre of a neutral country), but had also acted without common-sense, for any chance onlooker in Rumania, friend or foe, was free to see their positions and their strength and, if so disposed, to make use of his knowledge.

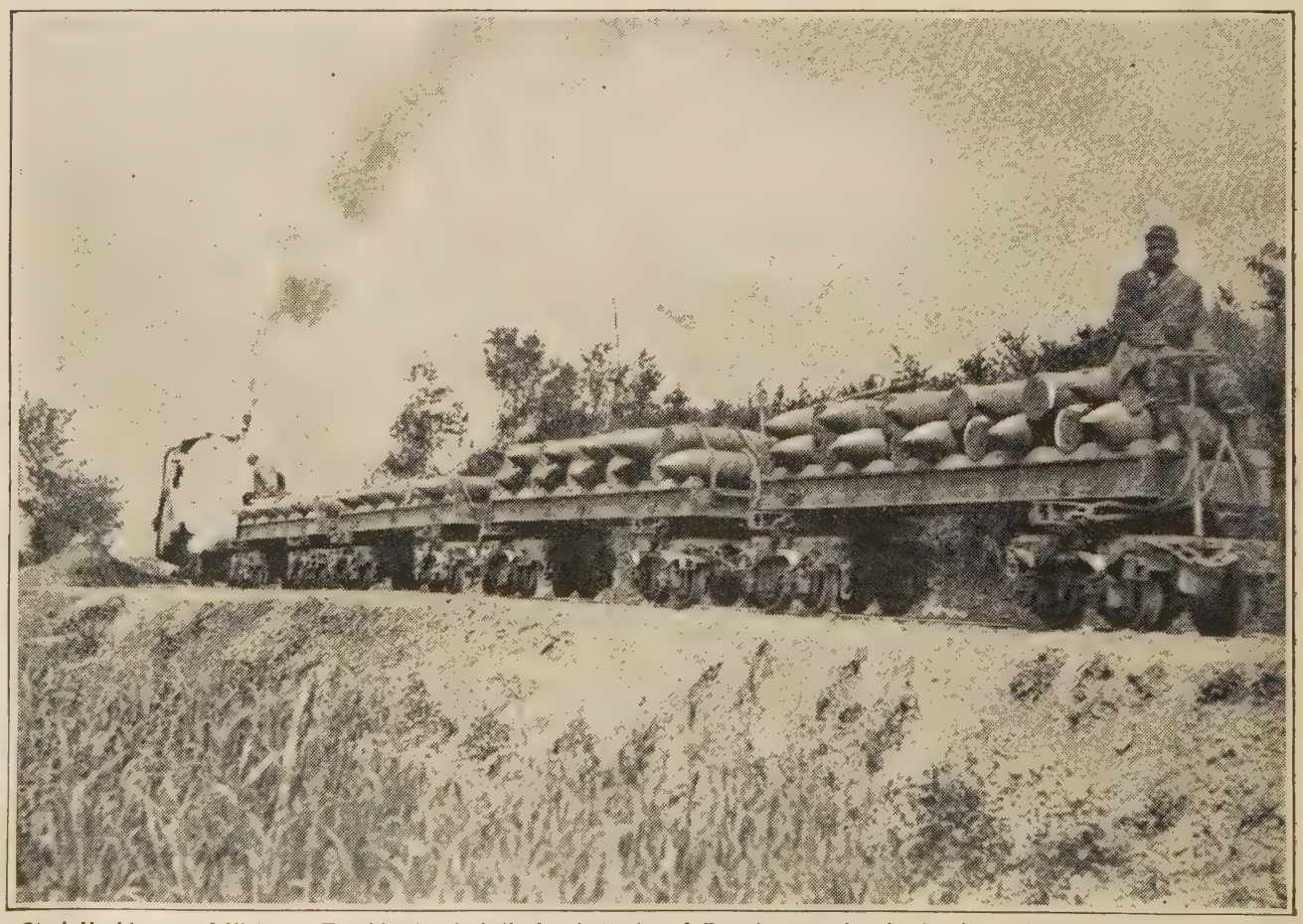
The Russians on the Mark

Next morning I was back on my hill-top down the garden in good time, and by this time half the peasants of the district were up beside me. My glasses were passed from hand to hand among them with much wonder. The Austrians opened the game again. Boom! Boom! went their guns. They had fired some twenty times, thinking, no doubt, they were to have things all their own way, as on previous mornings. Then came a whining in the air, followed by a crash—the first Russian shell. It landed about fifty yards short of the Austrians by the roadway. No. 2 gun of the same battery fired ten seconds later. The second shell was twenty-five yards short. The Austrians were getting jumpy. We could see their officers gesticulating and the men creeping into closer cover. A third shell went into the bank by the roadside right among them, and the fourth shell was among them, too. The Russians were "on the mark" beautifully. Their batteries settled down to work, keeping a beautiful length. It was an object-lesson in superb gunnery.

The Austrians "stuck it" for a time, but not over willingly. As each shell sent its warning whimper through the air, I could see their anxious faces; could see them pressing their bodies closer to their earthworks and looking upwards, as though to try to see the shells, with scared eyes and livid cheeks. At last they bolted and sought the cover of the Customs House, fifty yards from the frontier.

Victory to Slavdom

The Russians went on bombarding the roadway harmlessly. But only for a time. Somehow their gunners got news of the change. A shell fell in the Customs House yard, among a litter of old tins and bottles, making a fearful racket. The next smashed down a drying-pole by which a day's washing was hanging out to dry, and after that an outhouse. The Austrians swarmed round the farthermost wall of the building. But next came a screaming shell right through the building, dropping stones and roof tiles among them. They bolted into an orchard on the other side of the road. Before long the Russian gunners found this place, too. Shell after shell came along, tearing through the trees and throwing up great showers of earth and grass and sticks. The whole place was untenable. And when Russian Cossacks, a whole cloud of them with their lances apeak, came galloping across the snow on the far side of the river, and drawing so near that their wild shouts could be heard, the Austrians had had enough. Men scrambled anyhow along the roadway in any order. Horses were hitched in mad haste to the guns, and away they went over the snow. The Russians had won the day—and handsomely.



Steel Harbingers of Victory.—Truckloads of shells for batteries of French guns that broke down the enemy defences on the Somme. The train is proceeding along one of the many special transport tracks laid down on the French front.

By River & Road Near the Russo-German Front

Germans rafting timber across the River Niemen, at Grodno, in order to build a temporary bridge to replace the one destroyed by Russian troops retiring from the Warsaw salient.

Russian woman and her two little children who, since their home was wrecked by the Germans, lived in a crude shelter built of earth and wood against the remaining wall of their ruined home.

The Tsar, during a visit to his armies on the northern front, about to taste the food served out to the troops. Right: General Kuropatkin talking with one of his Staff officers. By an Imperial Ukase of February 19th, 1916, General Kuropatkin was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies on the northern front in place of General Plehve.

The Tsar, mounted, talking to officers who are Knights of the Order of Heroes of St. George the Conqueror—"most valiant representatives" of his armies, as his Imperial Majesty described them. The Cross of St. George is the Russian equivalent of the Victoria Cross, and the order was founded in 1769 by Catherine the Great. Right: The Emperor leaving a telephone dug-out at an artillery observation post—one of the most perilous positions on the front. General Kuropatkin is standing nearest the Tsar, on the right of the photograph.

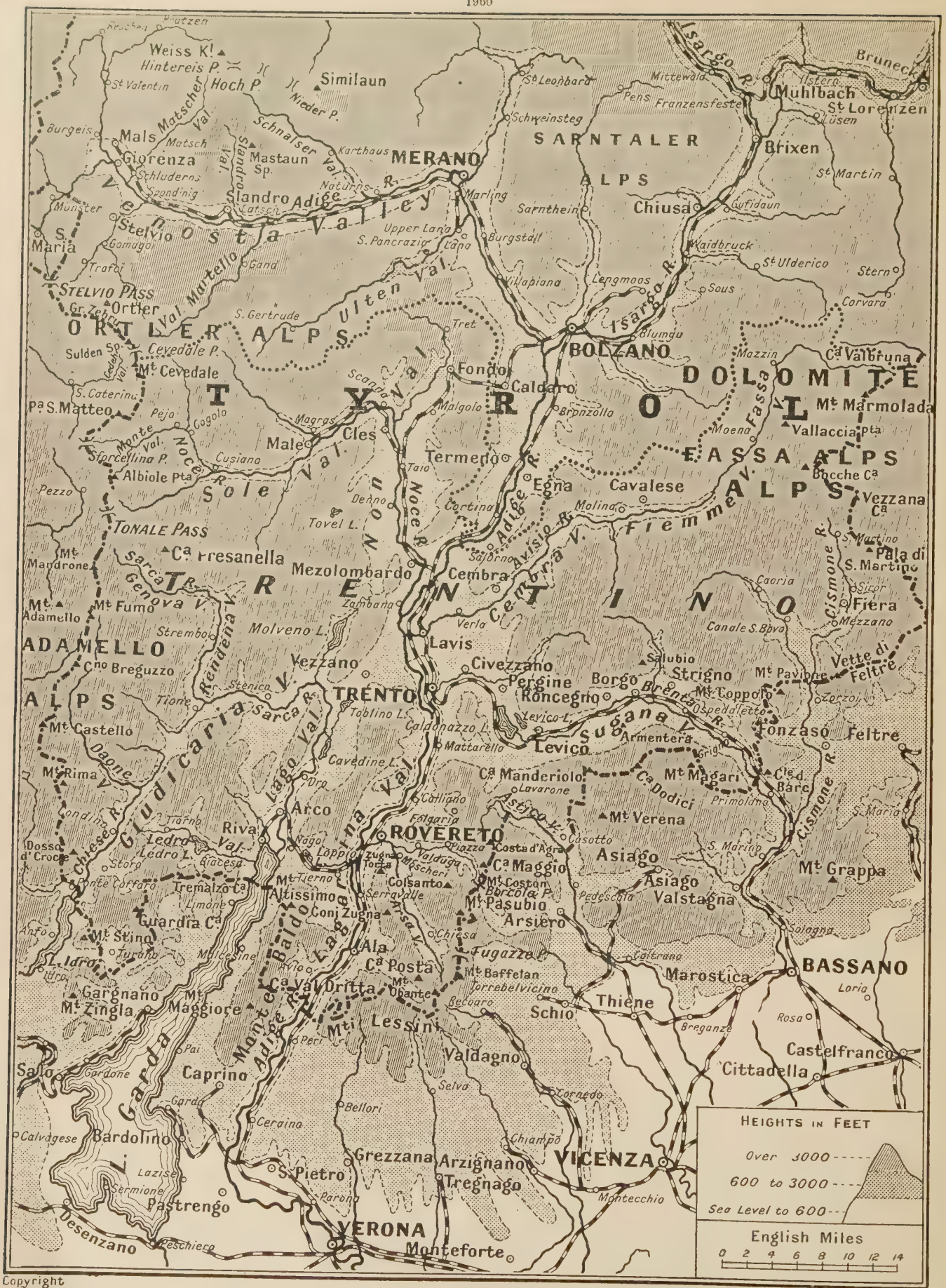
THE TSAR OF RUSSIA WITH GENERAL KUROPATKIN ON THE NORTHERN FRONT.

Soldiers of Land and Sea!—It is now a year since you responded enthusiastically to the appeal of your country and entered the field to fight, side by side with our valorous Allies, against our traditional enemy for the achievement of our national aspirations. After overcoming difficulties of every kind, you have, in a hundred combats, fought and won with the ideal of Italy in your hearts. But the country requires of you fresh efforts and fresh sacrifices. I have no doubt but that you will give proof of renewed valour and spirit. The country, proud and grateful for the qualities which you are displaying, supports you in your arduous task with fervid affection and admirable and confident calmness. I pray that the best possible fortune may accompany you in your future struggles, as do my constant thoughts and constant gratitude.

—King Victor Emanuel.

Scenes from Italy's Alpine War

Powerful Italian gun and cupola enshrouded in the snow on a high Alpine peak.



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MAP OF THE TRENTINO.—On May 16th, 1916, a great Austrian offensive was launched against the Italian positions on a narrow front between Zugna Torta and the Val Sugano. It is computed that Austria concentrated half a million men and two thousand guns in the Trentino, in the hope of breaking the Italian line, and penetrating into the Plains of Lombardy.

The Legend of General Cantore

An Italian Leader Who Gave His Life for His Men

By R. MACKENZIE

MR. R. MACKENZIE

In all virile nations war reveals human character at its very best. Certainly it invests Latin soldiers with a wondrous glory and superb dignity that seem to reduce the men of the Central Empires to mere puppets of martial mechanism. Perhaps it was the spontaneity of Italian expression, the romance and tradition of antiquity, that infused the individual with a spiritual force which was calculated to win back the Trentino, no less than Italy's heavy artillery. This story of General Cantore, expressly written for this volume by Mr. R. Mackenzie, a prominent British journalist in Italy, who has represented the "Daily News" in Rome for over eleven years, is one of the most appealing narratives in the history of Italy's great effort amidst the eternal Alps.

THE first general killed in the war between Italy and Austria was the most popular man in the Italian Army, General Antonio Cantore, who was in command of a division of Alpine troops, and was generally known as "The Father of the Alpini." He was shot dead by a sniper a year ago. A week before his death a handful of Alpini had scaled an almost inaccessible mountain and occupied its peak. The Austrians fled, neither attempting to hold the position when attacked nor to take it back when reinforced after they had been driven away. There was a bridle-path leading to the position, and as it was sheltered, the men off duty often used it as a short cut. Somewhere hidden behind a rock there was a sniper. At first it was thought that there were two, as two rifles were simultaneously fired, and many Alpini, who despite the danger insisted on using the bridle-path, were shot.

There was something strange about this sniper. He never missed his man, and always shot him at the same place—a sharp corner of the winding path. The rest of the path was safe, but it meant certain death to turn that corner. Naturally the Alpini were ordered to find the sniper, and they explored all the heights and climbed over every side of the mountain, but without success. Then they took it for granted that the sniper had fled, and they boldly went up the path, but when they reached the corner one or two men fell.

General Cantore wanted to find the sniper himself, so one evening he went up the bridle-path and stopped at the corner, calmly put up his field-glasses and looked. Just as he raised his arm and pointed with a finger towards a ledge of rock he was hit by two bullets in the forehead and fell stone dead.

Shot by an Austrian Sniper

The sniper was subsequently discovered hidden behind that ledge of rock with two rifles firmly fixed in front of him, their barrels aiming straight at the corner of the path. He explained, as he begged for mercy, that he never aimed but just pulled the two triggers whenever he saw anybody rounding the corner, as the rifles had been fixed and sighted by an officer who "gave him this job." General Cantore had uselessly exposed himself. Probably the sniper would have been discovered just the same sooner or later, and the general's life might have been spared. There was really no necessity for the general to risk his life. Every soldier of his division knew and felt that the general, their "father," had died for them, as he often said that he would have willingly offered his life to save theirs, and they knew that he meant what he said.

General Cantore was an old-fashioned man, and belonged to what is known as the old school. He wore glasses, and his appearance was far from martial. He looked more like a professor than a general of Alpine troops; but then he had a charmed life, and he always wanted to find out things for himself. He was probably the best-loved man in the Service, as he possessed the genius of knowing how to order his men. Nothing was too difficult for them to do for him. During the Tripoli War he was in command of the Alpini, and he always marched in front of them, and had so many miraculous escapes from death that the men said he wore the "shirt of the Madonna," and that he had a charmed life.

Legends spring up very easily in Italy, where even in these matter-of-fact days there are still many simple-minded people who compare heroes to gods. Most of the men of the Alpini division waging mountain warfare on the Dolomites and Carnic Alps, 10,000 feet high, are evidently deplorably superstitious, and like all mountaineers, their belief in the supernatural is deep-rooted. This explains why nearly all these men are still convinced that General Cantore is not dead, and that when the Italian flag shall be hoisted over Trent he, their father, will be there. Of course this is only a legend; but twentieth-century legends are rare, and well worth writing about, even if, after all, there is nothing else in them but the incomplete biography of an Italian general shot by an Austrian sniper.

A Much-loved Leader

Incidentally, in writing about General Cantore, one gets some idea of the admirable individual work accomplished by officers of all ranks, from generals to subalterns, during this war. So many officers have been killed that details about General Cantore's death were withheld for some time. But when it was known how the general died, people began to realise the meaning of this individual work done by officers. For instance, the absolute lack of red tape which allows each officer to risk his life in what appears to be useless reconnoitring, but in reality forms a perfect system of scouting that has yielded the wonderful results all the world admires. And then the story of General Cantore illustrates the love between the Italian soldiers and their leaders. His nickname, "the Father," meant so much.

Most of the Alpini of General Cantore's division had fought under him in Libya, and these veterans, pointing to the general, told the recruits: "Do you see that old man with glasses and the white moustache? He is our general. We call him our 'Father.' If you go up to him, salute, say 'Good-morning, general!' and tell him your name, ten years hence, if he happens to see you again, he will remember it. That is why we call him our 'Father,' because he considers us as his children!" And then, probably, just a few minutes later, the general would have strolled towards the men, who sprang up to attention at sight of him, and asked in quite a casual way: "Are there two men among you who will go with me to inspect the enemy's entanglements to-night?" The entire company would take a step forward, and all the men would say, "Yes, sir—I!" Then the general would look pleased, and smile with pride and satisfaction, as if saying to himself, "I knew it would be like this!" and add out loud, for all the men to hear: "No, my children; I only said two, and cannot take you all. I only need two this time, but there will be plenty of

[Continued on page 1962.

THE LEGEND OF GENERAL CANTORE (Contd. from page 1961.)

chances for everybody later on." And with his escort of two men, the general would go out scouting at night, his hands in his pockets, and talking with the two men marching one on each side.

On one particular night the general and his two men reached a spot within a hundred yards of the enemy's trenches. He ordered the men to halt and lie down. "Wait for me here for ten minutes," he told them, "and if I do not return, run back as fast as you can." Much as the two men hated to let him go on alone, they had to obey, as the general knew how to command when he wanted. So he went on alone and reached the enemy's entanglements, which he carefully examined, using his electric torch to explore the different obstacles, such as contact mines and man-traps, while the Austrians opened fire and their guns boomed and their rifles rattled. The general on his knees concluded his work, even sketched the enemy's positions, and then calmly returned to where he had left the two men who were supposed to protect him. The Austrian searchlights were on him all the time, and the two men knew he was coming back because the bullets were falling their way. When the general appeared with his hands in his pockets and walking slowly, as if he did not notice that he was being fired at, the two men sprang up and saluted. They looked in awe at their general, this wonderful man with the charmed life. He took out his watch and said, "Time's up, boys. Come along!"

Scouting at Night by Himself

Often General Cantore was accompanied by a sergeant—his sergeant, he called him. This man had been his orderly in years gone by, and worshipped him. When General Cantore went to Tripoli the sergeant was with him, and when war broke out again he left his family and his business and joined the general. He followed him like a dog. In fact, he hardly ever allowed the general to get out of his sight, and the general knew that wherever he happened to be, if he asked "Where is the sergeant?" a voice from some place near by would answer, "Here, sir!" and the sergeant would appear.

The general made a point of always calling the sergeant and ordering him to wait for him at a particular place when he went out scouting at night by himself. This was a necessary precaution, as otherwise the sergeant would follow him. When, however, the general used to say, "Sergeant, wait here!" in a tone of command, using the third person singular instead of the familiar second person, then the sergeant immediately halted and remained nailed to the ground.

One of General Cantore's favourite expressions was, "If anyone is to risk his life, it is going to be myself!" and the sergeant knew that it was impossible to argue with the general. Had it not been for General Cantore, in those first days of the war, the Alpine division under his command would have been decimated when the first attacks against the enemy's trenches were made. He discovered that ordinary pincers were useless to cut Austrian wire entanglements, and that even artillery fire often failed to destroy them, as they were made in such a way that they could be pulled up only when the infantry advanced. General Cantore was the first man to find this out, and he discovered that the only way to destroy entanglements was by means of dynamite tubes carefully placed underneath the wire and fired by means of an ordinary fuse. He tried the first tube himself. The sergeant carried it for him, and he was ordered to halt at a safe distance, but he saw the general bend down and light the fuse. Just then an Austrian sniper hidden in a tree discovered the general. He was so excited when he recognised the rank of the middle-aged man firing a dynamite tube that, unconsciously, he exclaimed, "By God, it's a general!" And then he raised his rifle to fire, but he shook so much from excitement that he dropped it. The general waited until the dynamite had exploded, and when he made sure that the entanglements had been destroyed, he calmly walked back towards the sergeant, and passing near the tree he picked up the sniper's rifle. "Here is a rifle for you to carry!" he told the sergeant, who replied: "Yes, sir; very well, sir. Please excuse me for not saluting, but I have both my hands on the owner's neck!"

"La Bella Morte"

When General Cantore was killed—he died the beautiful death, *la bella morte*—the sergeant was near him. He never shed a tear, but took charge of the body and asked for the privilege of burying it on the peak of the mountain where the general had fallen. Then the general's wife was summoned from Genoa, and she arrived just in time to see the burial. They had been married thirty years, and had had no children, so their love increased as they grew old together. The old lady wept and called her husband by name. "Antonio! Antonio!" she shouted, while tears fell down the faces of the officers and men who stood at the salute while the general was buried.

The general's widow then returned to Genoa, and his sergeant asked for a month's leave. "I cannot get over it otherwise," he pleaded. He never returned home, however, but remained at Divisional Headquarters, and for a month he was seen walking the streets of the small town where the general and his Staff used to be. Officers often recognised him, and stopped to ask particulars about the general's death. The sergeant saluted and replied: "The general is not dead, sir!" "But you buried him yourself!" he was told; but he again replied, "The general is not dead, sir!" And he has hardly said anything else since.

The poor widow, who returned to Genoa, has not wept any more, nor has she worn mourning, and when people went to see her and attempted to condole, "Oh!" she said, surprised, "but the general is not dead. He is at the front, but coming back soon!"

And the legend thus sprung up among the men of the Alpine division a year ago, and the men there say that the general is not dead. They tell you that his wife and his sergeant both say so, too. Evidently they feel that he is still with them, perhaps in spirit. And thus the best-loved general in the splendid Italian Army has not been wept as dead.

Is this hero-worship or superstition, one wonders?

The interminable procession of Mars in the beautiful Somme Valley. Ammunition waggons going up to the front, while motor-lorries return to the base for supplies.

A 'War Illustrated' Contributor on Italy's Front

Battery of splendid Italian artillery advancing to take up its position on the Alpine front.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the eminent novelist, with Italian officer guides at Aquileia.

The creator of Sherlock Holmes with M. Maxse, of the "National Review," and M. Rene Berthelot.

Panoramic view of part of the French front in the Somme, showing soldiers sheltering in rough dug-outs. The photographer has caught them in a characteristically casual attitude. There is nothing vainglorious about the modern soldier of the great Republic, only an emotion of sacred courage and determination to win.

The Tube of Death : Vivid Italian Battle Scenes

The Italians originated a novel method of mining Austrian trenches on the Isonzo front by means of long tubes of explosives. Bomb-throwers, who guarded the attacking party, fording a stream.

Tube of explosive being carried across a stream. The men are protected by steel shields, while behind them is a bomb-thrower. Right : Safely across the stream, the mining party are seen taking the tube of death carefully through the undergrowth.

The explosion of the tube, causing destruction in an Austrian trench. This new method of mining enemy positions was fraught with extreme peril to the attacking party, who carried the tube of explosive right up to the enemy trench.

Faulty Shells and Spies on the Isonzo Front

Austrians hauling in unexploded Italian shells. The size and weight of these projectiles may be gathered from the large number of soldiers required to move them even a short distance.

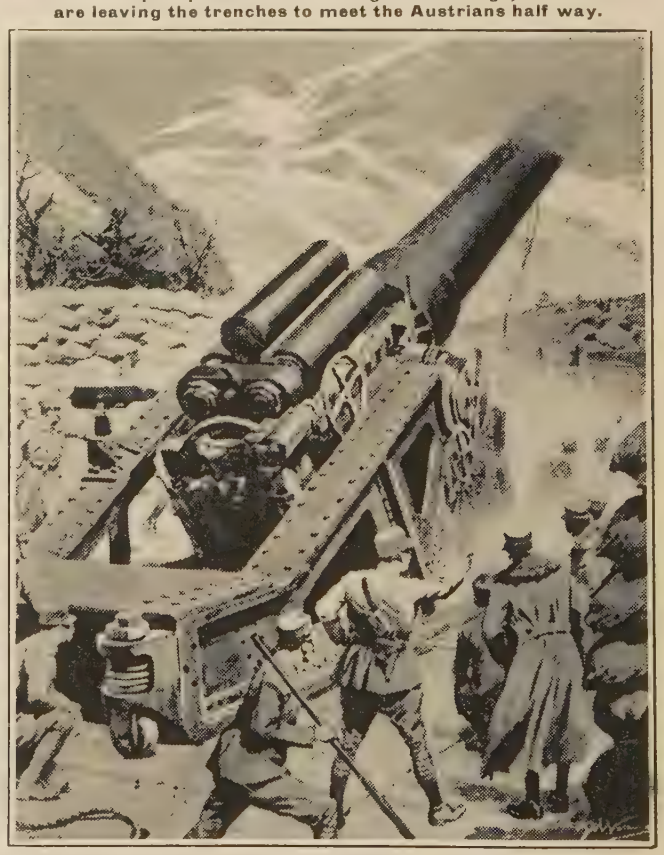
Two men suspected of spying in an Italian camp are being led in to the commandant for court-martial. Hand in hand they are going down the mountain side to know their fate, a sure and quick death if the charge is proved against them.

Four Phases of the Italo-Austrian Conflict

Italian Alpine soldiers in their winter kits leaving the mountain trenches in a surprise attack on the Austrians. Despite the intense cold, our Mediterranean ally acted on the offensive.

A night attack. Italian infantry countering an Austrian move across an Alpine plateau. At the signal to charge, the Italians are leaving the trenches to meet the Austrians half way.

Italian armoured car surprises an Austrian patrol in a mountain pass. Notwithstanding the gradients, these powerful machines were used effectively on the Carso front.



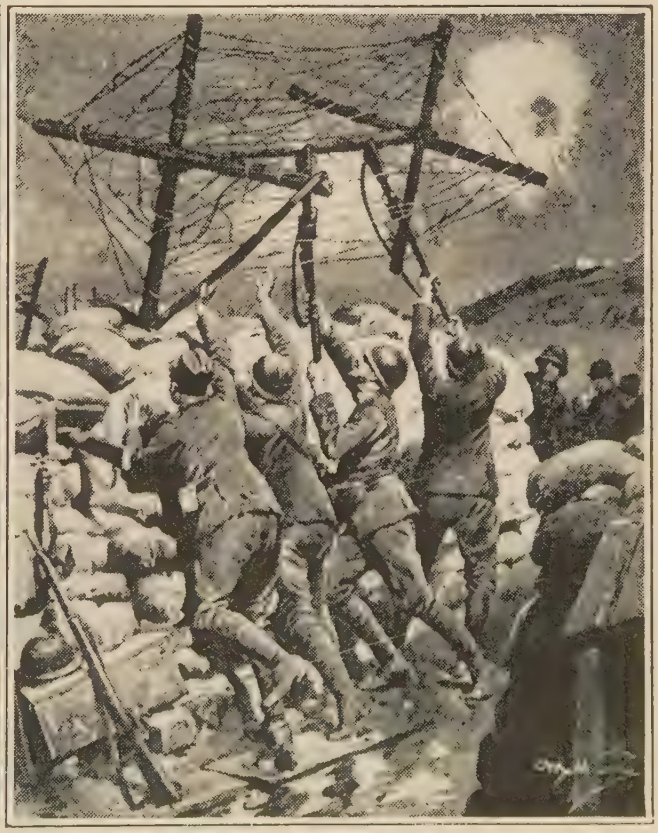
Huge Italian siege-gun in action against an Austrian mountain fort. Italian artillery proved to be among the most powerful and accurate ever devised.

Italian Bersaglieri and Alpini in Action

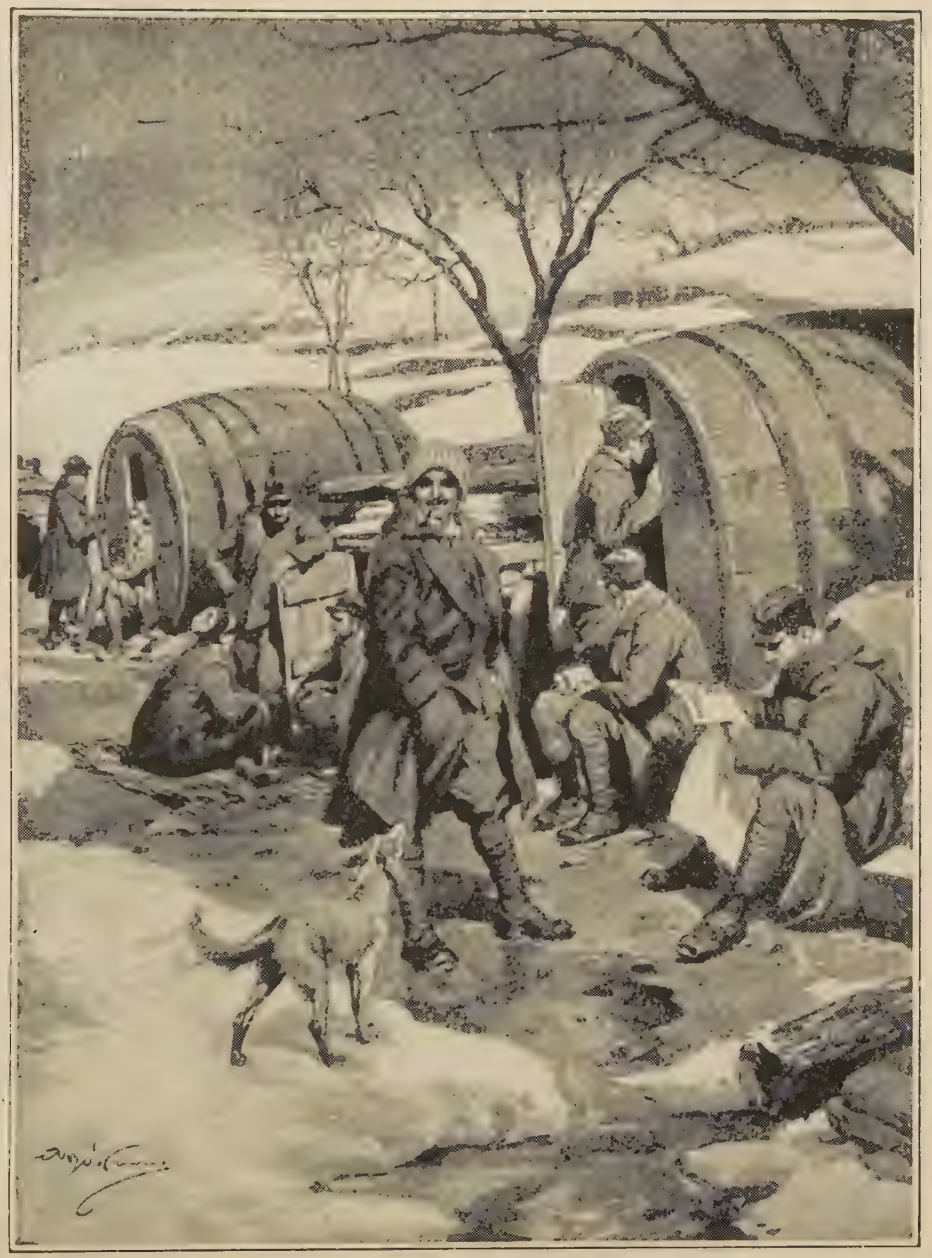
With King Victor Emmanuel's troops. The picturesque crack regiment of Bersaglieri is seen holding a trench with machine-gun and rifle in the Alpine battleground.

Spoils to the victors. Italian soldiers gathering up trophies of victory after a successful attack on an Austrian trench. The booty included a machine-gun, rifles, and ammunition-boxes.

Daring Italian barbed-wire cutters, discovered by Austrian star-shell at night, defending themselves behind portable steel screens.



Italian soldiers placing in position on the top of a parapet a network of barbed-wire known as "the spider," for protection against an enemy assault.



DIOGENES UP TO DATE.—On the Isonzo front officers of the Italian Army resorted to barrel billets. The difficulty of constructing dug-outs in the hard ground can well be imagined, and was overcome in an ingenious, practical, and comfortable fashion.

How Italian mountain-guns were carried up the heights. In some parts of the Isonzo the pathway is so rugged and precipitous that it was impossible to use four-footed transport. The task of moving guns from place to place therefore devolved upon the gunners themselves.

Facing the Austrian Onslaught in the Trentino

Trench warfare was in vogue on the Alpine front, and this photograph is one of the few secured in this region since our Italian ally adopted the casque.

The Austrian offensive in the Trentino extended over a front of fifty miles between the Brenta and Lake Garda, and was carried out with an overwhelming supply of men and artillery. The above photograph is a scene from behind the Italian trenches, while the centre illustration depicts a cheery group of bombers.

STIRRING SCENES FROM THE ITALIAN FRONT.—Italian infantry repulsing an Austrian detachment which attempted a futile advance on our ally's position. The Italians achieved great victories in the Alps, and held the Austrians.

Amazing incident on the Alpine front. Alpini succeed in lassoing an Austrian mitrailleuse gunner, bringing him down the mountain side with his weapon, a triumph of skill and strength, and by no means an unusual occurrence in the Alps.

We ought not to allow Bulgaria to crush Serbia in order then to attack us with all her forces. The national soul says that it is to the interests of Greece that Bulgaria should be crushed. If Bulgaria should conquer, Hellenism will be completely vanquished. —M. VENIZELOS.

It is impossible to think or speak of Serbia without a tribute to the wondrous gallantry with which that little country withstood two separate invasions, and has been struggling against a third. She repelled the first two invasions by an effort which, I venture to think, will form one of the most glorious chapters in the history of this great war. —LORD LANSDOWNE.

The Allies in the Balkans

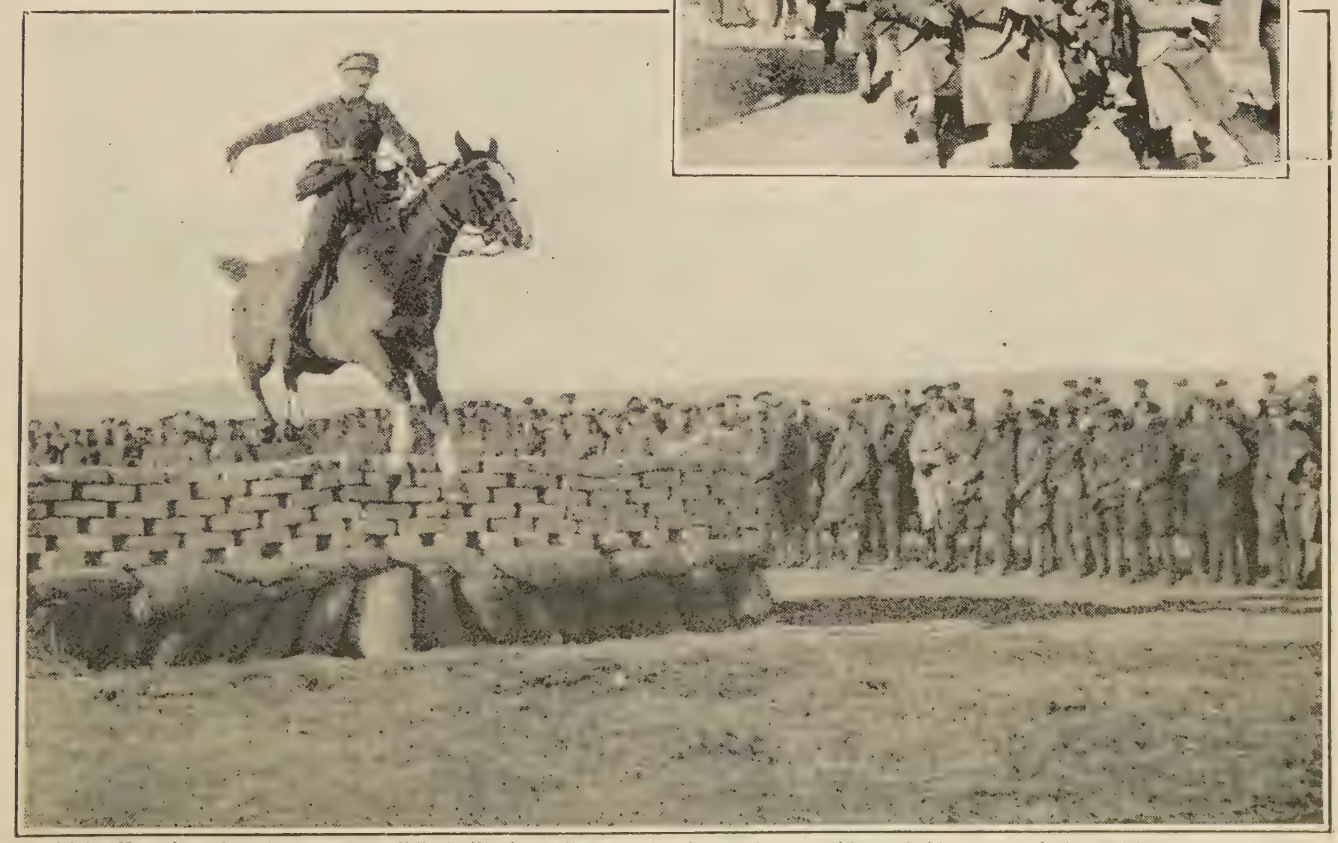
British heavy gun position at Salonika : " Laying " the gun before firing.

MODERN TRENCH ARCHITECTURE. Building a sand-bag villa on the hills. British troops at work in the Balkans consolidating defences. With the advent into the Balkan field of the re-equipped Serbian Army another 150,000 sturdy veterans were added to the allied forces in this theatre of the war. (Official photograph issued by Press Bureau.)

GETTING INTO POSITION. British artillery on the frontier. A long column is seen winding over the hill somewhere in Macedonia. (Official photograph.) On the right: The most exciting of all branches of war. French armoured cars about to raid the enemy positions along a range of hills in Macedonia.

From Field to Field of Britain's Endeavour

After a bayonet charge. British officers inspecting a captured German trench before it was cleared of its tangled piles of timber, wires, sandbags, and odds and ends.



British officer jumping the "stone wall"—built of sandbags and bricks—at a gymkhana held at one of the British camps outside Salonika. Inset above: Pipers of a Scottish regiment on the march through a quaint village street in Greece. The kilt was by no means new to the Greeks, who wear a similar garment called the fustanelle.

Great Naval Guns Speak in the Balkans

Not in their element, but handy all the same. Jack Tars hauling a large naval gun into place somewhere in the Balkans. Inset: Gun about to be fired.

Heavy artillery comes into action somewhere in the Balkans. A big gun at the moment of firing. (Striking official Crown copyright photographs.)

East Joins West to Uphold Freedom's Cause

Annamites from Cochin-China, part of the French Colonial Marine Infantry, who came to Salonika to fight for the Allies. They wear light cane hats covered with khaki cloth.

NOTHING was more remarkable in the Great War than the heterogeneous assortment of races and colour seen in the field.

Britain and Germany alike utilised the natives of Africa on their respective sides, although in the enemy's case compulsion rather than free will was the policy. In addition to the inestimable help received from the white men of her loyal dependencies, Britain was able to count upon her superb Indian Army.

France received most valuable assistance from her Algerian and Moroccan dark-skinned warriors, and we had the amazing spectacle of Chinese troops arrived in Europe to fight on the allied side. A detachment of Annamites from Cochin-China, forming part of the French Colonial Marine Infantry, were brought to Salonika to meet the enemy.

Russian troops in France, wearing the now familiar steel helmet, march past the members of the Duma on the occasion of their visit to the western front. Inset: A typical specimen of the Annamites, armed with rifle and bayonet, from Cochin-China, who joined the allied army at Salonika.

Hunting the Spy in Levantine Backwaters

Fishermen plying their work on Lake Langaza, near Salonika, had to carry a permit and submit to its inspection by officers of our motor patrol. This photograph shows boats being hauled up because their owners disregarded orders.

British motor patrol searching a floating hut on Lake Langaza for possible spies. Inset: Fishermen showing their permits to an officer of the British motor marine patrolling the lake. Note the machine-gun mounted for'ard.

Aviation, Communication and Admiration

Communicating with headquarters at Salonika by flag and helio. Left: General Sir Bryan Mahon and Lord French's sister, Mrs. Harley, watching an aeroplane in flight. Mrs. Harley was head of the Scottish Women's Hospital.

Rods in pickle for the enemy at Salonika. General Zimbrakakis, of the Greek Army, contemplating a British gun with the admiration of a friendly neutral. (These three pictures are from official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

On Guard Against Treachery Near Salonika

Enemy sharpshooters captured by the French near Salonika. Right: Greek priest chatting with allied soldiers.

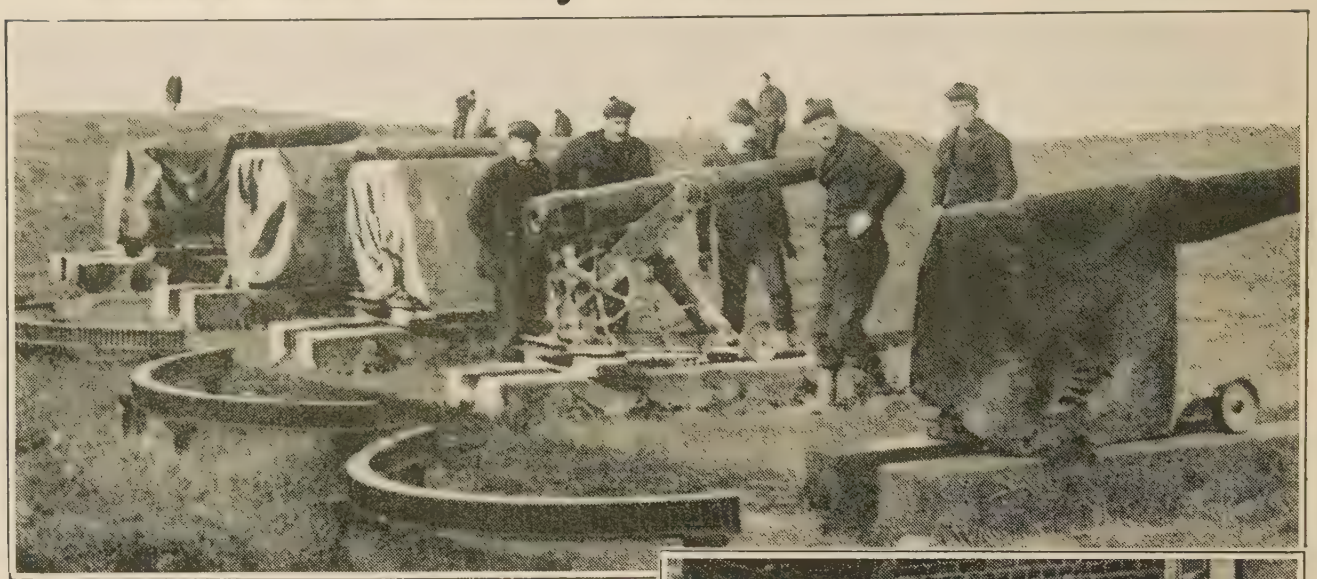
By underground from a British base camp to the firing-line trenches in the Balkans.

Sergeant examining one of the passes necessary for those who wished to use the roads adjacent to the British positions outside Salonika. Right: Greek patrol escorting Bulgarian deserters to Salonika. The fall of Erzerum, February 16th, 1916, produced a great impression throughout the Balkans.

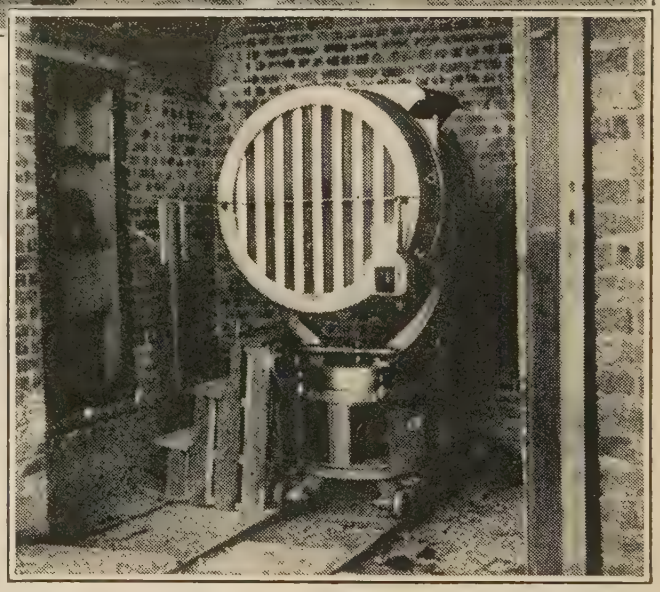
The Rumble of War Through Macedonian Valleys

Enemy impressions of a Macedonian outpost at the entrance to the Adler Pass, near Drenova, with a Bulgarian transport column on the march in the background. It was through country similar to this that the terrible Serbian retreat during November, 1915, was conducted. Principally owing to a lack of money, the Bulgarians were brought to a standstill, and it became evident that the Germans were unable to finance their fratricidal friends into becoming a potent menace in the Balkans.

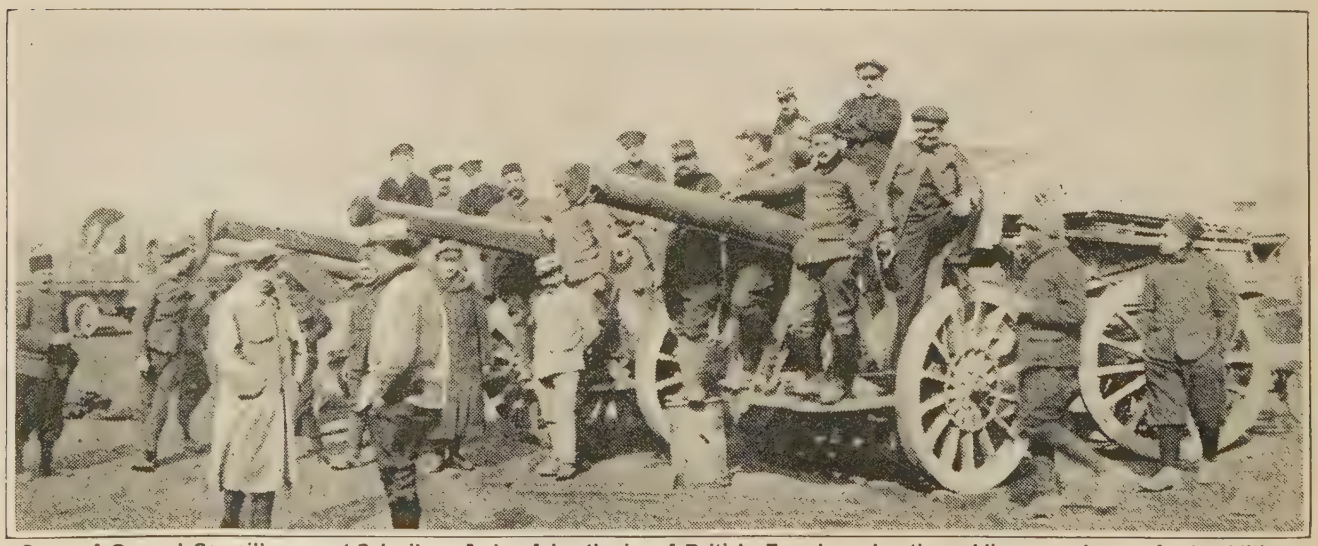
Allied and Enemy Ordnance at Salonika



Five of the Krupp guns found at Karaburun, which dominates the entrance to the Gulf of Salonika, when the Allies occupied the cape during January, 1916.



Loading a machine-gun belt with cartridges at a British camp near Salonika. Right: One of the searchlights installed in the enemy station on Karaburun. On the cape were discovered Krupp guns so mounted that in the enemy's hands they would have rendered Salonika untenable.



Some of General Sarrail's guns at Salonika. A cheerful gathering of British, French, and native soldiers round some fresh additions to the Allies' artillery in the Balkans.

Four Splendid Hussars Fight Two Hundred Huns

Though little news came from the Balkan centre of hostilities, spirited individual engagements were frequently taking place. Such an affair as that graphically illustrated above was by no means unusual, and proves the dash and vigour of the French cavalry, in spite of forced inaction due to trench warfare. A French mounted patrol was surprised near Pateres, south of Lake Doiran, by a force of two hundred Germans. Two of the party were killed and two seriously wounded, but the four survivors dashed through the two hundred Germans, cutting many down with their sabres, and managed to regain the French lines.

Enter the Russians in the Balkan Arena

Russian sailor and a British Tommy. They did not need to know the "lingo" in order to fraternise.

Russians placing their kits on the grass after a long march. Their uniforms, with the exception of the topboots, are not unlike those of the British.

Russian sailors, after the occupation of a Levantine fort, having piled their kits, are about to go on a few hours restful reconnaissance. In the background some British soldiers are contemplating their new allies in the Balkan field.

More types of Russian Marines at a Levantine fort. This photograph, taken in the spring of 1916, suggested important developments in the Near East.

Russian marines with kits on Greek territory, after the sinking of the transport Norseman.

Military Movements Under Britannia's Shield

Somewhere in the middle sea. British soldiers billeted for the night on board a battleship during conveyance to another area of hostilities in the Levant.

After the cramped dug-out, the spacious and stable deck of a British warship. Men of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force moving from one place to another under the Navy's wing.

Preparations for the Day on the Balkan Front

British guard on sentry duty at the Greek fort of Tuzla, somewhere on the Ægean coast. Inset: General Mahon and officers of his Staff at Salonika.

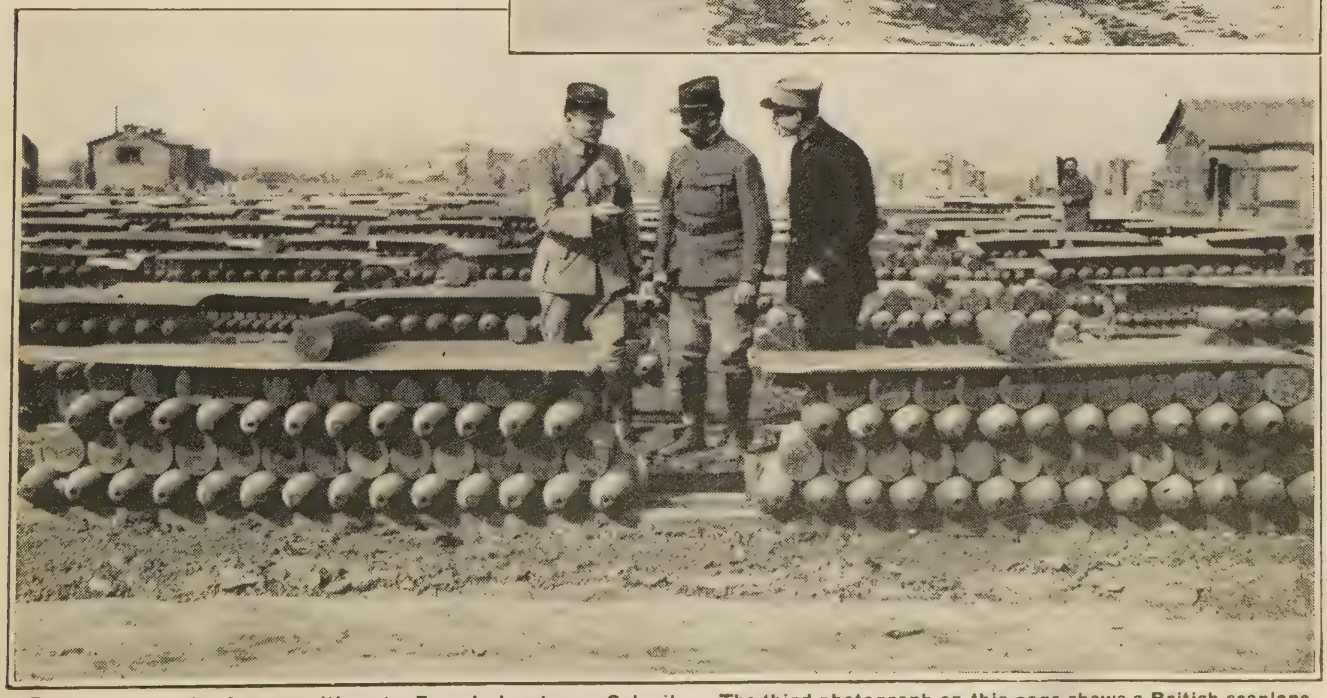
General Arbuthnot watching a duel between an anti-aircraft gun and an enemy aeroplane near Salonika.

Large naval gun being transported from the quayside at Salonika on to a powerful lorry, thence to be despatched to the Macedonian front. A Greek soldier in national uniform is seen on the extreme right.

Round About the Allied Base at Salonika

General Mahon photographed outside his headquarters at Salonika.

Novel method of transporting slightly wounded soldiers to the dressing-station.



Enormous supply of ammunition at a French depot near Salonika. The third photograph on this page shows a British seaplane about to land in the Bay of Salonika after making an aerial reconnaissance over the enemy's positions.

Serbs & Indians Ready to Take the Balkan Field

Serbian soldiers, after recuperating at Corfu, waiting outside headquarters at Salonika, there to be re-equipped for the front.

Column of Serbian infantry marching through a thoroughfare of Salonika. After their well-earned rest during the winter of 1915-16 the considerable forces of King Peter were ready to go into harness again.

Indian mule transport column coming into Salonika for fodder, while a body of French soldiers are leaving the town to take up their positions in the lines. By the spring of 1916 most of the Allies were represented in the Levantine region, including British, French, Russian and Indian.

Impromptu Overtures to the Neutral Greeks

Members of a British military band march along the quay of the allied base in the Balkans, arousing much enthusiasm among the inhabitants of the busy ancient Greek port. It was said that Salonika had never been so well supplied with music.

French military band accompanied by trumpeters gives a stirring impromptu performance at Salonika to the delight of a huge crowd of townsmen. It is interesting to note that the performers were wearing the regulation steel casque in view of sterner work in the near future.

Gallant Serbia Again Takes the Balkan Field

The Serbian veterans returned to the Macedonian front early in 1916. These two photographs show them respectively en route and singing martial airs.

All the Serbians had been reclothed and refitted in Corfu, and though they had already been through one terrible campaign, these born fighters were naturally keen to get to the front line again. This photograph shows our undaunted allies crossing a bridge on their way to the zone of operations.

Emergency Treatment of Wounded at Salonika

With the British in Macedonia. A "casualty" arriving at an advanced dressing-station. The latter consisted of dug-outs constructed in the hillside, where medical aid was available under rough-and-ready conditions.

A British soldier, wounded by a bomb from an enemy aeroplane, being carried off to the advanced dressing-station on a stretcher. Naval men are seen in this photograph mingling with members of the sister service.

With the British Staff on the Balkan Front

General Mahon (centre), commanding the Salonika Armies, with Lieut.-Colonel Cunliffe Owen (left), of the General Staff, and another officer, near a barbed-wire entanglement.

Trench scene with the Salonika Army. Officers in a fire-trench. Inset above: "Tommies" preparing tea in the confines of a trench hardly affording room for a fire. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)

Saving a Comrade From the Uhlan's Lance

In spite of the lull on the Balkan front, affairs of outposts, cavalry engagements, etc., were matters of daily occurrence. A correspondent relates how a party of eight British horsemen came across a troop of Uhlans eighty strong. An engagement against such odds would have proved disastrous, so the British cavalry retired. The last rider's horse, however, came down heavily on the rough ground. Although the Uhlans were only three hundred yards away, one of the troop stopped his horse short and gave a helping hand to his comrade, dragging him up behind him into the saddle.

Lord French's Sister Decorated at Salonika

Mrs. Harley, sister of Viscount French of Ypres, after she had been decorated at Salonika by General Sarrail—who is standing on her left—with the French Military Cross for her devotion to duty in Red Cross work in France, Serbia and Macedonia. Next to General Sarrail is General Meschopoulos, the Greek commander at Salonika.

Fire and fury from a naval gun. The scattering of the earth near the muzzle by the explosion is shown in the photograph. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry

GENERAL SIR BRYAN T. MAHON, C.B., K.C.V.O.

It was announced in October, 1915, that he was in Command of the British Forces in Serbia.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL SIR BRYAN T. MAHON

A DASHING cavalry leader, one who was with Kitchener throughout the Mahdi campaigns in the Sudan, who relieved Mafeking, commanded the 10th Irish Division in the landing at Suvla Bay, won honours on the Serbian front, and then went back to Egypt, Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Thomas Mahon is one of the most striking personalities in the British Army, and, in addition, a first-rate sportsman, a fearless rider to hounds, an expert steeple-chase rider, polo-player, and pig-sticker—the last-named a distinction that is to be appreciated only by those familiar with Anglo-India.

Services in India and Egypt

Born on April 2nd, 1862, at Belleville, County Galway, the son of Henry Blake Mahon, Sir Bryan was gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 21st Highlanders in January, 1883, changing the following month into the 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars, of which he became colonel in 1904. Serving in India from 1883 till 1889, he became captain in 1888, and was adjutant from May, 1890, till June, 1893. In 1893 he had his first taste of the Nile water, being attached to the Staff of the Egyptian Army from that year until January, 1900.

Staff officer of the Cavalry Brigade in the Dongola Expedition of 1896 (despatches and D.S.O.), he became major in October, 1897, and was present in 1898 at the battles of the Atbara and Omdurman, being given a brevet-lieutenant-colonelcy in 1898. He was A.A.G. Flying Column and attached to the Intelligence Department in the operations which led to the final overthrow of the Khalifa, being awarded the Egyptian medal with eight clasps and the 2nd Class Medjidie.

An Adventure at Omdurman

After the battle of Omdurman he was reported killed, but presently appeared covered with dust and blood. He had fallen in a fierce charge and lay for a time stunned in a deep gully, beneath a heap of dead bodies and with a dead horse partially pinning him down. Save for a few bruises, he was none the worse for the adventure.

Sir Reginald Wingate, referring to General Mahon's Sudan services, wrote of him: "I cannot speak in sufficiently strong terms of the excellence of the services performed by this officer. His personal disregard for danger, intrepid scouting, and careful handling of men, all fit him for high command."

On the outbreak of the Boer War in October, 1899, General Mahon was in Abyssinia, but the following February saw him on special service in South Africa. Promoted brevet-colonel, and with the temporary rank of brigadier-general, he started out from Kimberley on the morning of May 4th at the head of the Mafeking Relief Column. The force included 900 mounted men, 100 picked infantry, 4 guns, 2 pompoms, 55 mule waggons containing provisions for 16 days, forage for 12 days, and some medical stores. Baden-Powell, who had been besieged since October 13th, 1899, had intimated that he could hold out till May 22nd.

Leader of the Mafeking Relief Column

On the first day the Relief Column covered nine miles; on the second, twenty-five. The enemy was eluded till the 13th, when a commando of some six hundred was met but driven off at a comparatively trifling cost. But the column had to go twenty-eight miles the next day for water—an indication of the arduous character of this forced march of over two hundred and fifty miles.

On May 15th, at Jan Marsibi, eighteen miles from Mafeking, the column was joined by Colonel (now General Sir Herbert) Plumer's force of Rhodesians, Canadians, and Queenslanders, which also came under General Mahon's command. On the 16th Mafeking was sighted, and then, eight miles from the little town, the column was confronted by an entrenched force of two thousand men under Delarey. After five hours' fighting the last obstacle was overcome and Mafeking entered, at 3.30 a.m., on May 17th.

"During the fiercest of the firing—and for a while it was very fierce," wrote one who was there, "Mahon showed imperturbable coolness, with the bullets flicking up the dust all round him. Seated bolt upright in his saddle, he gave his orders as quietly and methodically as if on parade." For his services he received the medal with three clasps and the C.B.

Governor of Kordofan

Winning golden opinions as an administrator, he was from January, 1901, to March, 1904, Military Governor of Kordofan, with headquarters at El Obeid, four hundred miles below Khartum. The post involved some further fighting and, incidentally, the addition to his honours of the 4th Class of the Osmanie.

Promoted major-general in 1906, and lieutenant-general in 1912, when he received the K.C.V.O., General Mahon held several appointments in India, including that of the 8th (Lucknow) Division; and then he was given the command of the 10th (Irish) Division, which went out to Gallipoli. Save for the 10th Hampshires, this Division was composed of new levies from Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. Their first experience of being under fire was in the terrible landing battles at Suvla Bay.

With the 10th Division at Suvla Bay

Formed in the autumn and winter months of 1914, the 10th Division completed their training at Aldershot, and left for the Mediterranean in June, 1915. The landing at Suvla took place at dawn on August 7th, and after ten hours of continuous open fighting against machine-guns, artillery, and some of the best fighters in the world, in conditions made horrible, too, by the scorching heat, these hitherto untried troops carried the famous Chocolate or Dublin Hill. And even then there was no respite. For five days and nights these troops lay in the captured Turkish trenches before they could be relieved.

The work begun so gallantly at Chocolate Hill was carried on with heroism no less historic till January, 1916, when, under General Mahon, the 10th Division went to Salonika and performed in the Serbian mountain passes above Lake Doiran what General Sarrail pronounced to be one of the most striking feats of arms of the whole war. Acting as a rearguard against an army ten times their number, they enabled the Franco-British forces to withdraw to their defensive positions without the loss of a gun or a transport waggon.

In Salonika as in El Obeid, General Mahon's duties were diplomatic as well as military in character, and his consistent tact and never-failing courtesy made an admirable impression on King and people as well as on our French Allies. French appreciation of his services took the form of the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre.

General Sarrail's Tribute

In May, 1916, General Mahon was transferred from Salonika to a command in Egypt. His departure was the occasion of general regret. "General Mahon and I," said General Sarrail, "went through some very difficult moments together, and I found him not only an ideal collaborator, but a real friend."

"General Mahon's genial and soldierly personality," wrote Mr. G. Ward Price from Salonika, "had made him a very popular commander with all ranks of the British Army here. The time he spent at the head of this (the Serbian Expeditionary) Force was one rather of hard work than of glory. How hard it has been can only be realised when we remember that when General Mahon landed here, not the least vestige existed of the elaborate and admirable army organisation that covers the countryside for scores of miles round Salonika to-day. Nor has General Mahon's task been one of straightforward labour only. It has been complicated by being involved in a most delicate political situation, which has constantly given rise to difficulties that the general met with unfailing tact. He has laid, in conjunction with General Sarrail, the sure foundations, as all hope, of future victory for the Allies in the Balkans."

If Lord Kitchener could be said to have had a "favourite officer," Sir Bryan Thomas Mahon was that man.

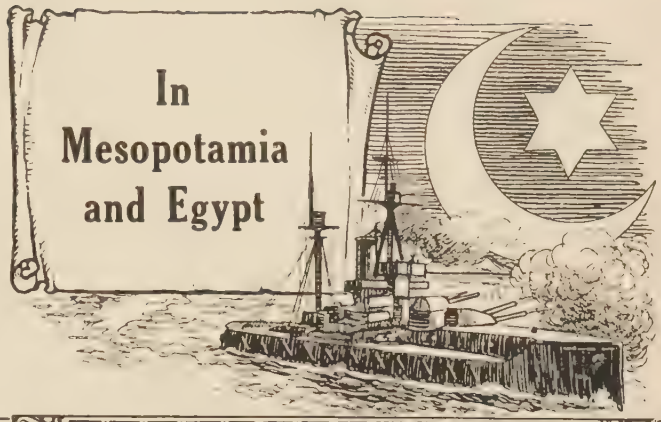
The valour of the troops who fought under General Townshend at the Battle of Ctesiphon is beyond praise. The 6th Division exhibited the same dauntless courage and self-sacrifice in the attack that has distinguished it throughout the campaign in Mesopotamia.

The dash with which the Indian troops (enlisted from all parts of India) have attacked a stubborn foe in well-entrenched positions I attribute largely to the confidence with which they have been inspired by the British battalions of the force.

When forced by greatly superior numbers to act on the defensive, and during the retreat to Kut, under the most trying conditions, the troops responded to the calls made on them with admirable discipline and steadiness.

They proved themselves to be soldiers of the finest quality.

—General Sir John Nixon, K.C.B.



Under way for Kut-el-Amara: "Ships of the Desert" passing along the Tigris bank.

THE HOUR OF FATE ON THE TIGRIS.—Map of Lower Mesopotamia, showing the position of Kut-el-Amara, in the small shaded oblong, a detailed enlargement appearing in the top right-hand corner. The dotted line running from Lake Suwaicha, through Es Sinn, to Atab and the line farther east, also running across the river, are the Turkish positions by which General Gorringe's relief force, represented in the solid lines, was held up. The fall of Kut, after a heroic defence, was announced on April 29th, 1916.

When I was Wounded on Chocolate Hill

By H. W. NEVINSON
Special Correspondent in the Dardanelles

IT was last August 21st, and the day before I had lain in my tent at Imbros, knocked over by an African fever which still returns after ten years. Up at the first dawn, I crept down to the quay, constructed by the simple process of sinking a steamer at right angles to the shore, and embarked on the trawler for Suvla Bay. Those trawlers from the North Sea—what splendid service they have done! "If the Kayser had knowed as we'd got trawlers," said one of the skippers to me, "he'd never have declared war!"

The Lay of Scimitar Hill

The passage across to the Gallipoli Peninsula is about fifteen miles. On landing at the north point of Suvla I went up the rocky hillside to the carefully-concealed headquarters of the Ninth Army Corps, and there the Chief of Staff told me the General proposed a big attack that afternoon on Scimitar Hill. I knew that hill well. On our first landing, at dawn on August 7th, I had noticed the low hill marked by a broad and bare patch, curved just like a Turkish scimitar, but I could not foretell what trouble it was to give us. It was also called Burnt Hill, because shells set the scrub on fire during an earlier assault, when some of our wounded and Turks were unable to escape from the flames. On our maps it was marked as Hill 70, from its height in metres. It stood about two and a half miles from the inner curve of Suvla Bay, and barred our farther advance. Already I had seen it twice assaulted in vain, and I knew that our dead lay scattered behind the trees and bushes on its slope.

Mr. H. W. NEVINSON, the eminent war correspondent and novelist, who contributes this vivid True Tale of the War, was present in the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, the Boer War, and was representative of the Macedonian Relief Committee in the Monastir Vilayet, 1903. He has travelled much in Central Africa and Russia, where he witnessed the memorable street fighting in Moscow in 1906, and enjoyed the distinction of conveying the English address to the first President of the Duma. Later, Mr. Nevinson visited the Caucasus and India. He was one of the three official correspondents on Gallipoli, and his thrilling experience in an attack on Chocolate Hill forms the subject of the present narrative. Among Mr. Nevinson's works are "In the Valley of Tophet," "The Plea of Pan," "Between the Acts," "The Dawn in Russia," etc.

So off I tramped along the curving beach, and then struck inland across the broad expanse of crusted mud called the Salt Lake. That Salt Lake was exposed to shell fire over its whole surface, and, as one approached the farther side, sharpshooters' bullets always began to buzz and whine around, or to fall with a startling splash into the thickened mud. On the farther side rose the almost circular hill called Chocolate, from its brown soil laid bare by the burning of the bushes. The Royal Irish Fusiliers had driven the Turks from their trenches there at the first landing, and we had since entrenched it carefully ourselves, running one continuous trench all round its circle near the top, constructing emplacements for mountain guns and machine-guns, and digging a short communication trench forward from it to another lower hill, which was our most advanced position.

Working round by the circular trench to the front of the hill, I stood on the firing ledge to look over the parapet. All seemed quiet in front. There stood Scimitar Hill, hardly more than half a mile away. A little beyond it to the right rose a hill called W, from the shape of its crest, on which the Turks had big guns hidden. Farther still to the right, a plain of fields and trees; and, beyond that, the precipices and mountain ravines of Anzac. It all looked peaceful. But I knew those thin lines across the hills in front were crammed with Turkish rifles, and close before my feet were our own lines, running over hill and plain, also crammed with rifles.

It was nearly three. Suddenly from the sea behind me sounded a portentous crash, and from the top of Scimitar Hill in front arose a great black cloud of mingled smoke and dust and fragments. Another crash, another cloud. Another and another, till the top of Scimitar Hill seemed to be exploding like a great volcano. The naval guns in the bay were preparing the assault. The Turks answered. On previous days they had sometimes fired on our ships, with some effect. But the range was long. That day they concentrated on Chocolate Hill.

The naval shells pounded rapidly. Each shot struck the top of Scimitar Hill as though to grind it away. One would have thought no trench and no man could exist under such blows. But I had watched that sort of work before, and knew that naval guns are not much use against trenches. They hit what can be seen, but for trenches you must hit the invisible. The "Hows" (short for howitzers) often do it, but hardly naval guns. Ordinary field-gun shrapnel is better. So I was thinking as I watched those great black clouds rise like magic trees from the low and silent summit, and fade away into the dull, hot haze of afternoon.

The men in the front trenches were preparing to advance. They picked up their rifles; they fixed bayonets. It was the moment when the strain of battle is tensest. Shrapnel burst over our hill; high-explosive crashed into its rocks and blackened scrub. I heard neither one nor other. All my thoughts were concentrated upon those khaki, dirty figures making ready for the charge.

Suddenly, as sometimes in a thunderstorm, a terrific crash sounded close above my head. Instantly came a blow like a trip-hammer falling on my skull. There was no other sensation but a tremendous, smashing blow. No waiting, no fear, no pain. I fell like a slaughtered ox, but was up again next second. I heard a machine-gun officer say, "Are you hit?" I put my hand to my head, and looked at it. Blood dripped from all the fingers. "I suppose I am," I said.

I saw my brown shirt running with blood. It was soaked with blood. I felt the warmth of the blood like hot water against my skin. I wondered that a man could have so much blood in him. "If that shirt's washed," I said to myself, "it will 'the multitudinous seas incarnardine!'"

I heard a cry of "Stretcher! Stretcher!" I'm told I kept repeating, "I'm not going away. I must see the battle! I must see the battle!" I don't remember that, but I remember taking a bandage from my pocket, and the machine-gun officer helping to tear it open and bind it tight round my head. I told the men not to bother about a stretcher because I could walk. I also remember a strong objection to being led away, and how the crowded men along the trenches called out, "Gangway! Gangway for the wounded!" at the sight of so bloody a figure. But all the time I felt little pain, and no fear.

An Exhilarating Sensation

They hurried me along the crowded trench to the rear of the hill, and into a sheltered dug-out. There an R.A.M.C. orderly wiped the blood out of my eyes and mopped great pinkish clots, or "gouts," of it off my shirt, looking like lumps of brain, which he thought they were. He believed the skull was broken, and wanted to take off the bandage to see. But I refused to have it moved, because the broken skulls I had seen always made a man unconscious, and I wasn't unconscious in the least. I only felt a queer exhilaration at being still alive. I have felt the same after the crisis in dangerous fevers. It was as though life congratulated me on being still in its company.

This pleasurable feeling was increased by the appearance

[*Continued on page 1998.*]

WOUNDED ON CHOCOLATE HILL (continued from page 1997.)

of my friend, Lester Lawrence, of Reuter's, who, besides myself and my other friend, Ashmead-Bartlett, was the only British war correspondent in the Dardanelles. He had generously brought my pith helmet, the crown of which, cut to pieces by the shell, had just saved the skull from cracking. "A poor thing, but my own," I said, in contemplating its ruin, and the two Shakespearean quotations were the only evidences that the mind was not quite normal.

Then I sat alone, watching the blood drip, fast at first, then slowly. At last it almost ceased to run, and I walked back alone to the trench, the men again shouting, "Gangway for the wounded!" In exactly an hour after being struck I was back on the same position, and noticed the rocks still sprinkled with blood. The only difference I observed in myself was a slightly increased fear at the sound of approaching shells and their explosion overhead or close by, and a slightly increased caution about cover. I had no sense of pain and none of weakness, in spite of all that loss of blood. The pain came at night, when, after walking back the four or five miles, I reached the hospital on Suvla Point, and the surgeons worked off the sticking bandage, felt the exposed skull all over, still fearing a fracture, and rubbed iodine into the big, raw wound.

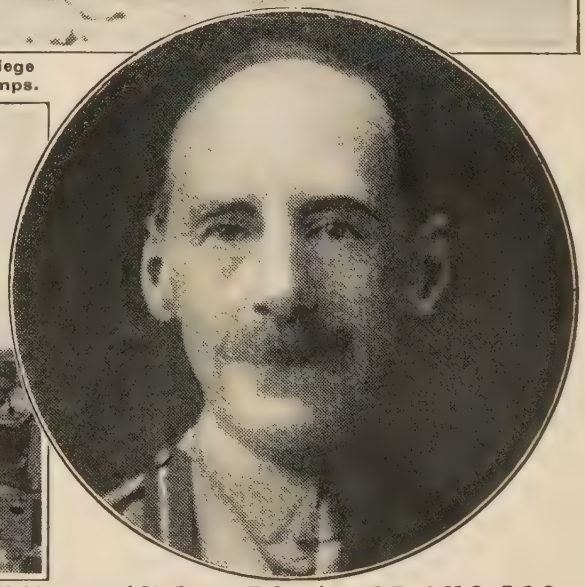
I write all this personal stuff only to comfort the hundreds of thousands whose sons, brothers, husbands, friends, or lovers have been wounded or killed in this war. But for the pith helmet I should have been killed, and I should have felt no pain. I should have felt nothing at all. Even a wound is not necessarily painful. Some wounds are, but many of my friends have had bullets into them and felt only a comfortable warmth. For myself the blow has left no consequences except a deep and lasting groove, shaped just like a scimitar, on the top of my head. It makes an excuse for increasing baldness, and if I am taken prisoner by the Turks I can point to it as an outward and visible sign of the Crescent and the Prophet's faith.

But what of the many fine men whom I saw stretched out upon the hillside, isolated or in little groups, during that terrible day of battle—a battle which failed in the end? For them there was no fortunate escape. For them life ended in the middle. All I can say is that the more I see of death on the field the more I am astonished at the quality of courage, and the greater envy and admiration do I feel for those who possess it.

Heavy gun on a railway mounting at the moment of firing. (Official Crown copyright photograph from the western front.)

On the Way to Kut: Scenes in the Tigris Valley

Line of captured Turkish trenches at Es Sinn. The advance to raise the siege of Kut-el-Amara was handicapped by the heavy floods and pestilential swamps.



"Ships of the desert" being loaded up with supplies and ammunition. Right: General Sir George F. Gorringe, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., leader of the relief force that, in spite of great odds, gained splendid victories along the Tigris.

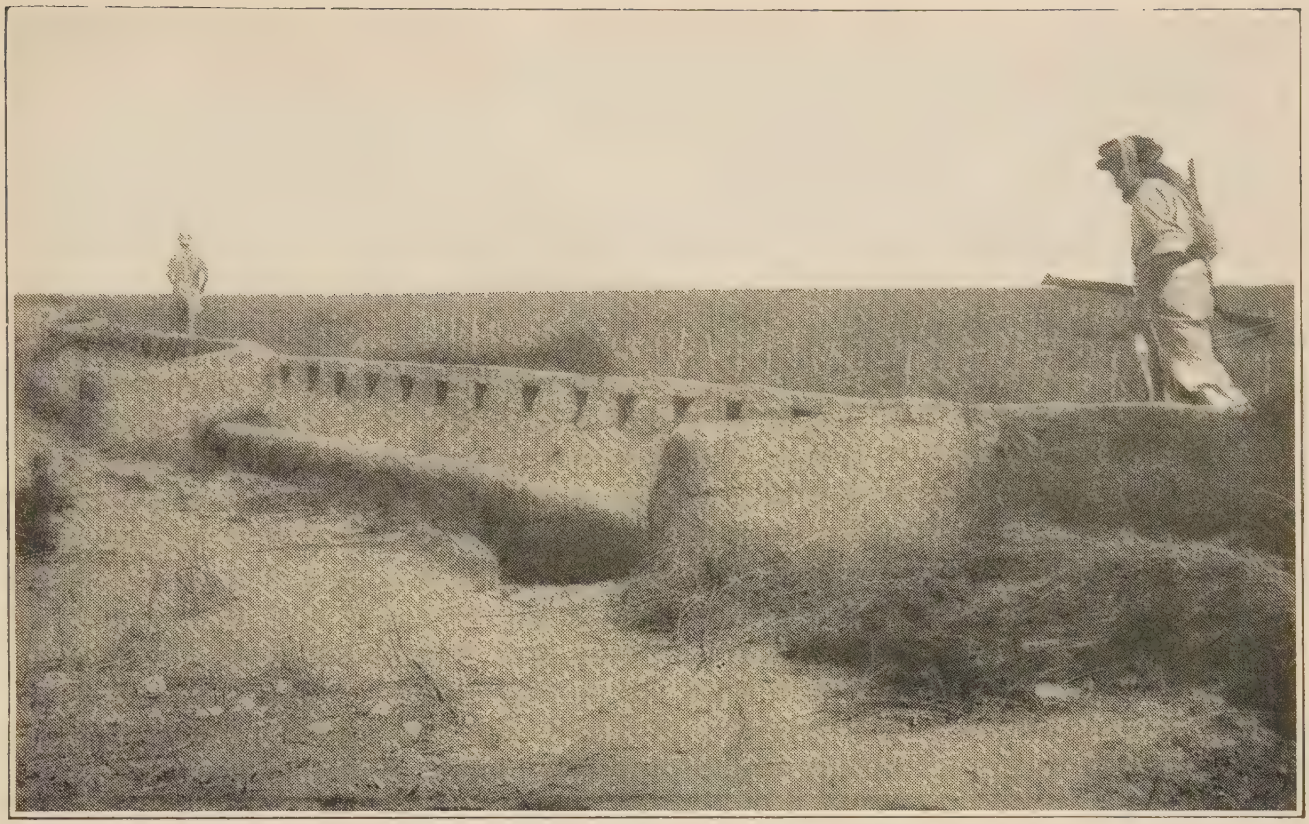
Steamship sunk by the Turks to block a channel of the River Tigris. The Mesopotamia marshes, which delayed the troops forcing their way to relieve General Townshend, were notorious in the days of Alexander the Great, who lost his bearings among them.

Following the Relief Column Towards Kut

British battery in the desert while on the way to relieve General Townshend and his force, besieged in Kut-el-Amara since the retreat from Ctesiphon, eighteen miles below Bagdad. General Townshend's division captured Ctesiphon on November 19th, 1915.

Turks captured during the fighting for Kut among the burning sandhills on the right bank of the Tigris. So intense was the heat in Mesopotamia that, even when advancing unhindered by the enemy, our troops could seldom march more than eight miles in a day.

Bridge of boats built by Indian sappers in Mesopotamia. One great advantage enjoyed by the Indo-British Force, among their many difficulties and hardships, was that, with our access to the sea, we could increase and replenish our Tigris transport indefinitely.



Rear view of some Turkish trenches at the Es Sinn position to the east of Kut-el-Amara. A friendly Arab is following the British officer on a reconnaissance of the enemy country.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Campaign in Mesopotamia to the Capture of Amara

IN their far-seeing plans for aggression the Germans had taken Asia Minor well into consideration, and the scheme of the Berlin-Bagdad Railway was the principal menace to Britain's Asiatic possessions and prestige from the moment the Deutsche Bank advanced the money for the launch of this ambitious enterprise.

With Turkey as an ally, and having regard to the possibility of a Jehad should the religious fanaticism of Oriental races be aroused, the German dreams for expansion and conquest east of Suez, at the expense of Britain, were never nearer realisation than in November, 1914. Enver Pasha, the evil genius of the Ottomans, had yielded to German overtures, Imperial marks, and promises, and began to gamble with the already bankrupt Turkish Empire. It was inevitable, therefore, that this country should send an expeditionary force to Mesopotamia, ostensibly to guarantee British integrity in the East, immediately to safeguard the invaluable Persian oilfields.

New War in the Old World

Thus it was ordained that Mesopotamia, the ancient forum of civilisation and conflict, should resound to the din of battle, that the eternal phantom armies of desert and oasis between the Tigris and Euphrates should take mortal shape again, that the drums the dragoman ever hears on the stilly desert air should be real drums of new hosts marching to battle. Ghosts of Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek, and Arab, who had fought thousands of years ago over this historic land, were destined to witness another epic. Xenophon and his armies who had lost their way in the tortuous region of the two great rivers, the traditional boundaries of Eden's garden, might stand stalwart and erect in the untrodden dust of centuries and contemplate the new legions, armed with strangely new weapons, and mark with wonder-stricken eyes the great white wings of the iron bird as it soared majestically into space.

Under the ægis of sea-power, Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Barrett set sail from India in the first days of November, 1914, with an expedition made up of a division of infantry, auxiliary troops, and light cavalry. Each brigade of the division embodied a battalion of British troops, the rest being composed of Indian forces. The British battalions were the 2nd Dorsets, in the Poona Brigade, the 1st Oxford Light Infantry, in the Ahmednagar Brigade, and the 2nd Norfolks, in the Belgaum Brigade.

No Time Lost

So promptly was action taken that when war was declared by Turkey the Poona Brigade, under Brigadier-General Delamain, was already at Bahrein, with the balance of the expedition under way from Bombay. General Delamain left Bahrein to assault the fort of Fao, situated at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, on November 7th. Operating in conjunction with the troops were H.M.S. Odin, an armed steam-launch, and a party of Marines. The attack on Fao was carried out in a businesslike manner. Within an hour the fortress had fallen, and was occupied by British troops as a base for the expedition.

Proceeding about thirty miles along the Shat-el-Arab, in a varied fleet of transport, General Delamain's brigade arrived at Sanijeh, entrenching and consolidating the position while awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from India. Though several skirmishes took place, no important attack was launched by the Turks until the night of November 9th. This was repulsed, the Indians following up this success by driving the Turks from a valuable village position.

The new brigades from Bombay arrived in the Gulf and steamed along the Shat-el-Arab past Abadan, the headquarters of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and joined their comrades at Sanijeh.

News soon arrived of the movements of a large Turkish army from Basra, a city renowned for its association with "The Arabian Nights." General Barrett at once ordered the Anglo-Indians forward to meet the foe, who were encountered at Sahil. The Turks had entrenched themselves in a favourable oasis position, in front of which stretched a barren plain, offering no cover for attackers, and furthermore being in a state of quagmire through exceptional rain.

[Continued on page 2002

THE CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA (Continued from page 2001.)

Nothing daunted, General Barrett decided to carry the position, and mobile guns on the river tugs, as well as the field artillery, subjected the Turks to an effective bombardment. The enemy was clearly alarmed by the efficiency and valour of this attack, and retreated in hot haste, leaving 1,500 out of an estimated 4,500 men incapacitated, or more than four times as many as the Anglo-Indian casualties. After this defeat the Turks decided to evacuate Basra, and a message came through that the Arabs were plundering the place. General Barrett thereupon selected two battalions to make a dash for the city, the 2nd Norfolks and 110th Mahrattas, to take possession and protect the few British residents. These proceeded up the river in two paddle-steamers, while the remainder of the division was despatched across the plain on the same mission.

Many obstacles to impede the advance by water were engineered by the Turks. To add to the natural difficulty of navigation along the stream, ships had been sunk, and batteries placed in concealed positions on the banks gave considerable trouble. After a slight delay the British troops entered Basra without opposition. The German consul and some of his compatriots were sent as prisoners to India. Basra was turned into a British camp, and every precaution was taken to deal with coming Turkish activities from the direction of Kurna, farther up the Tigris.

Fall of Kurna

Still pursuing the offensive, Lieut.-Colonel Fraser, with a detachment of Anglo-Indian troops, assisted by Brigadier-General Fry, with the 7th Rajputs and 110th Mahrattas, advanced towards Kurna, where they jointly achieved a brilliant victory, investing the city and compelling the garrison to surrender with 1,100 Turks and nine guns. The British losses were a minimum of some hundred and sixty killed and wounded.

Thus, within a few short weeks, the expedition had carried all before it as far as Kurna. During February and March, the Euphrates being in flood, operations were temporarily suspended.

To make ready for a general resumption of hostilities, reinforcements moved, towards the close of the flood season, to Ahwaz and Kurna, with General Sir J. E. Nixon, K.C.B., who was entrusted with the supreme command of the whole expedition. The Turkish authorities having likewise profited by the lull to draw up a plan of campaign, to gather troops from military positions along the Tigris, and enlist the organising ability of German militarists, three enemy artillery attacks on Kurna, Ahwaz, and Shaiba were made on April 11th, 1915.

Only in the attack on Shaiba did the infantry take part, German officers leading the Ottomans in open formation towards the south and south-west of the British lines, making, however, but slight progress. They managed to wrest a dominating position a mile from the British lines, but were finally dislodged by a furious Anglo-Indian charge.

To follow up their success, the British command decided on a vigorous attack to drive the Turks out of their strong positions near Basra, and on April 11th a great movement of the Anglo-Indian troops towards Zobeir, a few miles south-east of Basra, was the order of the day.

Fifteen thousand Turks, with six big guns, were strongly situated in tamarisk woods. Between the belligerents was a wide sandy plain, affording no cover from the accurate Turkish gun fire, nor from the equally ferocious sun shafts. Some of the most glorious British fighting of the whole Mesopotamian campaign occurred during this battle. For five torrid hours the advance continued, the magnificent Dorsets and 117th Mahrattas being in the van. Charging like men possessed, in the very teeth of the Turkish stronghold, flashing their bayonets in the noonday sun, the reckless courage of these Anglo-Indians bewildered the Turks, who fled in disorder to Nakaila.

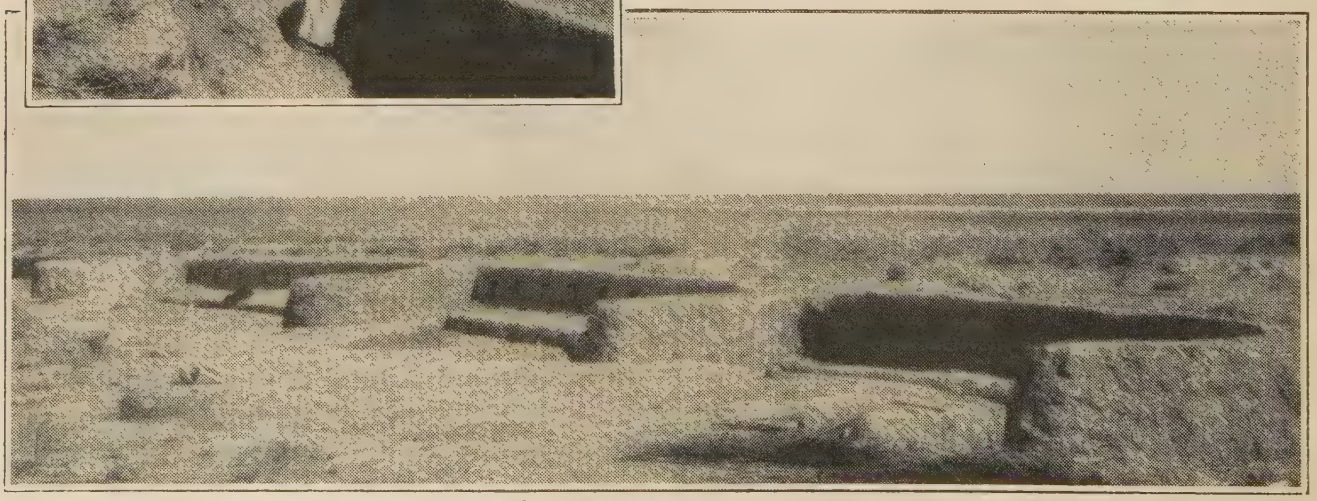
Following the fugitive Turks by road and river, many more were accounted for in killed and prisoners, bringing their total losses up to 2,500. This victory assured the immunity of Basra from the enemy.

The country having been entirely cleared of Turks and kindred hostile tribes, principally owing to the bad weather conditions, nothing of outstanding importance occurred until the beginning of June, when General Townshend, with Sir Percy Cox, the chief British resident on the Gulf, and a contingent of troops proceeded along the Tigris as far as Amara, which important city surrendered, adding another seven hundred prisoners and forty officers to our army of captives.

Sea-Power in the Desert

The fall of the city was due to the use of bellums, otherwise a type of punt about thirty-five feet in length with two and a half feet of boom, and propelled by poles.

The sight of this extraordinary flotilla, consisting of hundreds of bellums following in the wake of the three armed sloops, Clio, Odin, and Espiegle, the Royal Indian Marine steamer, rafts and other boats carrying field-guns and munitions, must have struck terror into the superstitious Turks, and it is not surprising that they showed a clean pair of heels at Amara, retreating to Kut-el-Amara, about a hundred and thirty miles farther up the Tigris, leaving the British expeditionary force in command of some two hundred miles of the immemorial river, thus bringing the original plans of the Persian Gulf campaign to a triumphant conclusion, entirely holding up the Bagdad commerce along the Tigris, and saving the vital pipe line of the Persian oilfields.



Turkish trenches from the rear. In his despatches from Mesopotamia Mr. Edmund Candler has written: "The Turkish trenches at Sheikh Saad were of excellent design, being deep and narrow, and the troops could move quickly along them without exposing themselves. Some were held by Arab irregulars." Inset above: Friendly Arabs in a trench somewhere in Mesopotamia.

British Charge Through the Tigris Swamps

The progress of the Kut relief force, under General Gorringe, was necessarily slow by reason of the swampy ground on either side of the Tigris in the neighbourhood of Sanna-i-Yat, about fourteen miles from Kut. The whole country in this region is sodden, and our troops had to depend on bellums (a type of punt) for transport. This spirited drawing represents a British attack on the Turkish trenches, our soldiers having to wade through a fluid which is neither mud nor water.

Wayside Calm and Conflict Towards Kut

Prayers before battle. Members of the Kut relief force attend an open-air service conducted by an Army chaplain amid the luxurious vegetation of the Tigris Valley. The trenches can be seen in the foreground.

Turkish prisoners captured during the relief operations, behind the barbed-wire, guarded by a British sentry.

Linking advance column with base. Engineers erecting telegraph wires en route to Kut.

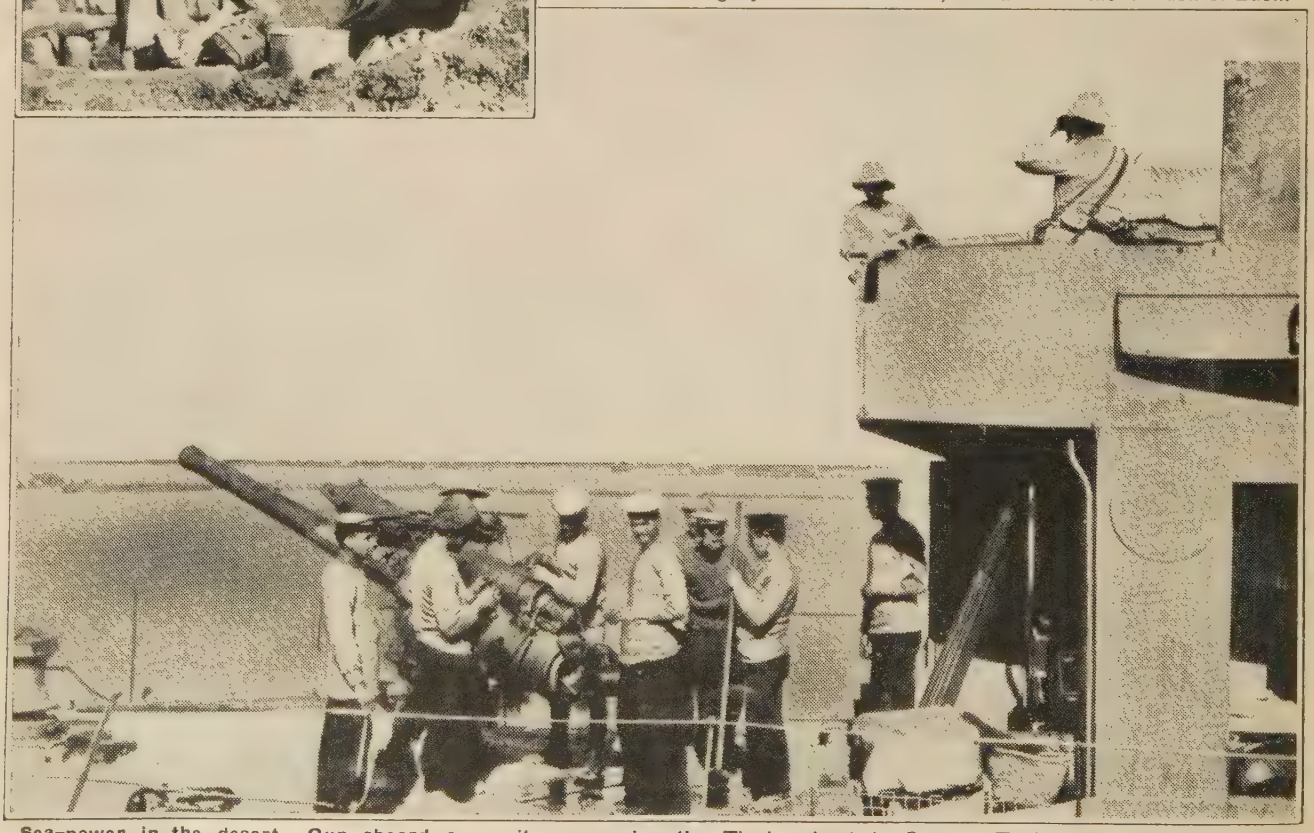
The Arab Patrol on the Tigris Flood

There is little atmosphere of modern warfare about this picturesque scene on the Tigris. These two Arabs in their graceful gondola are patrols on the look-out for Turks, and as far as their appearance and craft are concerned might have taken part in Assyrian or Babylonian wars, or witnessed the Turkish hosts annihilate the armies of the Persian Fire Worshippers at Ctesiphon.

Strenuous Effort in the Valley of the Tigris

British battery in action during the Battle of Sheik Saad, on the left bank of the Tigris, looking towards Kut. British forces under General Gorringe made a determined attack here on January 7th, 1916. This area afforded little or no cover to the belligerents.

Some idea of mud in Mesopotamia. Indian transport in difficulties. Inset: A little grey home in the East, not far from the Garden of Eden.



Sea-power in the desert. Gun aboard a monitor, sweeping the Tigris, about to fire on Turkish batteries concealed along the shore. The report of the meeting of the Russian and British troops in Mesopotamia, May, 1916, was a herald of still greater events in this romantic old-world scene of conflict for new ideals.

Beasts of Burden in Asian and African Areas

Horses for transport work with the British Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia being ferried across the Tigris. With a lack of mechanical transport, the war-horse found plenty of work to do in the Persian Gulf area of the world-wide war.

Denizens of the desert arrive in British East Africa from India. Camels having proved the best means of transport in B.E. Africa, a large number were requisitioned, and some of them are seen coming ashore from native boats.

Along the River Way to Kut: Impression of the

THE traditional glamour and romance of war may be said to have passed from highly organised Europe with the introduction of the big gun, the high explosive, railways, and other inventions of the workshop and laboratory. Only by going farther afield, to the changeless East, did a permanent picturesqueness introduce itself into the chapter of brute and mechanical force. Along the sluggish Tigris, round about the alleged site of Eden, save for an occasional aeroplane, a primitive steam vessel, and a few weapons of modern calibre, the war dragged on in a dreamy environment, with characteristic Oriental leisure. With our access from the Persian Gulf to

Old World Tigris in the Twentieth Century War

n a few miles of Kut-el-Amara there was a constant procession diers and transport along the Tigris. The most familiar and rn vessels were paddle-steamers, each displacing about five ed tons, and towing two lighters. These moved slowly up down stream, keeping pace with the troops on either bank, each acting as a parent ship to a brigade. Following in its wake, a number of romantic-looking mahailas with gracefully-curved prows, upon which appeared some inscription in Arabic, and rigged with large lateen sails, carried supplies to replenish those of the paddle-steamers. Palm trees, blue sky, and yellow sand complete the picture.

Slav and Briton Meet in Mesopotamia

With the Red Cross in the Orient. Mule-drawn ambulances proceeding to the zone of operations on the Tigris.

Battery of heavy guns in the sodden desert. The heavy rain in Mesopotamia greatly impeded British transport.

THE tremendous power and resource of the European Coalition against the Central Empires was proved in May, 1916, by events of great significance. The entry of the Russians into the western field and the meeting of Russian cavalry with the Indo-British troops in Mesopotamia gave the German General Staff cause for considerable unrest. Previous news of the Russian troops reported them to be as far away as Khanikin, eighty-five miles north-east of Bagdad, and the rapidity with which the horsemen gained General Gorringe's camp demonstrated the strength and speed of the Grand Duke's advance. The Ottoman people had never been enthusiastic about the war, and an allied coup in Mesopotamia was likely to bring about a secession of the Turks from the cause of Kaiserism.

On May 20th General Lake reported that the Turks on the south bank of the Tigris had fallen back as far as the Shat-el-Hai, and that the British armies on this bank had advanced to within five miles of Kut.

Turkish prisoners captured at Sheik Saad on their way to draw water in a motley collection of vessels—petrol tins, an Oriental pitcher, and a military flask. They are under guard of some of the Indians who have fought so heroically for the Empire, under perhaps the most trying conditions that any fighting men had to endure.

The Flame of War in the Palm Groves of Eden

With the Anglo-Indians in Mesopotamia. Palm-shaded oasis on the banks of the Tigris, and two British soldiers in the act of pumping drinking water into a filter cart.

Indian transport en route to the base through a date grove. A picturesque impression from the land between the rivers.

Novel use for "frightfulness." German mine which was converted into a Tigris buoy.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Advance on Bagdad and Memorable Siege of Kut

IN the early days of July, 1915, evidence was to hand of certain dangerous intriguing on the part of Prince Reuss, the German Ambassador at Teheran. The collapse of the Warsaw salient, the apparent inactivity of the Russian armies in the Caucasus, and the British deadlock on Gallipoli constituted singularly favourable circumstances for a Turkish partition of Persia. Prince Reuss had already enlisted sympathy for his scheme from some of the Swedish officers who had control of about six thousand armed police, a force established by Britain and Russia for the purpose of keeping the highways of Persia free from professional brigands and nefarious nomads. This enterprising German aristocrat had hopes of gathering together a sufficient number of armed men to bring about a rapid conquest of Persia, and then to throw overwhelming numbers against the Admiralty oilfields and the right flank of the British Mesopotamian Expedition.

It was, therefore, imperative that some great effort should be made to counteract this conspiracy, some important victory created to restore the Empire's prestige once and for all throughout Asia. Certainly the obvious plan was to proceed to Bagdad, the City of the Caliphs, the most romantic and influential centre of the Old World.

The fall of Bagdad would undoubtedly have proved a tremendous moral triumph. The effort, however, was foredoomed, not through any lack of courage, determination, and skill on the part of General Townshend, but through a fatal misconception of the enormity of the task compared with the handful of men to whom it was allotted.

It must be borne in mind that a garrison was essential in the north to keep the pipe-line inviolate, and a large number of men were required for the occupation of the towns running from Amara to Koweit, on the Persian Gulf.

Summer in Unlovely Eden

Before any serious attempt against Bagdad could be made, a concentration of Turks at Nasiriyeh on the Euphrates had to be dispersed, these being in a position to attack General Townshend in the rear or drive into his flank.

At this time, the height of summer, the climatic conditions in Mesopotamia were beyond mortal endurance. In the desert the temperature rose to 130 degrees, and water was as scarce as it was unpalatable. The flaming atmosphere buzzed from sunrise to sundown, and throughout the night with pestiferous flies and mosquitoes. Britons, and even Indians used to a tropical climate, suffered terribly, and a general outbreak of sickness occurred in the ranks. The irony of the situation was emphasised by the knowledge that this identical spot was reputed to be the sylvan setting of the Garden of Eden. The Norfolks and Dorsets, dreaming of the rare beauties of their home counties, could not but discredit the alleged glories of the birthplace of civilisation, especially those who were detailed off to guard the date-gardens and marshes in the Garden of Eden, one of the most arduous duties that fell to the lot of any fighting man. They were certainly incredulous as to Eden's claims, though, with characteristic humour, they christened some of the more important thoroughfares Serpent's Corner, Temptation Square, and Adam and Eve Street.

After their defeat at Shaiba, on April 11th, 1915, the scattered Turkish units retreated along the Euphrates to Nasiriyeh, and were there joined by large reinforcements, supported by heavy artillery brought from Adrianople. The military value of Nasiriyeh may be gathered from the fact that it is the junction with the cross-desert canal Shatt-el-Hai, running towards Bagdad. With Nasiriyeh still in Turkish occupation, an enemy descent on Basra was ever a possibility.

The Turks occupied powerful entrenchments on both sides of the river, and strong forces deployed along the old channel of the Euphrates, which wends its way through a wide stretch of water known as Lake Hamar, to join the Tigris at Kurna. Over this stagnant lagoon the flotilla of bellums was propelled during the third week in July to within seven miles of Nasiriyeh under command of General Gorringe.

Two brigades of the division disembarked on the west bank, while the third was requisitioned to work through the groves and date-palms on the left bank. As a precautionary measure a reserve brigade from Amara brought up the rear.

On the morning of July 24th the enemy positions were subjected to a smashing bombardment by all the guns that could be mustered—howitzers, field, and mountain pieces. The 2nd West Kents advanced through the date-groves under cover of eight machine-guns. In spite of a withering Turkish fire, the West Kents never wavered a second, stormed the enemy trenches, and got to work with cold steel. The Turks were clearly demoralised by this onslaught, and evacuated their trenches with surprising alacrity. The rest of the brigade then went forward to support their comrades, bringing up fresh supplies of ammunition. A peculiar feature of the Turkish trenches was a covering of matting which, though acting as a protection from the ferocious sun, blinded the enemy to the extent and vigour of the British attack. After the capture of further trenches and four loopholed towers, what remained of the Turks retreated precipitately, and victory rested with British arms. On the other bank of the river the Hants Territorials, emulating the West Kents, had met with equal success, and shared with them the laurels of the day.

Fall of Nasiriyeh

Nasiriyeh was occupied on July 25th, and a thousand Turkish prisoners, seventeen guns, five machine-guns, 1,586 rifles, and a large quantity of ammunition were captured.

After the position at Nasiriyeh had been made secure, General Nixon began to transfer troops to Amara in order to concentrate against the Turkish armies collecting in the region of Kut under Nur-ed-Din Pasha. The Shatt-el-Hai being unnavigable at this period, the sole means of advance was along the Tigris.

From August 1st to September 15th General Townshend and his famous 6th Division had advanced to Sanna-i-Yat, eight miles below the Turkish positions before Kut-el-Amara.

Nur-ed-Din's positions were of unusual strength, extending for about twelve miles astride the river, organised with great thoroughness as to barbed-wire, military pits, dynamite mines, and communications. The river itself was blocked with sunken barges and tangled cables.

On September 26th General Townshend advanced, having rapidly evolved a plan to envelop the Turkish left with his principal force, but carrying out certain manœuvres with the intention of deceiving the enemy into the belief that the main attack would be made on the right bank. A large force made a feint movement, and a huge dummy camp was erected, but during the night a bridge was constructed, and, without the Turks knowing, the troops crossed to the left side of the river.

The action started on the 28th, the 18th Infantry Brigade under Major-General Fry making a pinning attack, and the 16th and 17th Brigades under Brigadier-General Delamain working frontally on the flank entrenchments of the Turks, as well as moving wide round the enemy's flank to attack him in the rear. The indefatigable Dorsets and 117th Mahrattas once more distinguished themselves in this action, being the first troops to enter the enemy's trenches. By two o'clock in the afternoon the entire northern part of the Turkish position had fallen.

Magnificent Indo-British Charge

After resting, General Delamain moved his column to the assistance of the 18th Infantry Brigade, but a strong Turkish reinforcement forced him from his objective. The new enemy troops moved to the attack, and General Delamain's men, notwithstanding the fact that they were in a state of fatigue bordering on collapse through incessant fighting in furnace heat, rallied miraculously at the prospect of getting at the enemy in the open. In one magnificent bayonet charge they rushed the Turks before them. Nur-ed-Din's men, fighting with fatalistic courage, could not withstand the inspired fury of the Indo-British, and the Turks were routed. During the night the enemy abandoned his position, hurrying along the Tigris bank to his stronghold at Ctesiphon, some twenty miles from Bagdad. The Turkish losses amounted to about 4,000 men and fourteen guns, as compared with 1,233 British casualties.

[Continued on page 2013.

THE ADVANCE ON BAGDAD (Continued from page 2012.)

Following up this victory the riverside town of Azizie was occupied, whence General Townshend's heroic division set out on its fateful mission towards Bagdad, it being considered that these few thousand men would be able to capture this historic citadel, and link up with the advanced columns of the Russians in the Caucasus. By November 19th Zeur, having fallen into British hands, the attack on Nur-ed-Din's main defences at Ctesiphon was imminent.

The ruins of this historic city, the winter residence of the great Parthian kings, were about to re-echo with the clash of arms. Apart from its strategical importance, the Turkish commander chose Ctesiphon for battle on account of its Moslem significance. In the shadow of the superb palace ruin of the Arsacidæ, the modern Turk could be expected to guard with fanatical fury the gate to Bagdad which, though of Persian origin, was a scene of Islam's traditional prowess. As each insignificant unit under Nur-ed-Din's command was conversant with the Koran, so was he aware that at Ctesiphon the mighty Persian dynasty had bitten the dust, and it behoved him to strike hard at the infidel once again for the glory of Allah.

Thirst Stays Townshend

On November 22nd an Indo-British Division went into action against four Turkish divisions, and literally swept them clean out of existence, taking eight hundred prisoners and holding on to the captured position till nightfall on the 24th. Alas, that this victory could not be pushed to a great finality, owing mainly to a lack of water! General Townshend's division had no alternative but to retire, after having all but achieved its onerous task. The Turks pressed on the retreating division in greatly superior numbers under the military direction of the redoubtable Von der Goltz, who died in harness shortly afterwards—the victim, it has been said, of a Turkish officer disgusted with the German tyranny. Large numbers of wounded men, 1,600 restive prisoners, and the remnants of the heroic legion, thanks to General Townshend's leadership, found their way back to a bend of the river at Kut, fighting a desperate rearguard action at Azizie.

And then began the memorable siege—the only long siege of the present war—lasting for twenty weeks.

Kut-el-Amara is no romantic city of the "Arabian Nights," where spreading mosque and slender minaret relieve the star-strewn Oriental skies, but as drab, insanitary, and inconsequential a collection of mud huts as can be happened upon even east of Suez. The sullen Tigris all but encircles it. Hardly a tree or a building intercepts the monotonous horizon. General Townshend was to be relied upon to take every advantage of these natural values, and he further strengthened the position against the siege. During December the Turks subjected the place to prolonged bombardment, but their efforts to storm the position cost them such a heavy price in casualties that Nur-ed-Din left "General Hunger" to bring about the capitulation of Kut, and waited his time.

Difficulties of Relief Column

Meanwhile, General Aylmer was fighting his way to relieve his colleague, and he approached on one occasion to almost within sight of the beleaguered garrison. The Turkish position at Es Sinn, astride the Tigris, the northern flank resting on the impassable Suwaicha Marsh, and the southern on a tributary of the Tigris at Atab, was too powerful, on account of the floods, to be breached. General Gorringe himself, at the head of the wonderful 13th Division from Gallipoli, carried the Turks' first and second line at Umm-el-Hannah and Felayieh on April 5th and 6th, 1916, but torrential rain and resultant floods intervened, dissolving every effort. The advance of the relief force continued, however, until April 17th, when it was as near as eleven miles from its objective. Heavy Turkish counter-attacks took place on this date, and the enemy's casualties numbered 3,000 killed.

The last effort to communicate with the besieged camp was the attempt of the relief ship laden with supplies to run the gauntlet, but the vessel grounded four miles from Kut. Throughout the twenty weeks of his critical ordeal General Townshend's fighting spirit and cheerful temperament were a source of encouragement and hope to the men under him.

"Going strong, everything all right, shall be relieved soon," he flashed out early in January, and his reply to the King's inspiring telegram will go down to history as a touching example of patriotic expression from a soldier of genius *in extremis*. "It is hard for me to express by words how profoundly touched and inspirited all ranks of my command have been by his Majesty's personal message. On their behalf and my own I desire to express to his Majesty that the knowledge that we have gained the praise of our beloved sovereign will be our sheet-anchor in this defence."

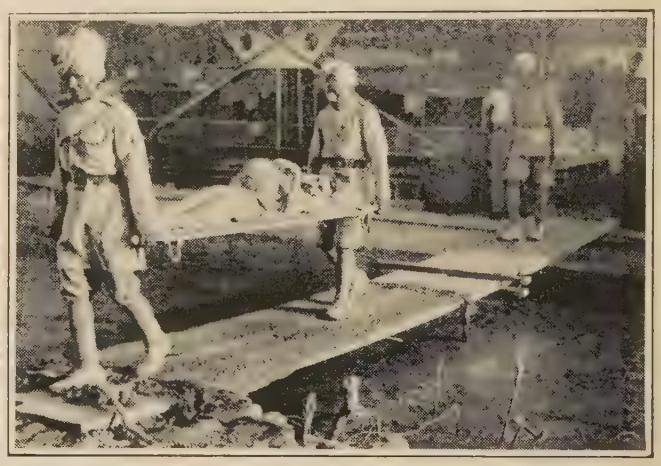
But no sheet-anchor could hold out against hunger, and Kut-el-Amara fell into Turkish hands on April 29th, 1916, together with several thousand of the finest fighting men who ever took the oath of allegiance to sovereign and Empire.

How Nur-ed-Din, the Turkish commander in Mesopotamia, reinforced his armies before Kut-el-Amara. Ottoman reserves proceeding along the Tigris on specially-constructed rafts flying the Crescent at the stern.

Wounded Heroes from Kut Recoup at Basra

After the fall of Kut, April 29th, 1916, the Turks sent the British sick and wounded back to the British lines. Four of these men are seen convalescent outside the little hospital at Basra. Camera testimony to the hardships suffered by the garrison is afforded by the photograph (right) of one of the famished arrivals in the British camp.

Deck scene on a hospital ship on the Tigris showing wounded from Kut standing about and in their cots.



Wounded officer from Kut being taken ashore from a hospital ship by Indian orderlies on arriving at the British lines.

The less serious cases were gently assisted across the ship's gangway by willing helpers.

Another view of the landing of wounded when one of the hospital ships from Kut reached the British lines at Basra.

Clean Fighters: Clean Hands & Clean Conscience

Hanging out the washing. Conditions that impeded military operations in the flooded area of Mesopotamia must have lightened the labour of the washermen. Plenty of soft water, a bright sun, and a fine drying wind were three good things then.

The roll call—before going into action. A fit subject for a companion painting for Lady Butler's famous picture of "The Roll Call" after action, for the bravery of these Indian soldiers in Mesopotamia was equal to that of the Guards at Inkerman.

Indian Fighters and Arab Bargees on the Tigris

Mule transport, in charge of an Indian and a British soldier, passing along a palm-grove in Mesopotamia.

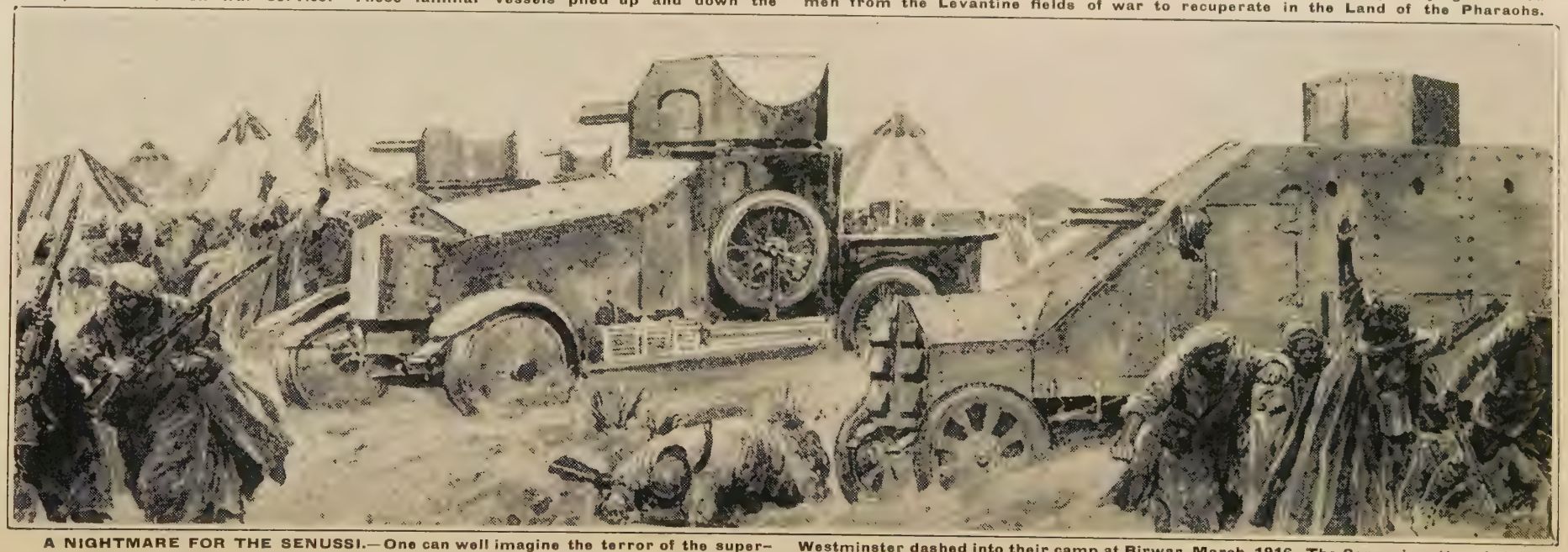
Indian troops in their element. They found campaigning along the Tigris a congenial change from the French trenches. They are seen besieging a wayside store like happy schoolboys.

Busy scene along an ancient waterway in the Tigris Valley. Arab coolies helping to fight the Turks by unloading fodder from barges. The Arab is an elusive and perhaps unreliable ally, but he invariably throws in his lot with the winning side

Anzac Swords & Bombs Scatter Enemy in Egypt

While awaiting the great day when they would meet their "favourite" enemy the Germans on the west front the Anzacs performed some good work for the Empire in Egypt. Their valour and their wonderful fighting experience gained on Gallipoli were used to considerable advantage among hostile Arabs. On May 31st, 1916, Australian and New Zealand mounted troops delivered a smashing attack on an enemy post in the desert of Bir Salmana, near Katia. The enemy was routed, and scattered units were further pursued and bombed by British airmen, as illustrated by the above impression.

Cook's pleasure steamers, which have carried so many happy tourists along the Nile, were used on war service. These familiar vessels plied up and down the river bearing the universal emblem of sympathy, the Red Cross, carrying wounded men from the Levantine fields of war to recuperate in the Land of the Pharaohs.



A NIGHTMARE FOR THE SENUSSI.—One can well imagine the terror of the superstitious Senussi as the powerful, throbbing armoured-cars under command of the Duke of Westminster dashed into their camp at Birwar, March, 1916. The Senussi scattered right and left before the new machines of war, and the enemy casualties amounted to fifty killed.

Beasts of Antiquity Engaged in Armageddon

Camel train about to leave Cairo for the frontier. The camel proved an indispensable auxiliary to the Egyptian Army, both as a "cavalry" mount and as a beast of burden.

Merry crowd of Australians in charge of the truckloads of Egyptian and Sudanese camels. Arriving at the rail-head on the east or west frontier, the camels thence set off on their desert marches to the front.

Meal-time at the camel camp in Cairo. "Ships of the desert" leisurely partaking of their evening meal before entraining for the front with the troops in Egypt. In addition to their transport work, camels were used for reconnoitring across the sandy wastes

War Scenes and Incidents East of Suez

Picturesque impression of Dar-es-Salaam, chief port of German East Africa, showing the harbour and church by the beach.

Turkish officer and doctor leaving a steamer at Kut-el-Amara, followed by their wives, veiled with yashmaks after the custom of Mohammedan women.

Conveying wounded soldiers in native boats across the flooded desert between Shaiba and Basra. A difficulty of the Mesopotamia campaign was the lack of transport.

Stormy Days in the Threatened Protectorate

After a stormy night in the desert. Egypt is by no means immune from cold wind and weather, as the appearance of these Britons testifies.

A quiet pipe outside a re-erected tent which was blown down during the storm.

THE enemy had always hoped to strike at Egypt, and every attempt was made to convince the Allies that such was their purpose.

It is possible that the Germans were unable to get the support of the Turks in such an enterprise after the fall of Erzerum. Turkey was not too pleased with the turn of events, and frequently expressed a desire for peace, but a few powerful Ottomans in the hands of the Junkers held undisputed sway over the Sultan's Empire. But for the Senussi tribes, doubtless incited to mischief by the promise of German gold, things were as usual along the Nile in the spring of 1916, though all precautions naturally were taken to guard against any attack in force.

These exclusive photographs, which were sent by a correspondent in Egypt, are singularly novel in showing that the Land of the Nile is by no means immune from stormy times, in spite of the fact that there was no Turkish invasion in the immediate programme.

R.A.M.C. station on the brink of an oasis in the Egyptian desert. A heavy wind was blowing, judging from the movement of the palms.

Two irrepressible Britons going through their toilet. The water having failed, they are making the best of a bad job with yesterday's supply in the well.

The storm at the R.A.M.C. headquarters was so violent that several of the tents were blown down, and the men's greatcoats came in very handy in the circumstances.

Bedouin Hostility Broken Down by British

From the Antipodes to the Land of Old Nile. Australian troops on parade at their training camp near Cairo.

British and Australian officers holding a consultation in the desert of Western Egypt, where, in March, 1916, the force under Major-General Peyton drove the Arab raiders who had crossed the frontier from Tripoli into Egyptian territory from Sollum.

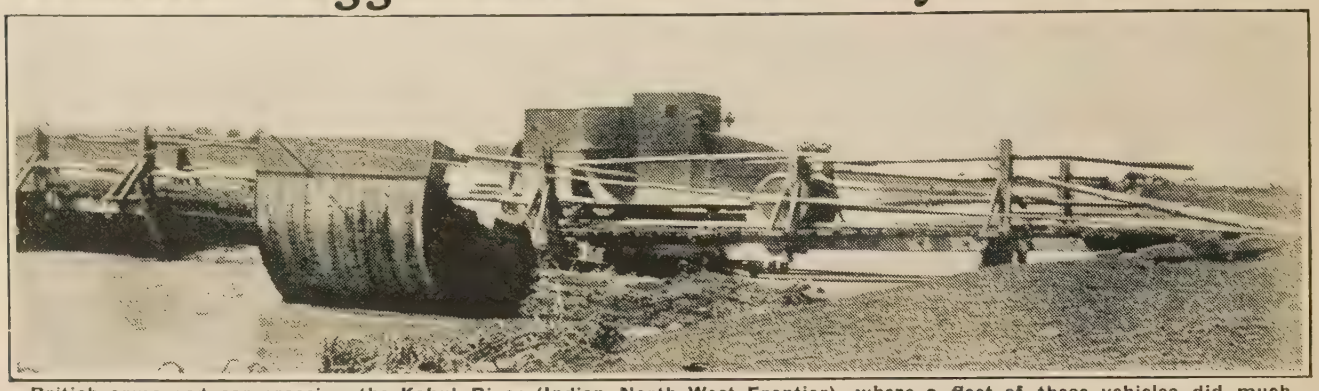
Camels arriving at the western frontier to take part in the operations. The occupation of Sollum by Major-General Peyton's force, on March 14th, 1916, meant in effect that Egypt was cleared of the border raiders. Camel corps, cavalry, and armed motor-cars pursued the defeated marauders. Some of Sayed Ahmed's Bedouin chiefs surrendered, and starving Bedouins, with their families, flocked into the British lines for food and shelter.

Following the Drum in Ancient Persia and Syria

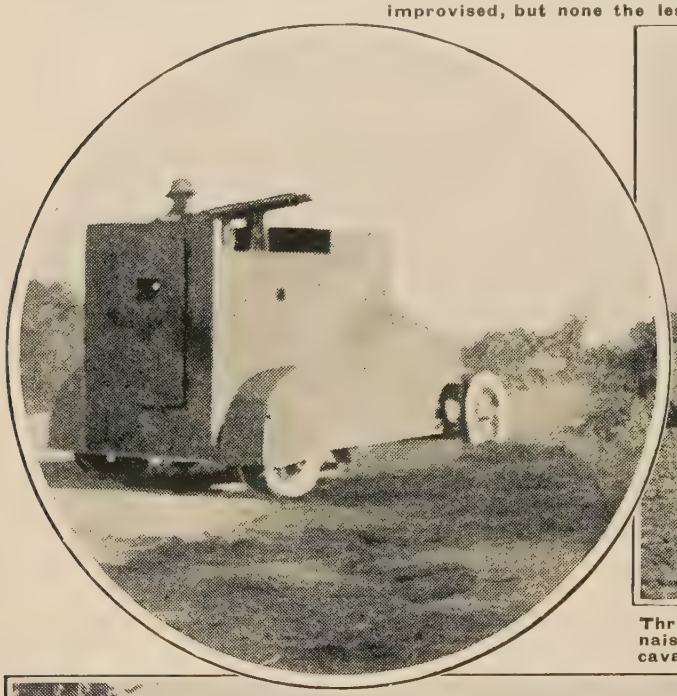
Panorama of Ispahan, the most important town in Persia next to the capital, occupied by the Russians on March 22nd, 1916.

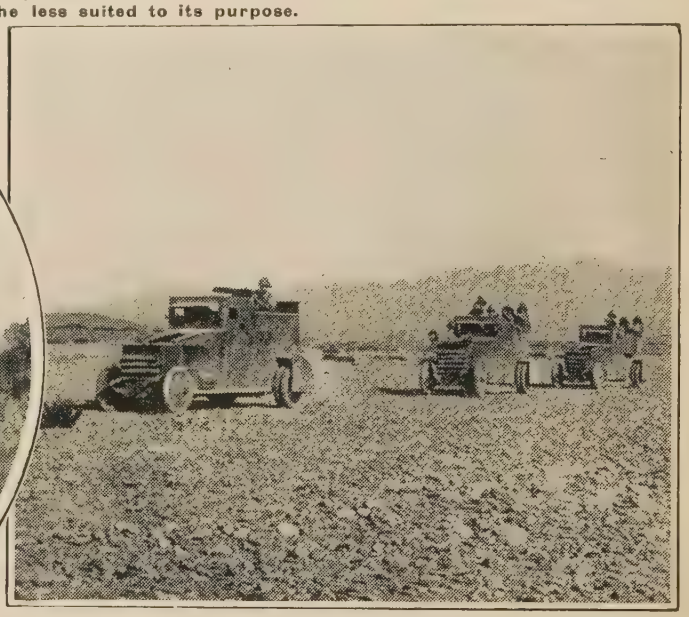
Turkish reserves destined for the Tigris training in Syria. The inset photograph shows the enemy at work on the Berlin–Bagdad Railway in an obstinate endeavour to realise this dream of rail-power before the day of Nemesis dawned on the German Empire.

Western Juggernauts in the Mysterious East

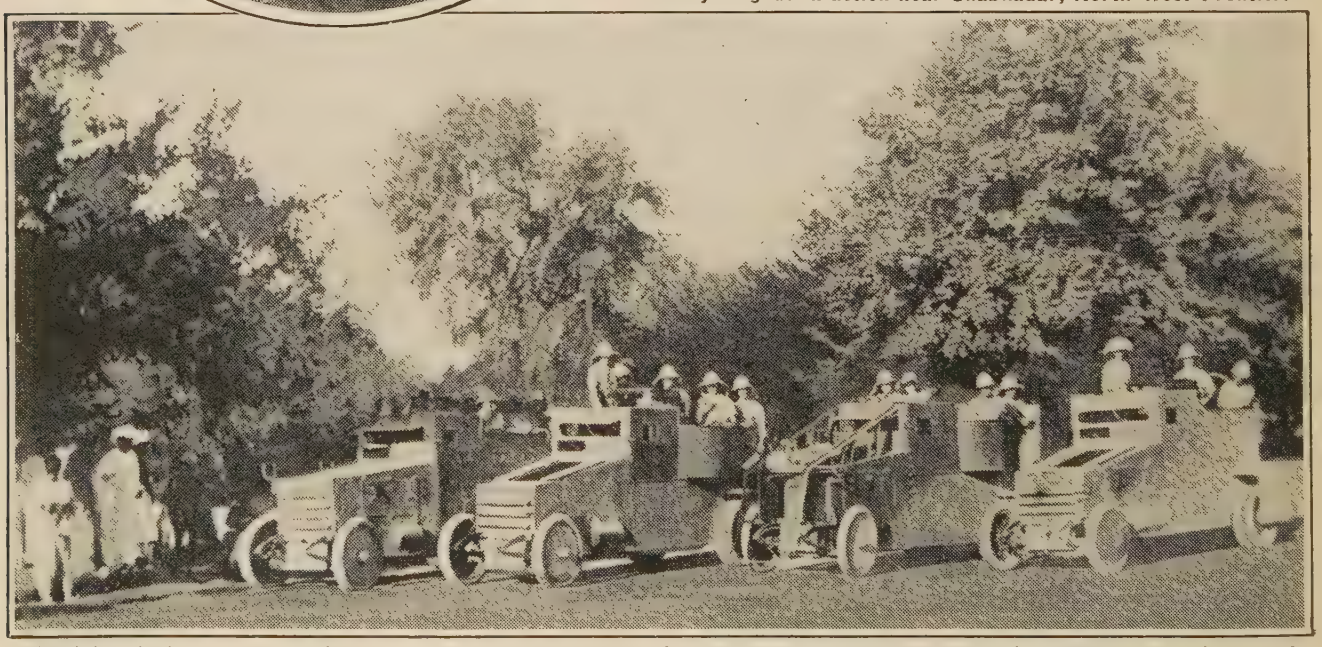


British armoured car crossing the Kabul River (Indian North-West Frontier), where a fleet of these vehicles did much useful work against the restive Mohmands during October, 1915. The car is traversing the river by a bridge hastily improvised, but none the less suited to its purpose.





Three armoured cars retiring down Subhan Khar after a reconnaissance. Inset circle: Armoured car covering the right flank of the cavalry brigade in action near Shabkadar, North-West Frontier.

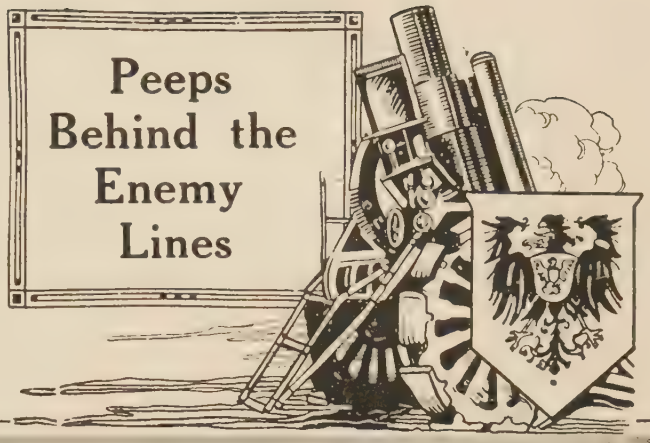


About to start on a reconnaissance. Armoured cars ready for adventure in the mysterious frontier regions of Central Asia. These speedy weapons of war must have caused consternation among the somewhat primitive tribes who were incited by the Germans to cause trouble on the Indian North-West Frontier.

We are not only fighting Prussia's attempt to do, in this instance, to all Europe what she did to non-Prussian Germany, but fighting the German idea of the wholesomeness, almost the desirability, of ever-recurrent war. Prussia under Bismarck deliberately and admittedly made three wars. We want a settled peace in Europe and throughout the world which will be a guarantee against aggressive war . . .

The Prussian authorities have apparently but one idea of peace—an iron peace imposed on other nations by German supremacy. They do not understand that free men and free nations will rather die than submit to that ambition, and that there can be no end to war till it is defeated and renounced.

—VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODEN.



Traitor or trickster ? Two French officers interrogating a German prisoner as to the enemy's dispositions.

With the Baffled Foe on Four Fighting Fronts

The state of Serbian roads may be gathered from this photograph, showing a German officer's carriage up to its axles in mud.

Large bridge at Jerablus, where the Bagdad Railway crosses the River Euphrates, a hundred miles east of Alexandretta.

How a Hungarian advance guard forged ahead under the protection of an iron shield.

Bavarian troops resting in a ruined village near Verdun, preparatory to returning to the suicidal assault on the French positions.
Inset: Curious effect of shell fire on a villa in liberated Alsace.

A German Officers' Training Class. The German military instructors were great on theory, and had precise instructions for dealing with numberless situations, but their theories fell to pieces when the unexpected arose, with the result that their military plans went sadly astray.

How German Military Plans Failed

By MAJOR GEORGE W. REDWAY, the Eminent Military Critic

FIVE generations of Prussians have been bred to arms. Their leaders in war and teachers of the military art are world-renowned. For fifty years the genius of Moltke was dedicated to the service of the Prussian Army, and he with Roon, the War Minister, and Bismarck, the master of policy, formed the triumvirate that crushed in turn Austria and France what time the present ruler of Germany was a schoolboy.

Forty years of peace were then devoted to preparation for the next war; the growth of Krupp's gun factory was watched with fond eyes by the military caste, and the Prussian Military System became the last word in centralisation; for the Kaiser, as legal head of the Army, disposes of the Military Cabinet, the Ministry of War, the General Staff, and the Corps Commanders. Like another Louis XIV. or Napoleon, this absolute monarch seemed to have the world at his feet, but in character he is an "impulsif," according to his former Chief of Staff, Von Schlieffen, and in the opinion of another close observer, General Bonnal, he is a "velléitaire," whose volition is constitutionally defective.

Now it is a precept in war that policy and strategy should keep step, and when Austria and Germany had agreed to assail Russia and France it was the obvious policy of the Central Powers to keep Great Britain out of the field, a stroke easily managed by avoiding Belgian territory.

The Primary and Capital Error

This was not done. Strategy overruled policy on the plea of military necessity, stating on August 4th, 1914, that the German Army was "exposed to French attack across Belgium," and that it was for Germany "a question of life or death to prevent a French advance." Yet France had given assurance on this head a week before, and it was evident that a defensive organisation of the German frontier between Aix-la-Chapelle and Thionville would have checked any such enterprise. Moreover, a French invasion of Belgium would have invited attack in the rear from King Albert's Army. Actually, the French commander made no move northwards until the direction of the German advance had disclosed the Kaiser's plan, and even then his first efforts were directed against Alsace-Lorraine. So their western campaign opened with a military blunder of the first magnitude on the part of the German Staff.

The French were beaten in Alsace on August 7th, and a fortnight later were defeated in Lorraine. Why, then, did we not see a deployment of the German main army on the line selected by Moltke in 1870? There are a score of first-class roads between Switzerland and Luxemburg, besides the Rhine-Rhone and the Rhine-Marne canals, and even across the Vosges between the Donon and the Hartmannsweilerkopf are half a dozen mountain railways. The front extends from Longwy to Delle for one hundred and fifty miles, and a strategical deployment screened by the Vosges, protected by the fortresses of Strassburg and Metz with the Rhine as a lateral communication, could hardly be bettered.

Now the Germans put into the field between August 2nd and October 4th no fewer than fifty-two corps and ten cavalry divisions, and such a force concentrated in Alsace-Lorraine our neighbours would have found it hard to withstand, in the absence of that moral support which was afforded by the vanguard of the British Army, and lacking the breathing space which Belgium's gallant defence afforded them. It was Moltke's saying that "mistakes in the original massing of the armies can hardly be retrieved in the whole course of a campaign," and the resolve of the Kaiser to assemble his main army in Belgium was the first step towards his undoing. Nor was this capital error redeemed by the subsequent proceedings.

Lost Chance to Annihilate France

Napoleon's maxim for invaders still holds good: "The primary objective against which we must direct all our efforts is the enemy's main army." Indeed, Goltz calls this "the first principle of the modern conduct of war." General Joffre's forces at the end of August were distributed in three groups—the right wing was near Nancy, still sore from the trouncing it had received at the Battle of Morchingen; the central mass (ten corps) was north of Verdun across the Meuse; and a third group, the left wing, stood on the line Condé-Mons-Charleroi on both sides of the Sambre. But the gaps between these armies were enormous, and, moreover, they were in échelon—that is to say, the left wing was seventy-five miles north-west and the right wing fifty miles south-east of the centre.

Never was such an opportunity for destroying piecemeal the parts of a divided front. Moreover, the French generalissimo on August 20th had ordered his centre and left to go forward and attack. Their lack of real offensive power is indicated by General Joffre's objurgations upon "divisions ill engaged, rash deployments, and precipitate retreats, a premature waste of men, and, finally, the inadequacy of certain of our troops and their leaders." He removed two of the three army commanders concerned. We can imagine how Napoleon would have manœuvred against these forces to keep them in position, or draw them on by a feigned retreat as at Austerlitz, the better to smash them on gaining their flank or rear, and so finish the campaign at a stroke.

But the German commander—the "impulsif"—rushed the discomfited Allies off the field as if to pursue an enemy before he had beaten him. General Joffre's four armies thus escaped to the Seine, where the strategic reserves became available. Marshal Hindenburg bungled matters in the same fashion in Poland when the Grand Duke was nearly enveloped, and so did Marshal Mackensen in Serbia.

[Continued on page 2028.

Indeed, the German leaders seem incapable of any finesse, they possess no military tact, and fail to understand that without it "the enemy's main army" cannot be brought to book. The late Marshal von der Goltz alone has effected a strategic coup: it is the author of "The Conduct of War" whom we have to thank for General Townshend's "Sedan." In rapid sequence to these two military blunders in the opening campaign came a third one—namely, the Kaiser's decision to fortify the line between the Meuse and the Oise, and thus renounce the field operations in which a real general with a real army finds the means of decisive victory.

"Movement is the law of strategy," says General Foch, and to resort to the spade within 75 miles of Paris was a German confession of weakness which put new heart into the Allies. At first, no doubt, the intention was to make the entrenched force a pivot of manœuvre for other operations to the north and west of Paris. But part of the Kaiser's army—about three corps—was still involved in the Belgian adventure, and it became necessary to strip the Alsace-Lorraine theatre of the troops of the Prince of Bavaria. These attempted at the end of September, 1914, between Arras and Compiègne, to secure Amiens, but the German advance was again arrested, and again the spade was called into service. Meanwhile, the army of occupation in Belgium had allowed King Albert's forces and the British marine division to slip through its fingers and block the line of the Yser.

Germans Resort to Diabolical Aid

The Duke of Würtemberg's army was now brought from the Meuse and, together with that of the Prince of Bavaria and General von Fabeck's three corps, began what was called by the German Press the "Battle of Calais." Their attack died away at Ypres after desperate fighting, and the operation demonstrated that, unit for unit, the Allies had the whip-hand of their opponents. The spade was once more requisitioned. In this manner the flower of the German Army, the product of half a century's preparation, and directed by a General Staff which on a peace footing numbered five hundred picked officers, found its level in the west. Upon the whole we may say that it fared little better in the east, but reticence at Russian Headquarters prevents any useful discussion of the campaigns in Poland.

The "brain" of the German Army having failed to evolve an effective strategy in the Meuse campaign, and German tactics proving inadequate at the first Battle of Flanders, the Kaiser's evil genius prompted him to exploit the resources of chemical science in aid of gun and howitzer, bayonet and bullet. For the vaunted skill of his generals he substituted the humble talent of a professor in pneumatics. Simple forms of gas producers were constructed during the winter of 1914-15 behind the German lines, and so well was the secret kept that towards the end of April, near Ypres, the Emperor William was able to witness a four-mile breach in the French defences made without firing a shot. Asphyxiating gas had been pumped into the trenches of the Turcos and Zouaves in order to suffocate or poison them; and those who contrived to escape to the rear were found gasping for breath, and vainly trying to gain relief by vomiting.

Kluck Fails on the Aisne

By this abominable device the Germans secured an opportunity to acquire the Pas de Calais—the Department which includes the ports of Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk—to hem King Albert's Army against the coast, compel his surrender, and then annex Belgium. For such an occasion at least twenty corps, including four of cavalry, had been assigned to the Flanders front by the German Staff—more than double the force employed by Moltke to defeat Bazaine—and yet nothing was accomplished. History will ask the reason why. Meanwhile, the various units of the Allies which stepped into the gap at the critical moment—notably the Canadian division on the right of the French—may plume themselves on having inspired in the aggressors a wholesome fear of treatment not less efficacious though more soldierly than that which had quite literally opened the road to Calais—to Calais in three easy marches! So near and yet so far.

Meanwhile, the French Army on the Aisne had launched an attack upon the enemy holding a plateau to the north-east of Soissons between Crouy and Vregny. It was one of those local enterprises of which the Allies have been perhaps a little too fond, and on this occasion the counter-attack was promptly delivered. In the course of the fighting a flood carried away all the bridges save one, and the French on the north bank, cut off from support for several days, should have become the prize of the enemy whom fortune had so signally favoured. But to the astonishment of the French Staff, the redoubtable Von Kluck took no steps to exploit the situation, and eventually General Castelnau's troops recrossed the river with the loss of a few guns, a mile of ground, and, of course, the casualties due to a week's hard fighting. The town of Soissons remained in French hands, as well as the bridge at Venizal.

Indecision at Loos and Verdun

Another fair field for German enterprise presented itself at the end of September, 1915, when the Allies had spent themselves in a series of violent assaults at Loos and Souchez in Artois, and at Souain in Champagne. At this juncture the German Staff had no higher tactical inspiration than to meet the shock by a local counter-attack, which recovered only a portion of the lost ground at a prodigious cost. But it is by the application of force to the points where the enemy is feeble that great victories are won, and on this occasion the German Staff, after locating our concentration, had the advantage which is held by the second hand at cards.

It is perhaps early to pronounce upon the Kaiser's New Year enterprise at Verdun, but after two months of secret preparation and sixteen weeks' fighting, his gain is not great in territory, and his operations have been least successful on the left, or west, bank of the Meuse, where alone any strategic advantage could be reaped. However, it is not too late for the German Staff to retrieve the error in their original dispositions, which has resulted in colossal losses and a waste of time which General Pétain has doubtless turned to profit. The fantastic statement of the "Berliner Tageblatt"—that twenty-five German divisions have been opposed by fifty-one French divisions at Verdun—would, if true, convict the German Staff of incredible folly in venturing to attack a fortress with a force fifty per cent. weaker than the garrison.

Miscalculation and False Supposition

The militarists used to tell us that a standing army was maintained as the instrument of the national will, to perform certain technical services of which the civilian has no knowledge, or for which he is otherwise unfitted. We were assured that the *metier* of trained soldiers was to settle a national dispute promptly by force of arms, to convince the enemy of the futility of further resistance, and end the war while their compatriots got on with their work in the world. But we shall listen to no such doctrine in future. The Prussian Staff, adopting the theories of Bernhardi, plunged into war on the supposition that the Army of France would be lacking in discipline, that the Army of Great Britain was a negligible quantity, and that the Army of Russia was infected with sedition. The German troops employed to vindicate these opinions had lost one and three-quarter million men—exclusive of a million "slightly wounded"—at the end of April, 1916.

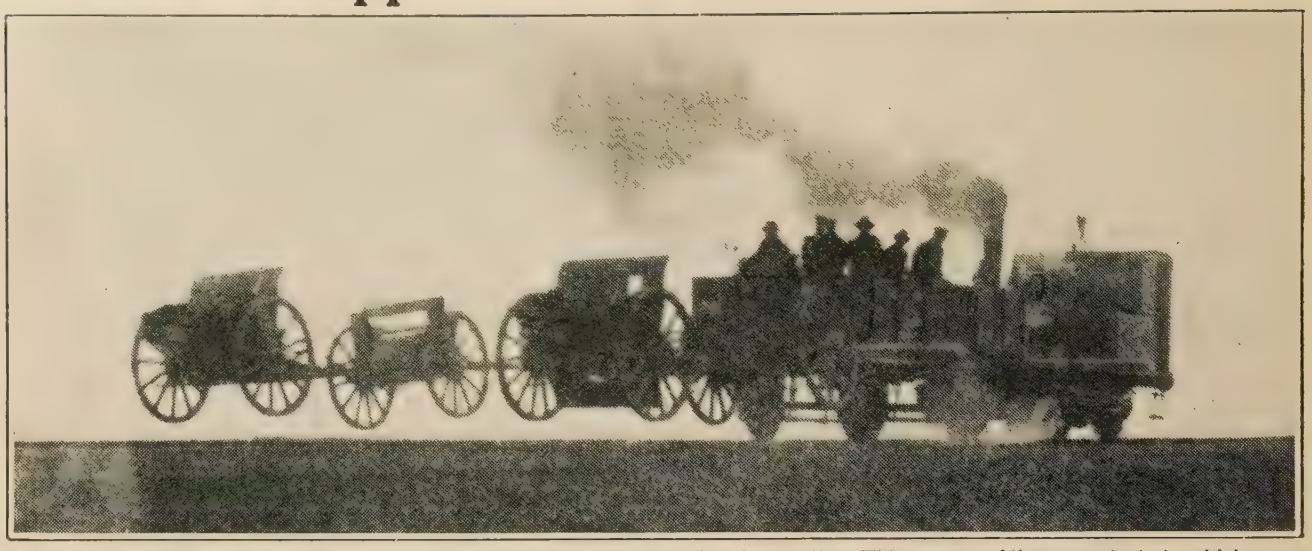
The German Army has completely discredited the profession of arms, since it attained no permanent success when at its maximum of efficiency, and then, having sought out many inventions, was hoist with its own petard. It was the failure of the German Army and Prussian Staff to achieve the aims of the Kaiser that brought into the field the German "nation in arms" and its sympathisers, and this development has compelled the Allies to oppose them with every fit man of military age. And there the matter stands to-day. Taken in bulk, all the armies are now citizen armies—improvised soldiers—and man for man, perhaps, as snipers, bomb-throwers and what-not, they do as well as one another. But the "nation in arms" is hampered already by fighting at a distance from its own frontiers, and will experience month by month the graver disabilities arising from a diminished trade and—unless our statistics are at fault—a depleted treasury and a decline in man-power. Moreover, it has yet to feel the worst effects of awakening, in the twenty-second month of the war, the fighting spirit of its most formidable antagonist.

The Crown Prince's Emblem of Good Fortune

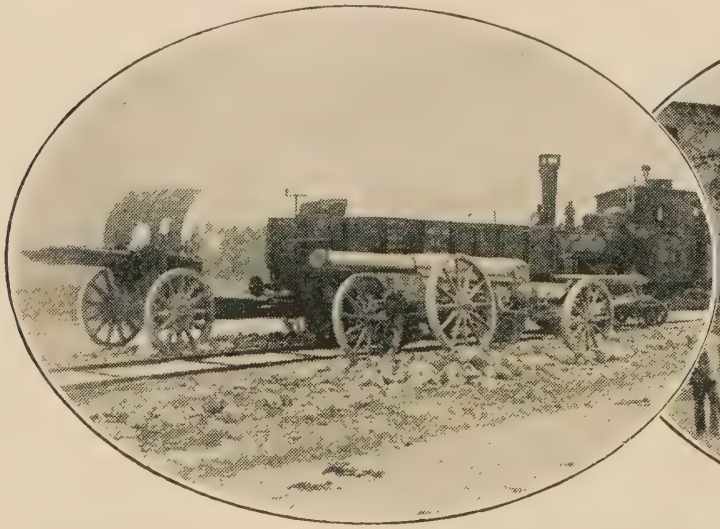
One of the French positions in the famous Crows' Wood west of the Meuse which fell into the hands of the Germans in the Verdun Battle. The fight for this sinister-named forest approached in fury the terrific combat for Douaumont. After changing hands several times the Germans retook it on March 10th, 1916.

A striking photograph of the Crown Prince taken on the Verdun front. The horseshoe—appropriately the wrong way up—which was carried on the car failed to bring him luck despite the continued sacrifice of thousands of lives in the desperate gambler's effort to break the French line.

How Krupp Guns Are Tested at Essen



Field-guns leaping over a series of traverse rails, while being towed by a locomotive. This was one of the severe tests to which new German guns were subjected at the great Krupp Works in order to make certain that their carriages can withstand heavy shocks.



New Krupp guns being hauled by a locomotive over big stones beside the track in the ordnance yard at Essen. Right: Field-howitzer bumping over a round beam placed across the rails.

Testing a new field-gun for horse artillery over rough ground near the Krupp Works at Essen. These severe trials were made to test the power of the guns' mechanism to withstand shocks while in motion without becoming deranged.

Three Grenadiers: Civilisation at Lowest Ebb

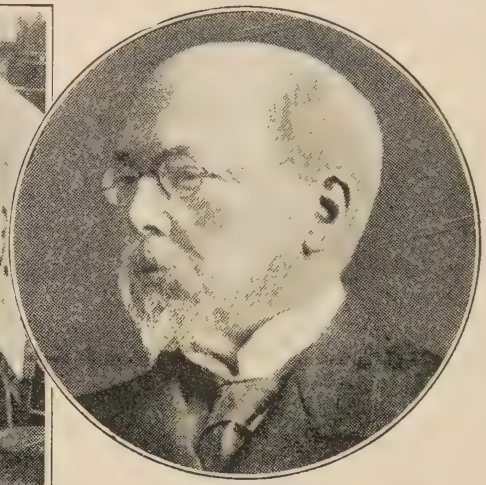
By various deeds has Germany forfeited her claim to be regarded as civilised, but perhaps the most poignant expression of her barbarity is the ugliness with which she hoped to frighten her enemies into submission. Poison gas, Germany's great surprise, gave her every opportunity to look thoroughly monstrous. One wonders what a human being of A.D. 2016 will think of the nation whose fighting men looked as sinister as these specimen grenade-throwers in the German lines.

Bulgarian troops entering a town in the Balkans with their band playing. The Bulgarians, according to reports, out-Hunned the Huns in their behaviour to the inoffensive peasantry. Right: German Landsturm marching through a Macedonian town. It will be noticed that the Landsturm wear a different uniform from that of the first-line troops.

WITH ENEMY FORCES IN THE BALKANS.—German soldiery crossing a stream in the mountainous regions of Albania. Right: German troops in a Macedonian town buying tobacco from a Serbian pedlar. Though a large number of Serbian peasants retreated with King Peter's Army, many remained to barter with the invader.

Germany Organises Against the Hunger Wolf

Pictorial proof of food shortage in Germany. Crowd of Berliners round the public stalls buying portions at threepence-halfpenny each.



Count von Hertling, Bavarian Premier, appointed Minister of Provisions.

THAT the food question in Berlin, and generally throughout the Central Empires, became acute was proved by the appointment of Count von Hertling and Herr von Batocki as Ministers of Provisions during the crisis.

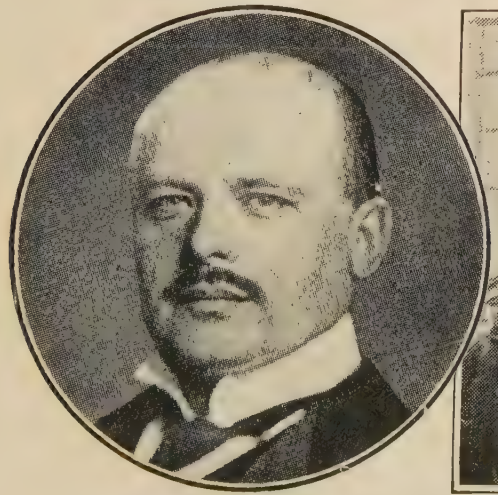
The British naval blockade and the probability of a poor harvest set the German organisers on the alert lest famine should prevail, and the Fatherland was virtually put on rations. Food tickets became general. In fact, after June 5th, 1916, meat and fat were only obtainable on presentation of a meat card, the supply being regulated in accordance with whatever was available for consumption.

A system of State soup-kitchens was also introduced in Berlin and other populous cities, where the poor could procure soup for 35 pfennigs, or 3½d. per portion.

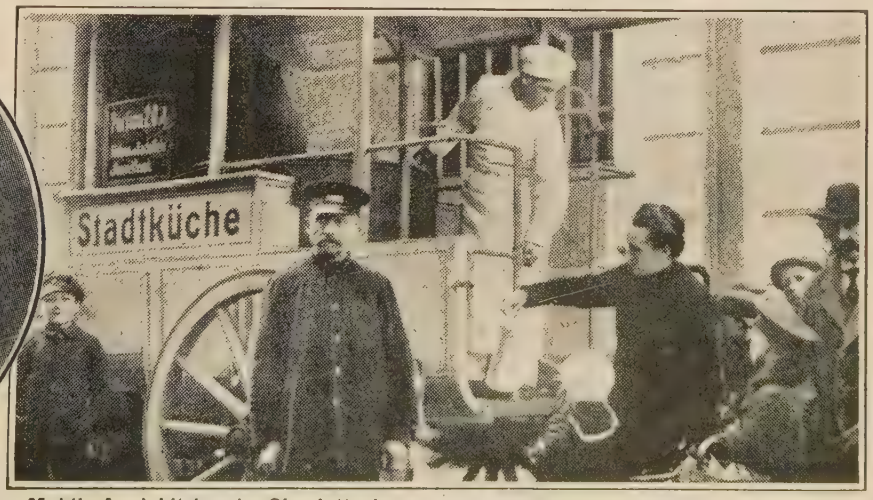
The apparent scarcity of meat was relieved by a superabundance of vegetables, and the tendency in Berlin was to rely more than ever on vegetables as the best available substitute for meat.

The photographs on this page are all illustrative of the food problem, and how it was dealt with in the enemy's capital.

The notice reads, "State food stall. Warm lunches at threepence-halfpenny each." A popular feature of Berlin.



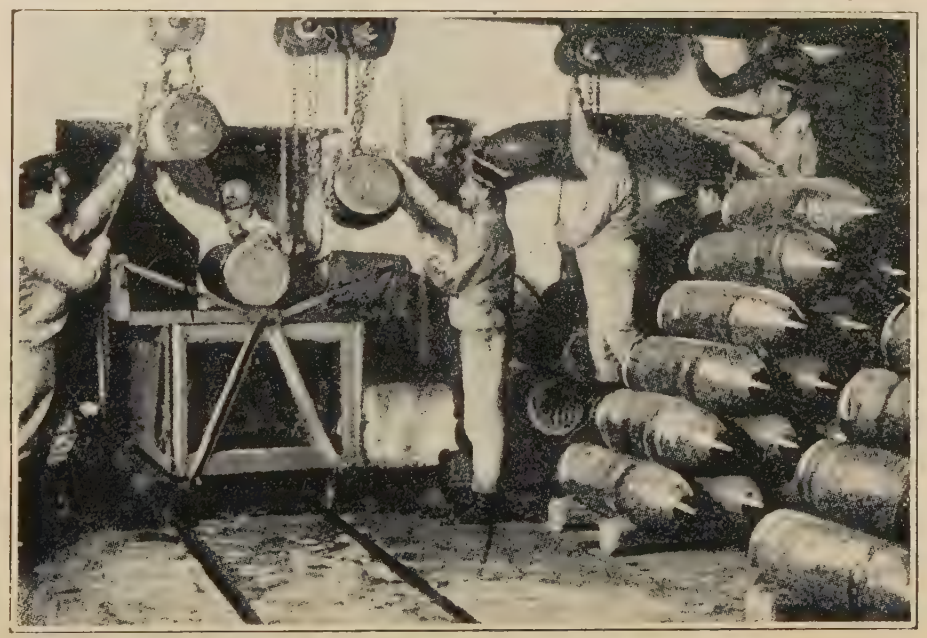
Herr von Batocki, President of East Prussia, the German Food Dictator.



Mobile food kitchen in Charlottenburg, a system that was adopted by the State for the benefit of the poor.

German sailors transporting heavy shells along specially-laid rail tracks to a coast battery.

An alarm that enemy vessels have been sighted off the coast has brought the German naval garrison to its stations. The sight of these hefty German naval men doubling along the coast road is not without appeal to a sense of humour.



GERMAN ACTIVITIES ALONG THE COAST.—Store room of heavy howitzer shells fitted with a special crane apparatus for lifting the projectiles.

Heavy coast howitzer in action. The Germans placed a number of these guns along their coast-line, as they had always been fearful of a British landing.

Through German Eyes: Two Phases of the War

German schoolchildren of the Black Forest district, having collected stacks of journals for their relatives in the trenches, are dragging them to the town-hall of a small town. This was the result of a "Paper Week" held in the Black Forest.

German sailors warding off a hostile aeroplane from an armoured cruiser. It will be seen that the enemy handymen are using rifles, which soon came to be considered by all belligerents as the most effective "Archie" available.

BRITISH BAYONET CHARGE AS SEEN BY THE ENEMY.—This drawing, reproduced from a German journal, is described as illustrating German troops in Flanders repelling a British "cold steel" attack with hand-grenades. A suitable, though doubtless unintentional, tribute is paid by the artist to our infantrymen, for it will be seen that he has depicted them advancing unflinchingly at the double, utterly unaffected by the exploding hand-grenades. In the spring of 1916 the power of the enemy on the defensive had yet to be proved. Up till then the Germans did most of the attacking, but the day was not far distant when their staying qualities would be tried to the utmost.

Incidents of the Austrian Efforts Against Italy

'Mid the pines and heights. Austrian machine-gun position in the Tyrol.

Field smiths at work with the Austrian armies on the Isonzo front, where horse transport is preferable to motor-cars.

THE Austrians, who made preparations on a par with those of their ally before Verdun, met with a stern Italian resistance and counter-attack on the Trentino front. It was unfortunate for the Dual Monarchy that General Brussiloff should have timed his offensive in Volhynia to coincide exactly with the Austrian effort against King Victor's army.

The sweeping successes of the Russian armies had, to a great extent, upset the Austrian plans for an effective drive into the plains of Lombardy. A large number of troops and guns had to be diverted to meet the Russian onslaught, apart from the fact that our Italian friends fought with an inspired vigour and heroism which recalls the conduct of the French soldiers in the fateful sector of the Meuse.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced from enemy journals, and show various incidents and phases of the war amid the Dolomites, from the Austrian side.

Observation-post in the Austrian Tyrol. Winter scene where fighting men looked like Polar explorers.

Austrian outpost in action with Italians on the Isonzo front. A brush with Italy's immemorial enemy.

Street in Gorizia, showing Austrian soldiers in occupation of the bombarded town.

Martial Clatter Echoes with Mountain Cascade

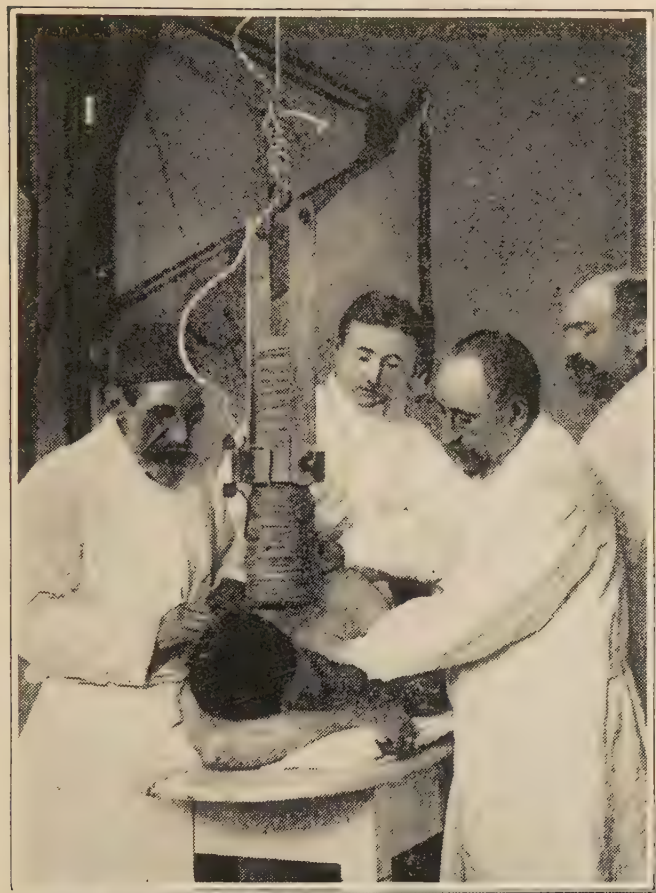
The awe-inspiring snow-capped Dolomites, lined with sombre fir-trees, long the resort of tourists, were overrun with the sinister traffic of war. The roll of the guns and clatter of martial hoofs echoed simultaneously with the music of the cascade. The years 1915–16 witnessed the passing of troops and the movement of munitions towards positions in this beautiful Alpine setting where our Italian ally held his hereditary foe. This picturesque scene illustrates the march of an Austrian munition column along a mountain path. Mules were mainly used for this work because of their sure footing on the moss-grown boulders.

Austrian Alpine Soldiers Amid the Dolomites

Some idea of the exceptional peril of campaigning in the Dolomites may be gathered from this illustration from an enemy paper. An Austro-Hungarian night patrol is seen proceeding on a reconnaissance among the snow-capped peaks. Each man is equipped with an alpenstock, and the whole troop are linked together by ropes. Men on this exciting duty had to be skilled mountaineers, for their battle with the forces of Nature was as frequently fraught with danger as the struggle with the enemy.

FLAMES AND GRENADES.—Perhaps the most amazing feature of the war was the combination of primitive weapons—the club and the hand-thrown missile—with the latest appliances of science. The photograph on the left shows Hungarians using an apparatus for projecting burning acids, while that on the right shows Austrians hurling hand-grenades.

The Hand of Science in the Cause of Humanity



Left: Professor Bergonie applying the electro-vibrator, of which he is the inventor, to locate a shell-splinter in a man's neck. Above: German bacteriologists taking serum from sheep.

Wounded Germans receiving special electric-light treatment in a hospital at the base. Surely the gods must have laughed when they saw men so industriously using science to repair the harm they caused by their own misuse of science!

WITHIN AN AUSTRIAN FORT ON THE ADRIATIC.—Though little was heard of the Italo-Austrian conflict on the Adriatic, preparations, attacks, and counter-attacks went on incessantly. Positions wrenched by Franz Josef's soldiers from the sturdy Montenegrins were consolidated; huge Skoda guns replaced the smaller weapons of other days. This striking drawing, reproduced from an enemy paper, shows the interior of a strong fort occupied by the Austrians on the Adriatic. A bombardment was in progress, and officers were sighting the range from elevated positions, while the gun crews were getting their weapons ready to fire, and other officers were studying plans.

Austrian Activities in Montenegro and Albania

Albanian Red Cross convoy on the march. Inset: Austrian engineers building a wooden roadway over an old Turkish bridge across the Drin.

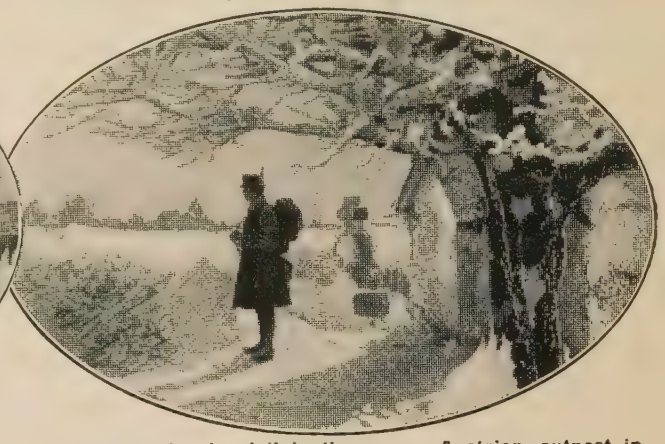
Austrian transport column forging along the Montenegrin countryside. In the Spring of 1916, Franz Josef's soldiers were busy organising the defence of Montenegro and Albania in the event of an allied offensive in the Balkans.

Austrians Prepare for New Russian Offensive

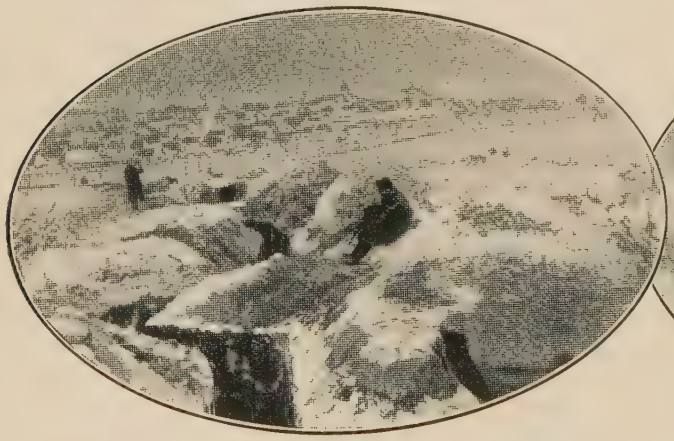
Bringing up supplies of machine-gun ammunition by sledge for Austrian forces somewhere on the eastern front.

Austrian field-howitzer about to fire against Russian stronghold. The distance of the gunners from the weapon is remarkable.

Some of Franz Josef's soldiers disposing of the snow to facilitate military operations, general transport, etc.

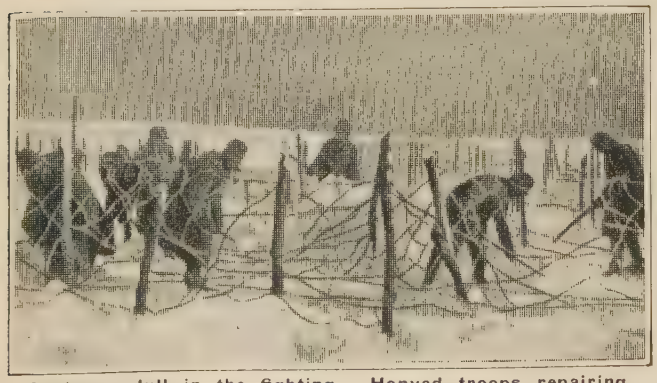


A long and lonely vigil in the snow. Austrian outpost in Volhynia, a Russian province that borders on Galicia.



A bleak and barren waste. Abandoned Russian trenches in the neighbourhood of a village in Volhynia.

In Central Europe, when bitter cold prevailed. Austrian soldier surveying the enemy position from a captured fort.



During a lull in the fighting. Honved troops repairing barbed-wire entanglements destroyed by a violent blizzard.

Held fast in a drift. Austrian battery up to its axles in snow, on its way towards the fighting front.

Crash and roar on the summer seas,
Smoke enshrouding the azure waves—
Britain wins through after fights like these,
Gaining new strength from her sailors' graves.

Tears, aye tears with the hearts bereft,
Pain and weeping are War's decree,
Part of the pattern for ever weft
By the loom that is working out Victory.

Adamant grit is the better part;
In hamlet and city, vale and street,
Firm and strong beats the nation's heart
With solid trust in the British Fleet.

—Jessie Pope.

Game to the last! Two men and an officer of the British Destroyer Shark, decks awash, defy the German Fleet in the Battle of Horn Reef, May 31st, 1916.

SUNK OFF JUTLAND.—A ship that goes down in fair fight with her flag still flying commands the respect of every Briton. In this picture Mr. Padday finely suggests the proud defiance with which one German cruiser went to her doom, with a full complement of officers and men, beaten by the finer fighting of Sir David Beatty's ships.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The British Naval Victory off Jutland

By EDWARD WRIGHT

IN chess, a good player often throws out a pawn to be captured, with the subtle design of trapping his opponent and making him pay dearly for taking the piece. This is a gambit. The masterly British rout of the German Fleet between Southern Norway and Western Denmark was the result of a Jellicoe double gambit, subtler than anything in Nelson's methods of attack.

Yet Admiral von Scheer opened the involved movements of the struggle in a way that showed both skill and courage. But the enemy commander based his plan on a wrong conception of the quality of mind of Sir David Beatty. All the early spring of 1916 Sir David had been "barging" about the North Sea and playing the part of a man of careless, arrogant strength. As such Scheer accepted him, and arranged to trap him in one of his favourite parading grounds. The selected scene of action was the Little Fisher Bank, a fishing shallow about three hundred miles due east of Aberdeen, and nearly a hundred miles from the coast of Jutland. A German submarine flotilla appears first to have submerged near the Little Fisher with orders to wait the grand event. This event depended on the weather, as the German scheme required a considerable amount of mist in order to provide an exit in case of disaster.

Admiral Scheer's Plan of Campaign

The weather was promising on the night of May 30th, 1916. So at dawn on Wednesday, May 31st, Admiral von Hipper, with five German battle-cruisers and attendant small craft, steamed some two hundred and fifty miles north of Wilhelmshafen towards the spot where the ten British cruising ships were likely to be met. A hundred miles behind Hipper came Scheer with sixteen battleships of the Dreadnought type and six of the pre-Dreadnought class. Hipper had the Derfflinger, Lützow, Seydlitz, Moltke, and a ship of unknown name. Beatty had the Lion, Tiger, Queen Mary, New Zealand, and Indefatigable, together with the new fast battleships Barham, Malaya, Valiant, and Warspite, led by Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas. Hipper's task was to engage Beatty's division, and, at the price of a long and terrible pounding, lead the ten British capital ships and their light cruisers and destroyers into the enveloping arms of the twenty-two German battleships.

The action began about two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. An innocent Norwegian cargo steamer, the Fjord, was stopped near Little Fisher Bank by two German destroyers. But two British light cruisers, the Galatea and the Phæton, opened fire on the destroyers. Then, as the ships were getting the range, three heavy enemy cruisers appeared and made the water dance in fountains with salvos of large shells. The British light cruisers, which had been steaming forward at thirty-two knots, turned back, but in retreating reduced their speed to twenty-five knots in order to invite pursuit. Their design was, of course, to draw the powerful hostile ships within range of the 13·5 in. shells of our leading squadron.

At half-past two the British battle-cruisers and the German battle-cruisers sighted each other. Hipper was then near the south coast of Norway, and Beatty's division, which was steaming up from the south-east, was between the Germans and their base. Hipper was apparently trapped, if Beatty could overtake him. Hipper turned completely round, transforming what had been his vanguard of destroyers and light cruisers into his rearguard, and made a long, curving south-easterly course in the direction of Horn Reef. Sir David Beatty, leading the six battle-cruisers, made a curving parallel to Hipper's course, while Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas, leading the four fast British battleships, took a straight short cut across the curve, which would bring him near the Jutland coast on the line of retreat of the German force.

For an hour and a quarter the chase went on without a shot being fired. At a quarter to four the enemy was overtaken, and the conflict opened with a shower of 13·5 in. shells flung by our leading battle-cruisers against the enemy ships ten miles away. Our gun not only threw a heavier shell with more force behind it, but kept the great shell straighter on the target. To get in turn a better aim, Hipper bore down more to the south. This brought him closer to his mighty battleship force.

By this means the two forces came about four o'clock within six miles of each other. The conflict then was of an infernal sublimity. It was like a hundred thunderstorms. The sea rose in waterspouts, eighty to a hundred feet high, where the salvos missed the zigzagging, manœuvring ships. But at short range most of the shells struck home on the larger targets. Splinters hurtled about the steel-clad decks, killing and maiming the heroic men working the secondary armament with little or no armour to shelter them.

The big gun was absolute master of the situation. The battle-cruisers on both sides did not carry the proper weight of armour for big-gun fighting. It was the essential principle of battle-cruiser construction that armour should be sacrified to speed, and the ship was originally invented by us for the purpose of chasing down and destroying at long range hostile armoured cruisers that were breaking into our trade routes. The modern method of concentration fire terribly increased the hammering effect. Each squadron selected one opposing ship and massed the general weight of shell against her. The shooting of the Germans at this stage of the struggle was remarkably good. They selected our rearmost battle-cruiser, the Indefatigable, a ship of 18,750 tons, armed with eight 12 in. guns, and carrying some seven hundred and ninety officers and men, under Captain Charles F. Sowerby. The big ship staggered under the tremendous weight of metal she received, and blew up scarcely five minutes after the beginning of the hurricane of fire. Twenty minutes later we lost one of our very finest ships—the Queen Mary—of 27,500 tons, with armour two inches thicker than that of the Indefatigable, carrying a thousand officers and men, under Captain Cecil I. Prowse.

The Germans in Luck

In both cases it was accident rather than smashing force that destroyed with startling rapidity one-third of Sir David Beatty's battle-cruiser force. A shell tore off the top of the turret and exploded inside, killing all the gunners and wrecking the guns. Close to the guns was the open ammunition hoist, and as apparently this passage into the magazine was not closed by a door, owing to shells being on their way to the guns, the flame of the explosion in the turret swept down the hoist into the magazine, causing the ship to be blown up by her own shells. Soon after the Queen Mary went up in a volcano of steam, fire, and smoke, a German cruiser in turn was destroyed.

It was about this time that the British battleship squadron under Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas completed its short cut across the curve and fell into line behind the New Zealand. Hipper was then within only twenty minutes' steaming distance from his High Sea Fleet, and being flushed with victory he maintained the terrific conflict at short range. At a quarter to five came the decisive crisis in the battle. The sixteen German Dreadnoughts steamed close up to Hipper, and Hipper made a turn directly northward in order to overlap Beatty's division. Along the new course that he took with his four remaining battle-cruisers he was followed by three German Dreadnoughts of the König class, five of the Kaiser class, and the rest of the sixteen German Dreadnoughts. The slower six enemy ships of pre-Dreadnought type seem to have proceeded north-west, with a view to picking up fragments of our division that seemed doomed to destruction.

Sir David Beatty avoided envelopment by executing the same turn northward as Hipper was carrying out, and on both sides the turning-point was a deadly spot.

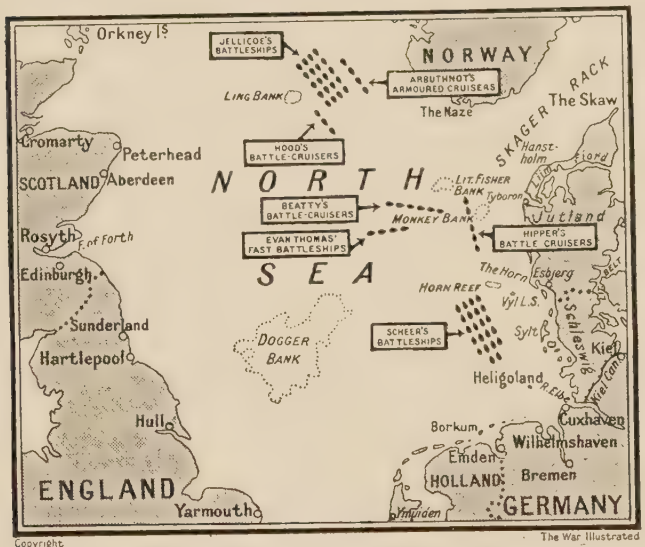
[Continued on page 2048.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

(Continued from page 2047.)

Our sailors named it Windy Corner. As each ship steamed round she came under a prolonged, concentrated fire from all the opposing ships which were in regular line. Then the light cruisers and destroyers had to make the turn, with the secondary armament of the big ships playing on them, and the hostile craft of the smaller kind battering them. Hipper's rearguard had already been largely crippled or sunk, as it had to withstand both our small craft and our battle-cruisers and battleships. Our light force, on the other hand, was practically intact and fighting with amazing skill and intrepidity.

But fine as was the work of our light craft, it was not important. Their great time was to come later. The men who rode the thunderstorms of the guns and directed the tornadoes of shell were dead men—the dead men of the Indefatigable and the Queen Mary. In death they served their country even better than they could have done in life. For their destruction blinded not only Hipper but Scheer. The German Commander-in-Chief was so elated by the unexpected victory of this cruiser squadron that he thought Sir David Beatty was thoroughly beaten



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Plan indicating the area of the Jutland Battle and the approximate positions of the conflicting navies.

and seeking to escape. As a matter of fact, our battle-cruisers and fast battleships had been flung out by Sir John Jellicoe in person as gambit pawns to overmatch, by a larger sacrifice, the five German battle-cruisers which Scheer had offered as a gambit. Had none of our ships been sunk, Scheer might have seen that he was being overplayed. But when he learnt by wireless that we had lost two capital ships in the preliminary action, where we had possessed more than double the strength of his advance force, he ceased to study the larger aspects of the terrible game and steamed up in a bull-like rush to complete the annihilation of Beatty.

There then began from Windy Corner to a northern point near the Skager-Rak one of the most glorious fights in our glorious naval history. For an hour and a quarter four British battle-cruisers and four British battleships fought against four German battle-cruisers and sixteen German battleships. When we were in superior strength, we lost; when we were overwhelmingly outnumbered, we won. For the marvellous thing was that we lost no capital ship during this extreme ordeal. The enemy, on the other hand, suffered heavily. He lost another battle-cruiser, and of all the four leading ships with which he began the northerly race towards the Grand Fleet of Britain, only one remained in battle order at the end of the course. It was in this great luring race that the superior speed of our battle-cruisers and fast battleships told against the enemy. Sir David Beatty's flagship always remained well ahead of the German battle-cruisers, which were caught by a double fire from both our squadrons. For the German battleships could not keep up with our fast battleships, so that the Barham, Malaya, Valiant, and Warspite were fairly free to hammer at what remained of Hipper's force.

At six o'clock Sir John Jellicoe began to play for the great decision. Beatty had then dragged the German High Sea Fleet almost in sight of our Grand Fleet. Jellicoe had a second battleship squadron, consisting of the Invincible, Inflexible, and the Indomitable, under Rear-Admiral Horace Hood. The British Commander-in-Chief also had an older, feebler, and slower cruiser squadron, consisting of the Defence, Warrior, Black Prince, and Duke of Edinburgh, under Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot. His immediate object was to keep the German Fleet violently engaged until our battleship squadrons were south enough to cut Scheer off from his base.

Pluckiest Scene in the Battle

Admiral Hood was ordered to take station at the head of Sir David Beatty's line, and close round eastward and block the entrance to the Baltic. Beatty had received a wireless order to the same effect, and as he was maintaining his overlapping lead of the German line, he was able to turn eastward, bringing a flanking fire against the remnant of Hipper's squadron. But all the kick had not been knocked out of the German battle-cruisers. As Hood swung his squadron forward in a magnificent sweep his flagship, the Invincible, got a shell through one of her turrets and went up in a roar of smoke and flame, as the Queen Mary and the Indefatigable had done. Then occurred the pluckiest scene in the battle. Some of the blown up, half drowned, and truly invincible sailors rose from the very pit of death, and from the sea cheered our ships as they proceeded to swing round and envelope the enemy's line.

Scheer then still tried to break away, apparently towards the Skager-Rak. He sent out a large force of light cruisers and destroyers, which threw up smoke clouds, increasing the general blurring effect of the mist. Sir John Jellicoe answered this move by launching against the head of the enemy's bending line the armoured cruiser squadron under Sir Robert Arbuthnot. The four cruisers, with their 9·2 in. guns and their 6 in. armour belt, smashed through the German light cruisers and destroyers, sinking several craft of both kinds in the fierce, short action. But as they were achieving this local victory the mist cleared, and five of the most powerful German Dreadnoughts closed down on them to a range of 5,000 yards. The Defence was blown up in three minutes, and the Black Prince flamed and exploded soon afterwards. The Warrior was crippled, but her crew was saved from destruction by the Warspite, that steamed up and lived through the concentrated fire of the five German battleships, and with her eight 15 in. guns shattered at least one of them and completely beat the others off.

By this time the High Sea Fleet was nearly enveloped. Beatty was steaming down the Danish coast, Jellicoe's squadron commanders were leading their ships forward at the highest possible speed south of Fisher Bank, while the fast battleship squadron under Evan-Thomas used its incomparable pace to separate from Beatty's command and swing far out to sea and form the swift westward wing of the victorious Grand Fleet. By seven o'clock in the evening Admiral von Scheer, who had also extended in a long line westward, began to feel the full striking power of the British Navy.

Rout of the German Fleet

The contest then ended and the rout began. Jellicoe's long arms were almost round the High Sea Fleet, which lost all order and dodged away through the drifts of fog. The last shots from our heavy guns were fired from both wings in the dusk about half-past eight, and then for six and a half hours the broken and disordered enemy forces reeled under torpedo attacks made by our destroyers and light cruisers. We must, however, reserve the incomparable story of our deadly destroyer attacks for another issue. They reduced the German Fleet from the second to at least the third position in naval strength. The material damage, including minimum losses of four capital ships, four light cruisers, ten destroyers, and several submarines, may have been only attrition. But the German Fleet generally was so damaged that it was temporarily put out of action.

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DAVID AGAINST GOLIATH: BRITISH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER MAKES AN END OF GERMAN BATTLESHIP.

During the great naval engagement off the coast of Jutland, May 31st, 1916, one of the British torpedo-boat destroyers performed a particularly fine and thrilling piece of work. It was in the night-time, when the engagement had assumed the character of a running fight, that H.M.S. Spitfire single-handed attacked a big German battleship, and getting a torpedo right home, blew her up.

Deeds Not Words for God and King and Country

In a great naval battle the number of killed inevitably exceeds greatly that of the wounded, since there is small chance to pick up floating survivors from ships sent to the bottom. These two photographs show some of the survivors from the Jutland battle.

Charles Hope, one of the six survivors from the Shark, the destroyer that was one of the first in the fight, and sank while firing. Right: "Lyddite," the Shark's cat.

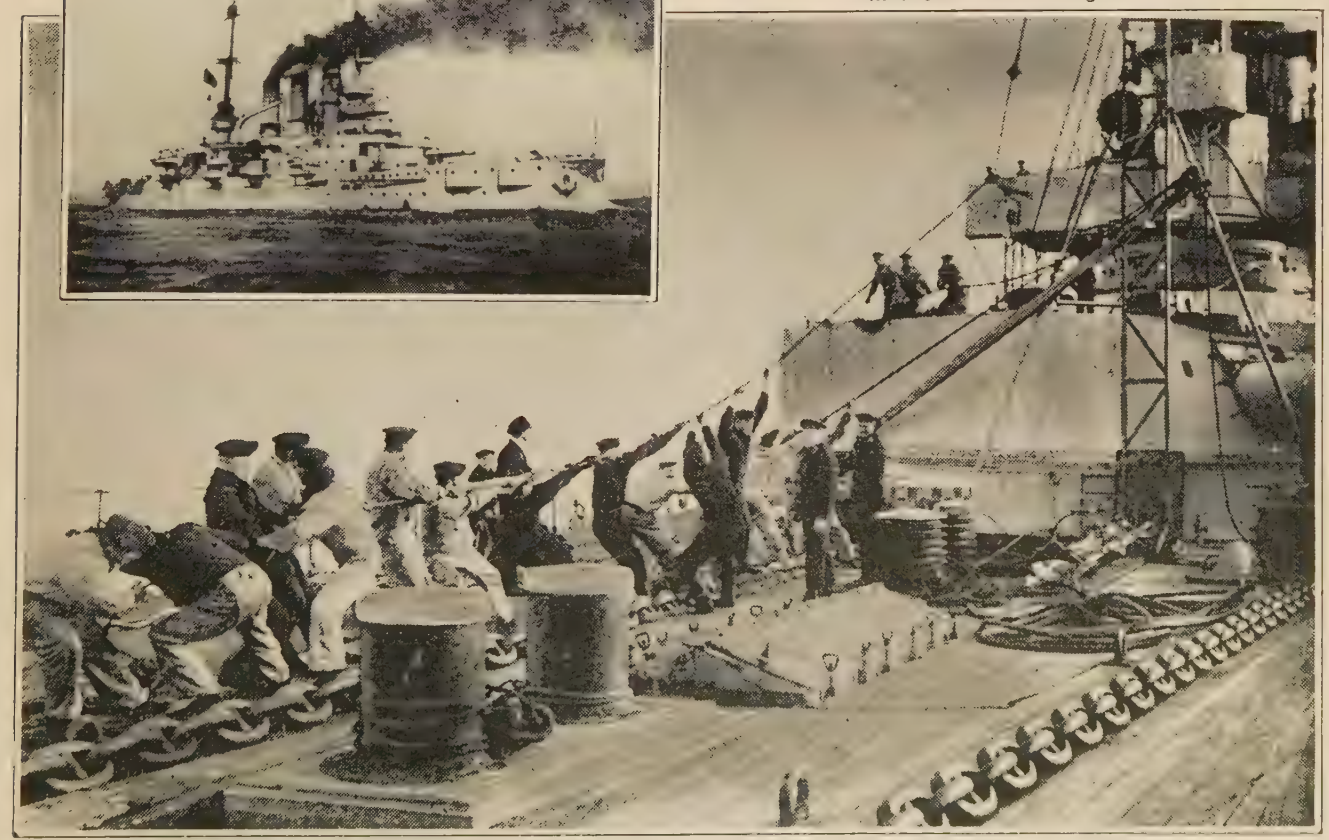
How the Navy begins the day. Morning prayers aboard H.M.S. Shark. The exploit of this ship will become one of the most cherished traditions of the British Navy. This photo gives intensity to the meaning of the motto "For God and King and Country."

TYPICAL BRITISH SAILORS.—Some of the crew of H.M.S. Queen Mary, the latest and largest of the three British battle-cruisers lost in the Battle off Jutland. The battle-cruiser Queen Mary was completed in 1913. Her displacement was 27,000 tons, her speed 27 knots, and her armament eight 13·5 in., sixteen 4 in. guns, and two 21 in. torpedo-tubes. Left: A group of chief petty-officers. Right: Some of the crew of the battle-cruiser—signalmen and boys.

"SHE FOUGHT A GALLANT FIGHT."—The Queen Mary's complement was 1,000 men of all ranks, and of these only seventeen were reported saved. For some minutes the fire of the entire German Fleet was concentrated upon her, and hit in a vital part she broke asunder and sank. Left: Some more of the crew. Right: A group of stokers.

German Ships Rehearsing for Jutland Battle

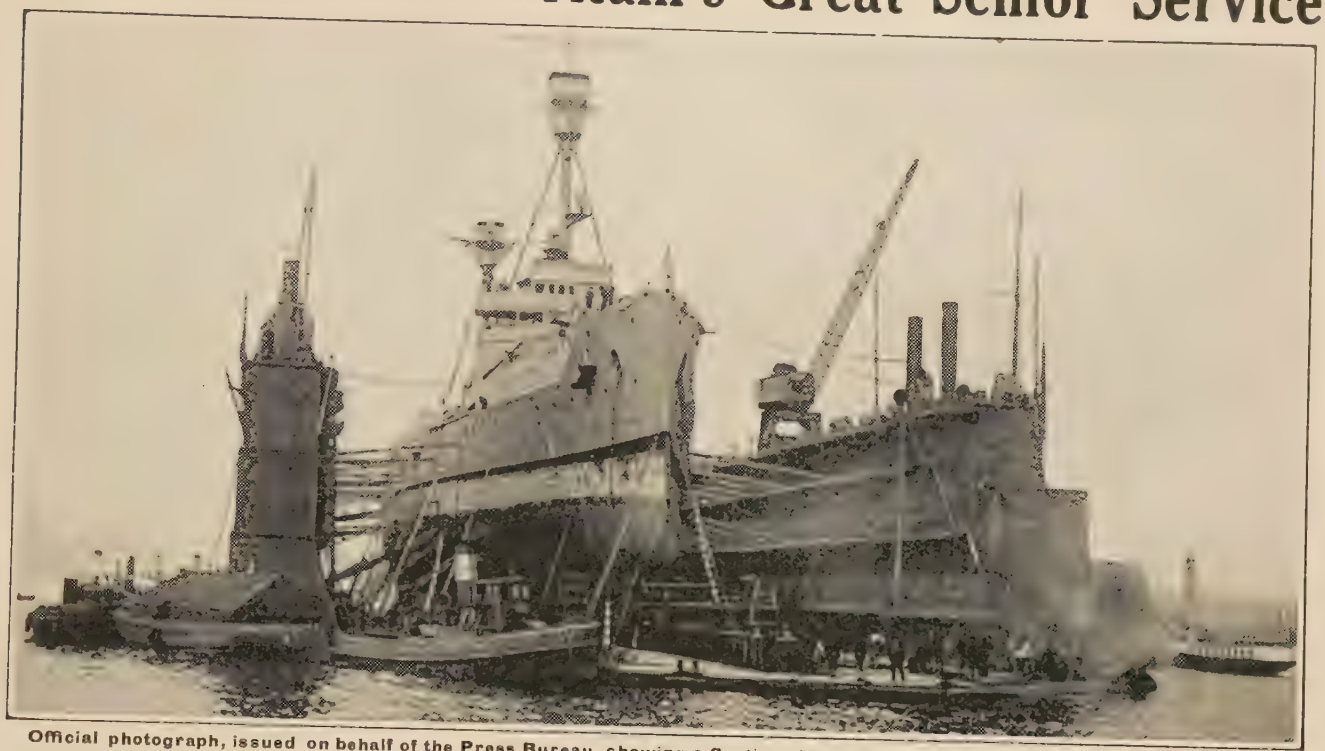
German battleship firing broadsides. Inset: Pommern, sunk in the North Sea fight. Completed in 1907, she mounted four 11 in. guns.



Clearing the decks for action. Another enemy photograph of the German Navy at work. Proportionately, the losses sustained by the German Fleet, May 31st, 1916, were overwhelmingly greater than those suffered by the British. The great German "victory" reduced the Kaiser's Fleet to comparative impotence.

BRITISH COLLIER GETS BETTER OF U CRAFT.—An incident which shed lustre on Britain's mercantile marine was the success of the collier Wandle against a U boat in the North Sea, May 1st, 1916. The hefty coal-ship was attacked by the submarine with gun fire and torpedo. The latter missed its mark, but several shells struck the Wandle, whose crew cleared the decks for action, and with their sole gun opened fire. After the sixth shot the U boat suddenly disappeared. Only one man of the Wandle was injured. Inset: Captain of the collier being carried shoulder high by his admirers at the Wandsworth, Wimbledon, and Epsom Gasworks.

New Efforts for Britain's Great Senior Service



Official photograph, issued on behalf of the Press Bureau, showing a floating dry dock in which ships of enormous tonnage can be lifted clean out of the water in order to be submitted to thorough external examination and repair.

Among the countless objects of world interest shown to the journalists who visited one of our great naval shipbuilding yards was this huge destroyer on the stocks and rapidly nearing completion. (Official photograph issued on behalf of the Press Bureau.)

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Jutland Battle by Night

By EDWARD WRIGHT

EVER since Admiral Togo's torpedo-boats destroyed, by a series of terrific night attacks, the Russian Baltic fleet off Tsu Island in 1905, the youthful commanders of torpedo craft in all the leading navies of the world have looked forward to the wild work they might do in sublime dashes at night in the searchlight-riven darkness. Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz had been in his time a torpedo specialist, and it was on torpedo work he chiefly based his hope of breaking our command of the sea. He admired the gunners on his battleships, but he loved the torpedo men on his smaller craft; and the commanders of German destroyers were most carefully trained to make the decisive "hussar stroke" by which he intended to shatter the strength of our battle fleet.

But when the supreme test came, with the deepening of twilight and the thickening of mist, on May 31st, 1916, in the North Sea, the German destroyers' commanders and men were not equal to their task. They were met and mastered by scores of British lieutenant-commanders and lieutenants, with hundreds of Britons under them roused to the highest pitch of heroism. There had been by daylight some remarkable trials of strength between the opposing light craft. At a quarter past four in the afternoon Rear-Admiral Hipper attempted the first great torpedo stroke in the war, and flung fifteen German destroyers and a German light cruiser against Sir David Beatty's diminished battle-cruiser fleet. But as the German craft swept up to attack, they were met by twelve British destroyers. The advantage of numbers was with the enemy, and also the advantage of gun power, as he had a light cruiser. But in a short, fierce engagement at close quarters the sixteen German boats were outmanœuvred, outfought, and sent scurrying back to the shelter of their battle-cruisers, after losing two of their number.

In a Tempest of Thunderbolts

Our victorious flotilla then made the most amazing attack in modern warfare—something that eclipsed all the Japanese had done. In broad sunlight, when the sea was still clear of mist, the British destroyers charged the German battle-cruisers. Small, frail boats like river steamers many of them were, with no armour whatever to protect them from the hundreds of 6 in., 11 in., and 12 in. shells that rained upon them. All they had to rely on in the way of defence was their agility, enabling them to zigzag through the waves like water fleas. The German admiral turned southward and closed round our glorious destroyers, and one of his big guns smashed and stopped the leading boat, the Nomad. Yet the other foremost boats, the Nestor and Nicator, continued their heroic course, and, at a range of only 3,000 yards, drove through the tempest of thunderbolts and torpedoed one of the big German ships. The Nestor was then struck and stopped, but the Nicator escaped, as also did the Nerissa, which was reported by Sir David Beatty to have got a torpedo home on another German battle-cruiser.

The Sparrow Kills the Eagle

For years the Germans had talked about their naval "hussar strokes," and our naval officers had smiled and said nothing. One of the men who had smiled was Lieutenant-Commander John C. Tovey, who may now surely be acclaimed the prince of torpedo officers. At six o'clock in the afternoon, when he was in the destroyer Onslow guarding the Lion, he sighted an enemy light cruiser three and a half miles away, trying to get a torpedo into Beatty's flagship. Like a furious sparrow flying against a hawk, the Onslow steamed towards the bigger enemy vessel to within little more than a mile's range, pouring in shot as fast as her guns would work. By quick and deadly marksmanship she overpowered her heavy opponent. But as she was preparing to finish her off with a torpedo, the huge German battle-cruiser, the Derfflinger, loomed out of the mist. Thereupon the Onslow turned her torpedo-tubes towards the capital ship, but after firing once, she was struck amidships by a heavy shell that damaged her boilers. Lieutenant-Commander Tovey thought all his torpedoes were gone, and began to crawl back. But finding that he had still three full tubes, he first sank the German light cruiser, and then, with his last pound of steam, dragged his frail craft towards the Derfflinger, and while the great ship put all her guns on him he gave her his last two torpedoes. It was like a sparrow, with both wings broken and a shot through its lungs, making a despairing death attack upon an eagle. Yet the attack succeeded. For either the Derfflinger or a ship of her class was sunk.

A Doubtful German Success

By this time it was evening conditions at sea. The haze had thickened so that in regions where there was no thick fog the range of vision was less than four miles. Amid the fog drifts vessels of all sizes were at times getting within 3,000 yards of each other before sighting. All this favoured torpedo work, and the admirals on both sides sent out light cruisers and destroyers in charge and counter-charge. First the Falmouth, under Captain John D. Edwards, and the Yarmouth, under Captain Thomas D. Pratt, while looking for smaller enemies, closed on a leading enemy battle-cruiser and hit her with at least one torpedo. Then the destroyer flotillas of the main German battle fleet sent up great clouds of smoke to screen their capital ships, and darted out in an attack upon Beatty's battle-cruisers and Sir John Jellicoe's battleships.

The Tiger appears to have had a warm time of it, as a swarm of the stinging German midgets closed upon her. But bringing her secondary armament of 6 in. guns to bear upon the swiftly wriggling attackers, the pride of the cat squadron sank several of them and drove the others away. The only success the Germans won in torpedo work was to get, just before seven o'clock, a hit on one of our finest battleships, the Marlborough. This seems to have been the work of an enemy submarine rather than that of a hostile destroyer, and despite the damage done to the Marlborough, she righted herself and, eighteen minutes after being holed, smashed up a German Dreadnought by fourteen rapid broadsides delivered with her ten 15·5 in. guns.

Tactics of "Hell-Fire Jack"

By this time our leading battleship squadrons were hammering the enemy's best ships at the very close range of about five miles, while our light cruisers were mainly engaged in smashing up by gun fire the enemy destroyer flotillas. Sir John Jellicoe had long been known to his sailors as "Hell-fire Jack." His principle of attack was opposite to that of the opposing admirals. He believed in gun fire—concentrated, high-speed, infernal, smashing gun fire—and it was through his skill in getting a ring of flame round rival British commanders in battle manœuvres that he had obtained his nickname. While daylight lasted he smashed up two German destroyer charges by gun fire. Then, when night fell at half-past eight, and all the German High Sea Fleet was scattered westward and cut off from its base, the British commander considered his guns had done their main work, and that the proper time had come for torpedo tactics. This, indeed, had been Admiral Togo's method, and the Japanese commander was trained by us.

As instruments for his first attack Sir John selected, not his destroyers, but his light cruisers. The Fourth Light Cruiser Squadron, led by Commodore Charles Le Mesurier in the Calliope, swept out against a squadron of Kaiser battleships. The Calliope and her sisters first smashed through the guard of destroyers which the German admiral had flung out to protect his big ships, and after sinking and routing these with a storm of 6 in. shells, the British light cruisers closed upon some Dreadnoughts of the Kaiser class and torpedoed one of them. (Continued on page 2055

THE JUTLAND VICTORY BY NIGHT (Continued from page 2054).

Such is the plain statement in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch. But to visualise that statement we have to picture first a line of light cruisers, and behind them a flotilla of British destroyers, whose work was to occupy the German destroyers. Each vessel was first a racing smudge of fire in the darkness, as her furnaces worked up the steam power to the highest point. Then, below the lurid radiance from the funnels, came abruptly the thunder flame of exploding cordite from the guns, as soon as the searchlights could catch and hold some enemy mosquito craft. Immediately the guns rang out and alarmed the German battleships, they also turned their searchlights towards the scene of action. Then amid this electric blaze of battle the British light cruisers charged into the great sweeping swords of fire westwards, and under a tempest of 12 in. and 6 in. shells, neared their great targets and, while firing their own small guns, loosened their far deadlier torpedoes. The Calliope was hit and had several men killed, but no other ship of her squadron was damaged. This clearly showed that the crack German gunners had lost their nerve.

British Ships' Night Vigil

After our light cruisers blew up a ship of the Kaiser class, at forty minutes past eight, no more was seen of the German destroyers. All night our heavy ships remained, stretched across the North Sea within eighty miles of Heligoland, without being subjected to a single attack by the men Tirpitz had trained for many years for this purpose. The work the German destroyers had been built to do was performed by our Fourth Flotilla, under Captain J. Wintour, our Eleventh Flotilla, under Commodore Hawksley, and our Twelfth Flotilla, under Captain Anselan Stirling. The Eleventh Flotilla had already made a fine charge just at nightfall, and in a later attack Commodore Hawksley, leading his flotilla in the fine new destroyer Castor, sank an enemy destroyer at point-blank range.

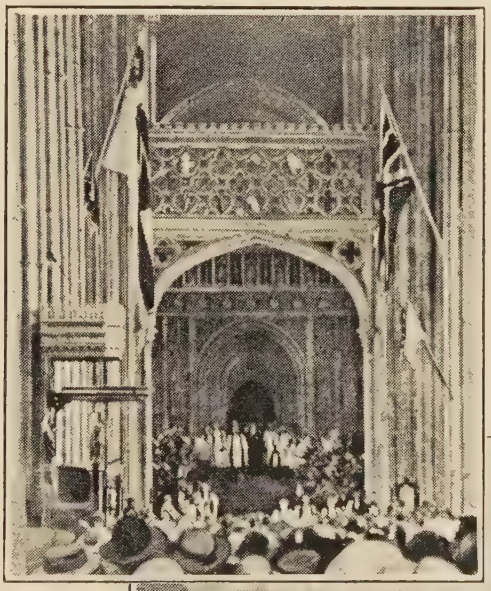
Then Captain Wintour, controlling the Fourth Flotilla from the Tipperary, with the Spitfire, Ardent, Ambuscade, Garland, and other boats steaming behind him at thirty knots an hour, broke through a line of German destroyers and light cruisers, one of which was the Elbing, and converged upon some German battleships. The enemy illuminated the water with his searchlights. Every hostile gun was trained upon the zigzagging, manœuvring British destroyers. The Tipperary was struck by a great shell that appeared to fire her ammunition. Wrapped in a sheet of flame she vanished, Captain Wintour going down with his ship. But the flotilla, barking with its little guns at the German leviathans, and increasing its attacking pace to the utmost, closed upon the enemy battleships. Either the Ardent, Ambuscade, or Garland got a torpedo amidships a German Dreadnought that lurched and heeled over. Then the Ardent was smashed and destroyed by a big shell, sinking with her Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Marsden. But again in the wild melée another enemy battleship was struck, for Lieutenant-Commander Trelawny, in the Spitfire, got a torpedo home. There were some of our cruisers behind the flotilla, and they delivered tremendous short-range broadsides, while steaming past the German capital ships at terrific speed.

In the charge by the Twelfth Flotilla, under Captain Anselan Stirling, the Onslaught, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Onslow, nobly distinguished herself. A powerful German squadron, consisting of six battleships of the latest type, with light cruisers and a destroyer guard, was completely taken by surprise. All our boats in this supreme Balaclava of the seas were new and uncommonly fast. They broke through the enemy's guard and got among his biggest ships before the admiral of the German squadron knew what was happening. Our men fired some scores of torpedoes, and explosions were seen on the second and third battleships in the German line. The Onslaught blew up her victim, and manœuvred to escape and reload her tubes. But as the officers were mounting the bridge to congratulate Lieutenant-Commander Onslow on his success, some German light cruisers in the rear of the line opened fire on the victorious destroyer. A shell fell on the bridge, disabling nearly all the officers, and Midshipman Reginald G. Arnot, of the Royal Naval Reserve, assisted Sub-Lieutenant Kemmis to bring the ship successfully out of action and into port. Twenty minutes after the Onslaught attack, another charge was made by the Maenad, under Commander John P. Champion. She also got through the enemy's guard, and put a torpedo into the fourth ship in the German battle line. In this single British destroyer charge, therefore, the enemy had one battleship blown up, and two others holed and crippled.

The Enemy's Minimum Losses

Then the Thirteenth Flotilla, with Captain James Farie leading in the Champion, made a series of attacks on that part of the German battle fleet which was near the Lion. First the Turbulent and the Petard tried to stop an enemy battleship from reaching its base. The Turbulent, however, was struck and disabled. But some hours afterwards another boat of the flotilla, the Moresby, sighted four battleships of the Deutschland class trying to steal into Wilhelmshafen, and got a torpedo home on one of them. During the night the Fearless sighted a battleship of the Kaiser class steaming fast and entirely alone. She was not able to engage her, but the enemy craft was attacked by destroyers farther astern. A heavy explosion was observed astern not long after.

All these successes are mentioned in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch, which I had not seen when I wrote my first account of the Jutland Battle. My estimate of the minimum German losses must now be revised. The enemy lost four battleships and two battle-cruisers. One of the latter, the Seydlitz, was raised from shallow water, but it is doubtful if she is worth repairing. These, however, are the extreme minimum losses of the enemy, and while allowing that our light cruiser and destroyer charges tended to cripple rather than to annihilate the German heavy ships, we may yet fairly suppose the enemy lost more battle units than are given in our official list.



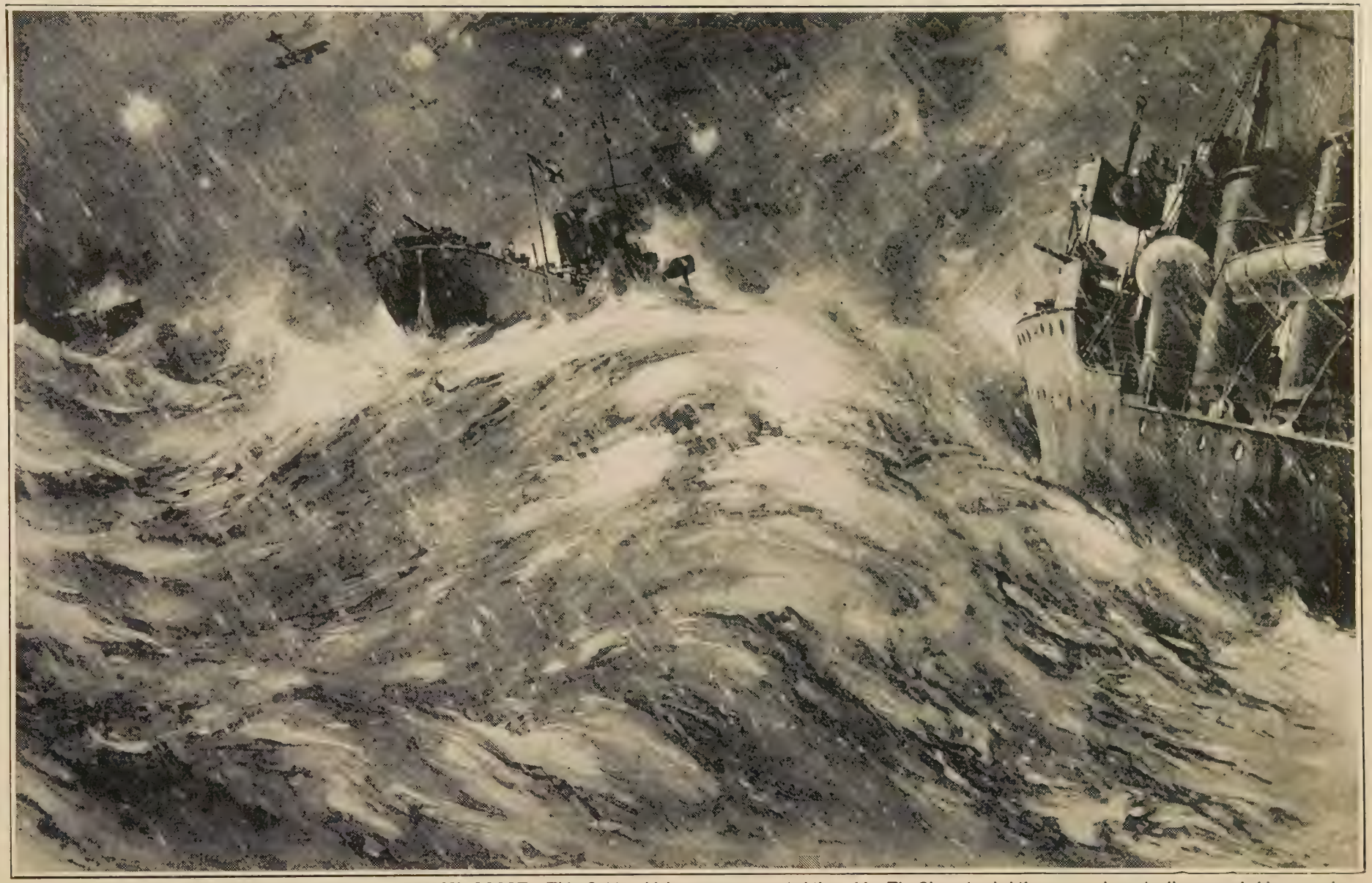
Sailors of H.M.S. Canterbury, which was engaged in the Jutland Battle, carrying their flag into Canterbury Cathedral. The first photograph shows the flag hanging in the cathedral by the ensign of H.M.S. Kent.

British Battle-Cruiser Fleet Engaging th

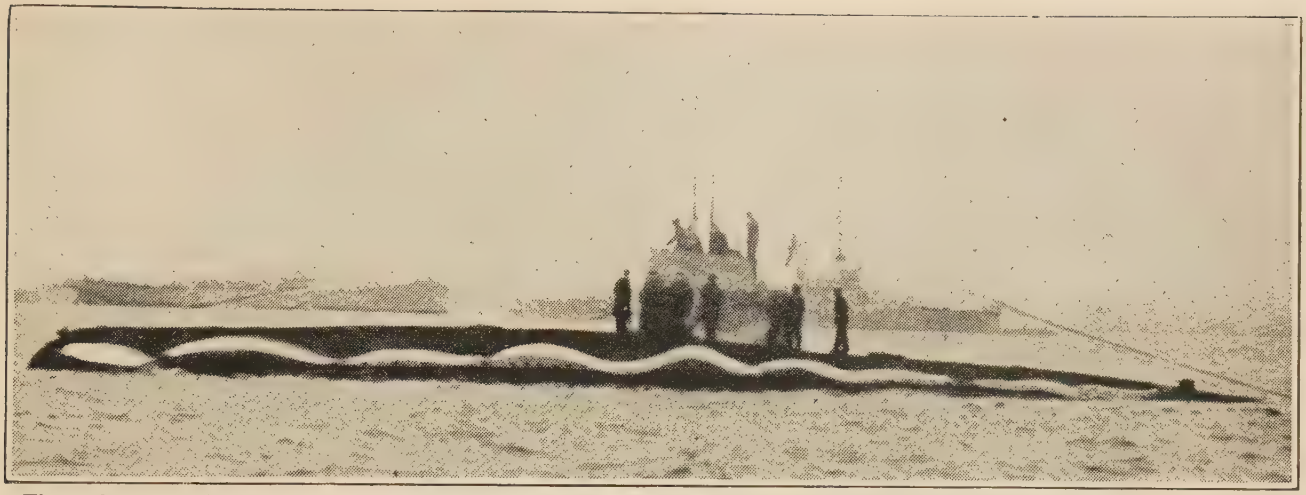
LATE in the afternoon of May 31st, 1916, Admiral Beatty, in command of some twelve British battle-cruisers, engaged the German battle-cruiser squadron off the coast of Jutland. A circuitous course was navigated in order to attack the German ships in the rear and cut them off from their own base. Within an hour the whole of the German High Seas Fleet came up an the British admiral, with glorious courage and daring seamanship kept the enemy in action, realising that Admiral Jellicoe would soon arrive with strong reinforcements. A terrible battle ensued and the Germans, with superior weight and range of metal

Might of the German Navy off Jutland

oncentrated a disastrous fire on the Queen Mary, which broke under and sank. The Indefatigable and Invincible were also attered in rapid succession. Nevertheless, the Kaiser's ships ffered a fearful battering from Beatty's gallant fleet, and when dmiral Jellicoe hove in sight the German Admiral von Scheer beat a hasty retreat to avoid complete annihilation. From collected reports, the German High Seas Fleet lost in the two engagements more than eighteen vessels, among which were the most powerful and recent types, as against fourteen British ships all told. The above striking picture shows the British battle-cruisers during the fight.



IMPRESSION OF THE ACTION OFF THE GERMAN COAST.—This fight, which occurred during the night of March 25th, 1916, was one of the most daring naval engagements since the affair off Cuxhaven, December 25th, 1914. In spite of the tempestuous seas, which tossed all the ships about like corks, Commodore Tyrwhitt and his valiant men attempted the raid. The Cleopatra led the way, and eventually succeeded in ramming a German destroyer, cutting her clean in two. Though the British ship Medusa was lost through an accident, the Germans were worsted in this fight in their own waters, as well as attacked by the seaplanes flying over Schleswig.



The craft that works in the dark. Ingenious method of disguising the appearance of German submarines. It will be seen that the hull is painted in such a way as to be scarcely distinguishable from the waves.

Blunders of German Naval Policy

How the Allies Gained on Land Through the Enemy's Inaction at Sea

By Commander CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N., M.P.

IF an American were asked to write this article, I think he would do so very tersely by saying that the Germans attempted to bite off more than they could chew, and that had Bismarck been in the saddle this would never have happened. Prussia had made all her conquests without naval power. Her statesmen were the keenest students of history in the world. Three facts stand out in history:

1. The economic difficulty of combining vast land armies with the expenditure required for attaining sea supremacy.
2. The jealousy of Great Britain for any Power that attempts to rival her on the sea.
3. That Great Britain's strength resides not merely in the power of her Navy but in the military rivalries of the Continent, and when the latter were absent—in the War of American Independence—Great Britain was virtually defeated.

About 1896 a pushing officer of the name of Von Tirpitz, from the China station, obtained the ear of the Kaiser. He played upon his desire for aggrandisement, sea-power, and empire. He was chosen to effect these things. This could not be done secretly, for the German people had to be educated so as to grant the Navy Bills, and the foreign policy had to create situations in which the "tyranny" of British sea-power could be demonstrated. The educational crusade was of the most blatant character, especially in regard to the official Navy League of over one million members. At every point it flew in the face of a famous caution of a famous statesman, the great Chatham, who enjoined an ambassador in words somewhat as follows: "Above all other things, not to mention the British Navy, and so avoid giving cause for every hireling pen in Europe to inveigh against the maritime pretensions of this country." The country which a few years before had coaxed Heligoland out of us, entered upon a course of policy destined to drive us into the arms of Germany's chief military rivals.

Non-success Equivalent to Disaster

Such a policy could only be justified by success—that is, by the creation of a navy capable of defeating us on that sea which has never tolerated more than one master. On the land an inferior army can hold up a superior one, and the nation can pursue its manifold activities behind the security thus afforded. Such a situation is unthinkable on the sea. Consequently, a naval policy which spends several hundreds of millions and misses success is in itself a disastrous failure for a great military nation. This is now well understood by the Germans themselves, for above all other things they worship the military doctrine of concentration. If they had anticipated the possibility of failure on the sea, they would certainly have concentrated the expenditure on increasing the great military machine on shore. It is equally true that until the military rivalries of the Continent had been put down, the drain of expensive colonies abroad was also an extravagance, for transmarine colonies fall like ripe fruit into the hands of the Power with the command of the sea.

In other words, Germany was bound to lose her colonies and the troops and stores in them. It does not follow from this that all naval expenditure as against Britain was folly. In addition, Germany necessarily required such a fleet as could secure her the control of the Baltic against Russia. The point for Germany to have fixed her mind on was that until she had eliminated the drain of military rivalries on the Continent she could not hope to rival Great Britain on the sea. On the other hand, the latter's life-blood is her shipping, and without any of the elements of ostentatious rivalry a war against British shipping could have been prepared which, in the circumstances actually existing in 1914, would have left us in a very crippled position. The overweening ambitions of Von Tirpitz and the Kaiser were their own undoing, and the British Empire was saved in spite of its rulers.

Mutual Misunderstanding

The second great mistake of Germany was in the military mind which fails to understand democratic diplomacy. It failed to understand the shock the invasion of Belgium would be to this country. It interpreted Sir Edward Grey's assurance that the First Fleet was at Portland instead of being at its war base, and that we had no intention of calling out the reserves, as a positive proof that we would not go to war, and consequently Von Tirpitz failed to prepare for the eventuality which took Germany by surprise. Both Russia and France realised and strenuously represented that only unmistakable naval and military preparations on Great Britain's part would prevent war. It was a genuine misunderstanding on both sides. We did not understand military diplomacy, and Germany did not show any comprehension of democratic diplomacy. In any case, Germany's policy being what it was, the war could only have been postponed. The capital result for us is that Germany had not more than ten war vessels and a number of mercantile auxiliaries abroad. She failed to strike, except with mine-fields, before the

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BLUNDERS OF GERMAN NAVAL POLICY (Cont. from page 2059.)

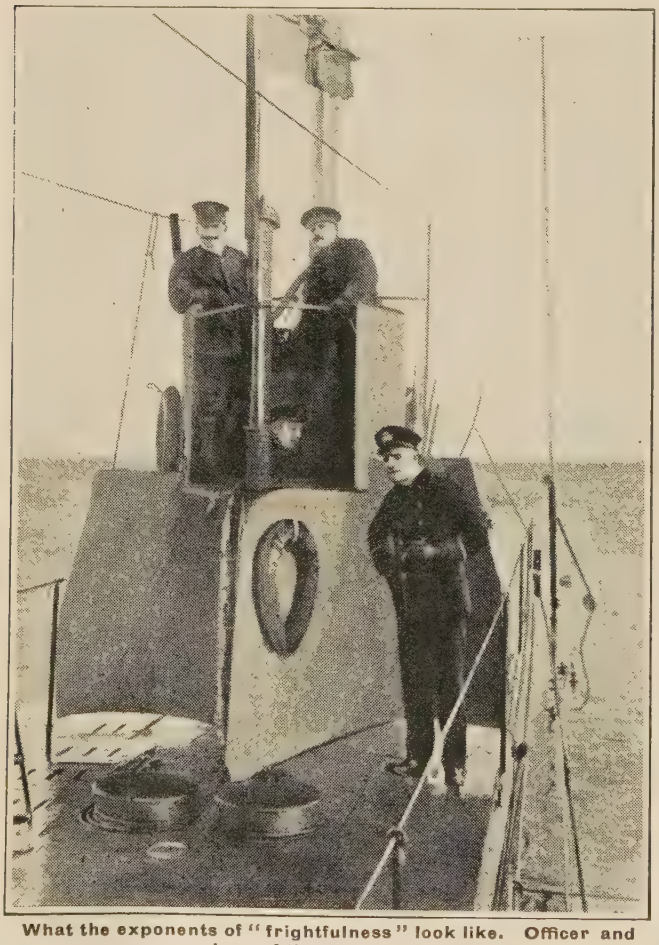
declaration of war, and so missed the use of her favourite stroke, "the bolt from the blue." England, "which is famous for negligence," as Marlborough said, was given time to spread her net, and Germany has, so far as our Foreign Office will allow, been enmeshed in it ever since.

There was, however, one direction in which similar tactics would have been equally effective whether Great Britain was in the war or not. The war was at Germany's chosen moment, and she would certainly get possession of the French industrial districts where lay the bulk of the coal and iron supplies. It would be essential in case of a war with France and Russia to invade the trade routes to prevent replacement of supplies while the whole French Navy was busy safeguarding the passage of French troops in the Mediterranean. Against Great Britain the central facts were:

1. Her absolute dependence on her shipping and sea-borne supplies.
2. The 1904 scrapping of our cruisers without replacement.
3. The 1904-14 policy of cutting down our cruiser strength abroad.
4. The mistaken 1904-9 Admiralty view that small cruisers were of little use, and, consequently, armed merchant vessels still more useless.

Had these facts been understood by the German Admiralty, they would have scattered every cruiser and mercantile auxiliary to the distant trade routes during the period of crisis from July 23rd to August 4th, 1914. As a matter of fact, not a single armed vessel moved outwards. The Emden's successes were really like the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge, for they taught only of the lost opportunities which, owing to British negligence, were offered in profusion.

The German military mind is incapable of any graduations of method suited to adverse circumstances. With a magnificent military machine on shore, it has made frightfulness an undoubtedly successful policy. It tries the same methods at sea and expects similar results. The hope is futile, for the same reason that all German frightfulness on shore will recoil on her the moment the military machine begins to fail. Had Germany been a model of correct conduct in her sea campaign, every neutral would have been nagging furiously at Great Britain and endeavouring to defeat her blockade. Once Germany provokes the United States, under the submarine policy, definitely against her, Great Britain will have little difficulty in dealing with the illicit trade by Holland, Denmark, and even Sweden.



What the exponents of "frightfulness" look like. Officer and members of the crew of a U boat.

Incidental work in the Grand Fleet. British sailors greasing and coiling up a wire hawser.

An idea seems to be held in many quarters that the Germans seldom make mistakes in regard to mechanism, and this idea has been fostered by Mr. Lloyd George in debates on munitions. As a matter of fact, the preparedness of the Germans in military matters was simply achieved by the profusion of expenditure on all weapons. If they had to choose, as every nation must when not preparing for its own selected moment, they would have been forced to concentrate on what they held to be most vital. This is exactly what they had to do in naval matters. Take the destroyer, one of the most common of naval craft. Great Britain pinned her faith to the gun, Germany to the torpedo. Indeed, in the destroyer, Great Britain was more nearly right on every point so far as design was concerned. In every one of the classes of ships we adopted the correct principle of the heavier armament. Except for the naval mine and the Zeppelin, I do not know of a single case where Germany was right in the adoption of the weapon at the same time as we were wrong. Our mines were of a useless design because we made the limit one of cost; and we did not build any Zeppelins.

Lack of a Great Directing Intelligence

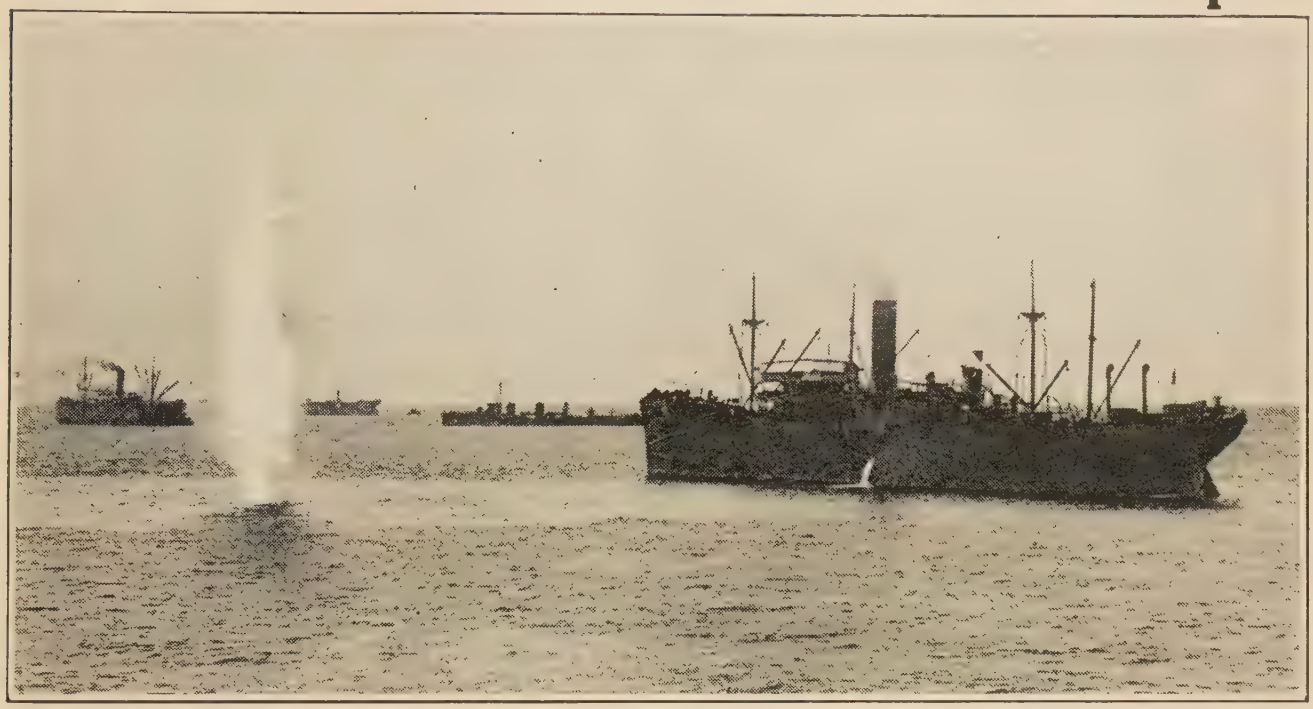
The comparative failure of Germany arose from the simple fact that she had to compromise in regard to naval expenditure so as to get what she thought would give the best results out of a limited expenditure; but even so, we should always remember that these preparations were all directed to reach fruition at Germany's chosen moment. She was again right in her large reserve of guns and in the provision of armaments for merchant vessels, and we were wrong to neglect those things, but on a broad survey it is impossible to find evidence of any great brain directing affairs, and the only conclusion one can come to is that Von Tirpitz has been simply a dead-weight to German policy; that the German Navy's correct function was to help to win domination in Europe, leaving the overthrow of British naval supremacy to a future date, when the industrial resources of Europe or a greatly enlarged Germany could be thrown into the scale. It would have been far wiser to appoint a military leader like Von der Goltz rather than Von Tirpitz to be head of the German Navy. He would have understood how to subordinate its actions to the object in view, and a statesman like Bismarck, who kept the military element in subjection to the political purposes to be achieved, might even have lulled the suspicions of Great Britain until the time came for dealing with the sea-girt isle which withstood Charlemagne, Philip of Spain, Louis XIV. and Napoleon.

Spare Time War Work on a Battleship at Sea

During intervals of the North Sea vigil officers and men of the Grand Fleet employed their leisure moments in war work. In the dog-watch munitions were turned out with great enthusiasm. This illustration shows the interior of a ward-room where officers are busy making rope grummets to protect driving bands of shells. The Commander is seen on the left unwinding a piece of rope, while behind him at the table another officer is testing the length of the grummet by a wooden gauge.

IN THE RING: A SPORTING EVENT WITH THE GRAND FLEET.—A glove fight in a "ring" aboard a British warship at sea. During hours of recreation the noble art of self-defence is appropriately popular in the Royal Navy, as in the Army. This striking photograph proves the attraction that an organised boxing-match has for both officers and men. All are watching enthusiastically the stern fistic combat taking place on a sea that might almost any hour have witnessed the fiercest naval battle in the history of the world.

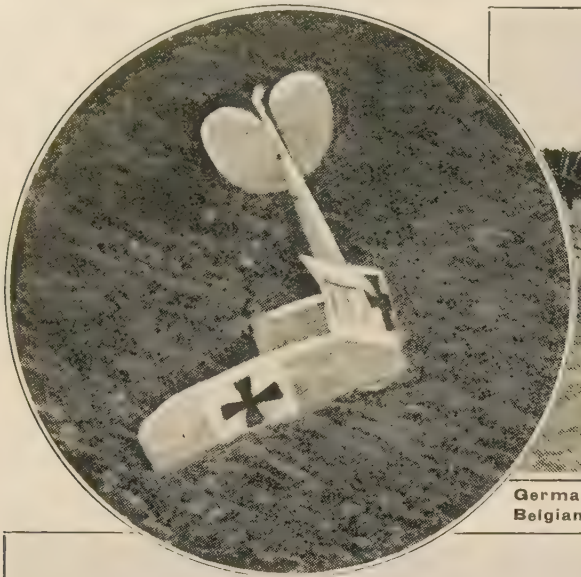
Peril on the Waves from Shell and Tempest

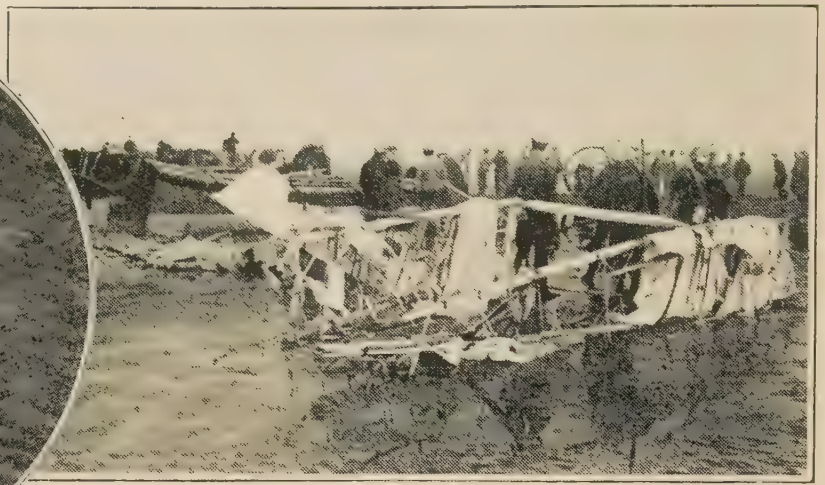


British merchant ship under heavy enemy fire somewhere in the Mediterranean zone of operations. A shell has struck the water some yards away from its mark, sending a fountain of spray high into the air.

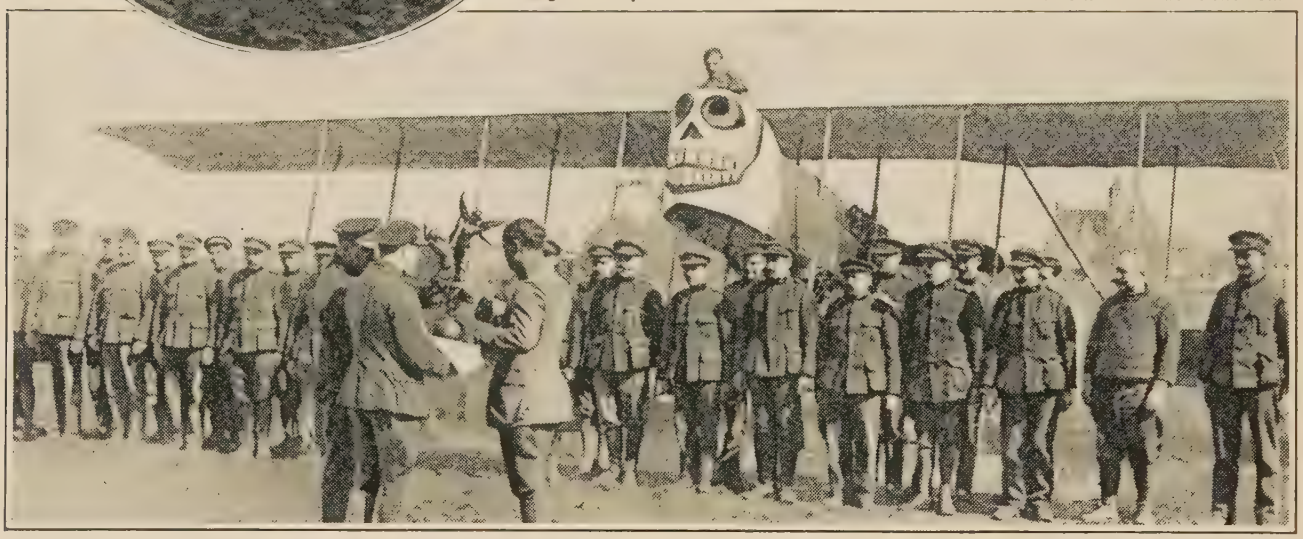
Schooner in distress, having signalled to the T.B.D. Coquette, the latter, whose taffrail is seen at the bottom of the photograph, is approaching the wreck to collect survivors. The Coquette subsequently fouled a mine off the East Coast and foundered March, 1916, with a loss of one officer and twenty-one men.

A Three-Act Drama of the Air near La Panne

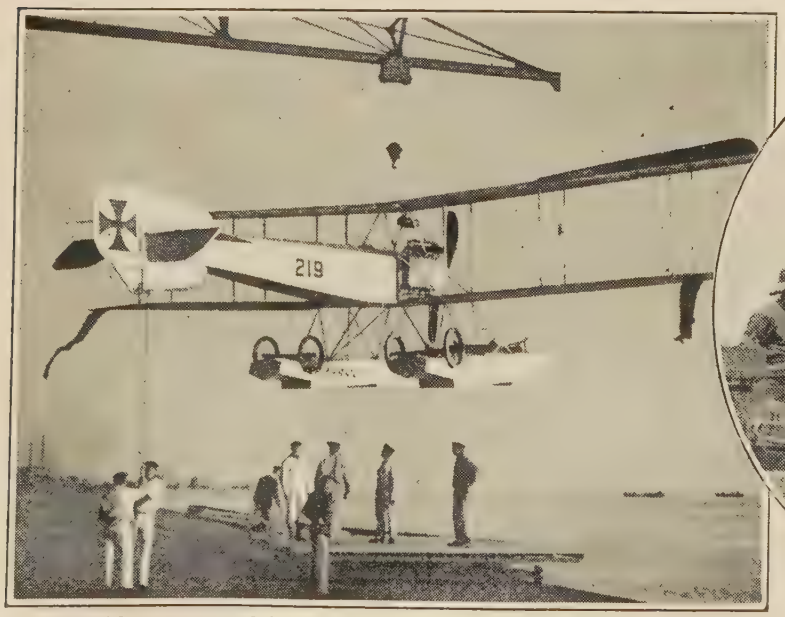




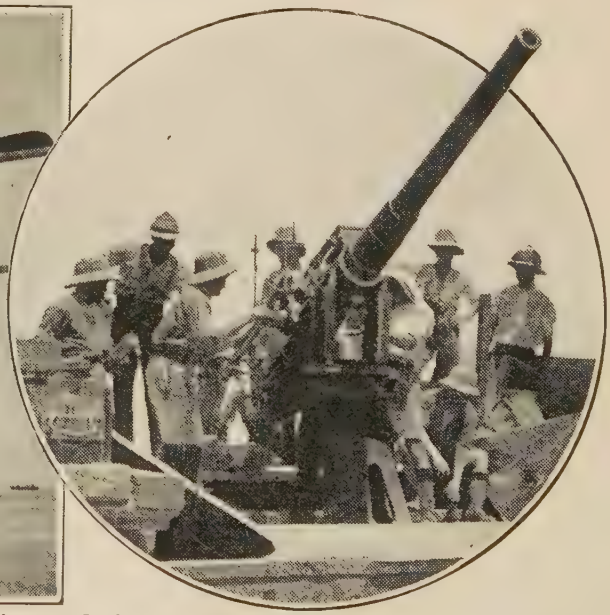
German biplane which intended to bomb La Panne shot down into the sea by a Belgian warplane Above: Debris of the German machine hauled out of the sea.



Pilot and observer of the victorious Belgian machine being presented by their colonel with a statuette symbolical of victory. A troop of Belgian soldiers was drawn up before the triumphant aeroplane to witness the ceremony.



Launched from a powerful crane. German sailors preparing a hydroplane for a reconnaissance over the North Sea.



Anti-aircraft gun emplaced on an ammunition barge moving up the Tigris.

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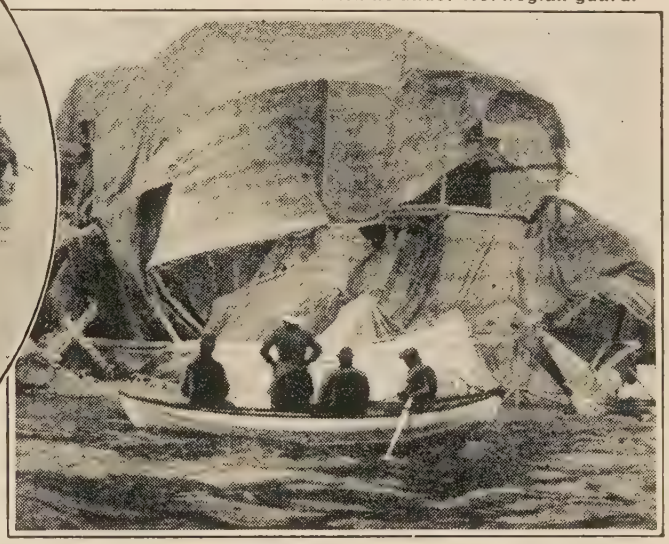
MISSED! U BOAT'S TORPEDO PASSES JUST BEYOND THE STERN OF A BRITISH WAR VESSEL ON THE HIGH SEAS.

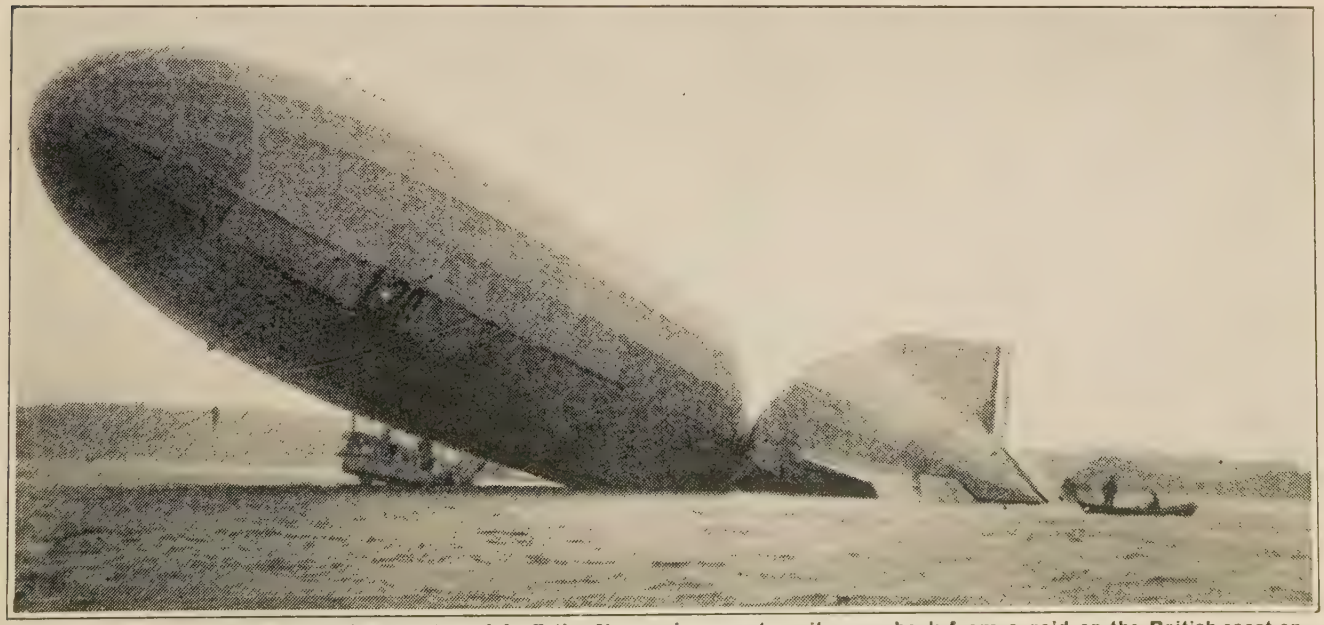
The Last of Zeppelin L20 Off Stavanger

Zeppelin L20, which was wrecked off the Norwegian coast, May 3rd, 1916. It will be seen that the gasbag is broken in half. Left: Car of the shattered machine under Norwegian guard.

Three of the crew saved from the wreck being escorted ashore by Norwegian officers. L20 was presumably hit by British gun fire.



Like so much storm-tossed bunting. Debris of the L20 showing framework and one of the propellers.



Last moments of the L20, which came to grief off the Norwegian coast on its way back from a raid on the British coast on May 2nd, 1916. The baby-killer was probably struck by shells, went adrift in a storm, and finally fell into the sea. She rapidly broke up, and what remained of the envelope and framework was completely destroyed by the Norwegian authorities.

GHASTLY END OF AN ENEMY PILOT.—This illustration, terribly tragic in its realism, shows the last of a German aviator shot down in the French lines. The aeroplane was blazing furiously long before it reached the earth, and the pilot, imprisoned in his car, was burnt to death. His blackened body is distinctly seen, and a number of French officers are protecting their faces from the heat of the fire. One is stooping down examining a book which probably fell from the aviator's pocket as the machine struck the ground.

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Thrilling Moments in the Flying Man's Car

Heroic Italian aviator, Captain Salomone, who, though attacked by Fokkers, piloted his machine safely back. His two comrades were killed.

Two British airmen who, on being attacked from an enemy aeroplane while overhauling their machine, detached their machine-gun and drove the German off.

German aerial "liveliness" over a British position at Salonika treated as a joke by our soldiers, although a bomb can be seen bursting on the road a few yards away. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.) Inset: French aviator repairing his machine. He shot down a Fokker, but his aeroplane was hit twice before the enemy fell to earth.

How the Huns were Blinded in the Great Advance

Without the great work of the R.F.C. the plans of the British Staff could not possibly have been carried out with any measure of success. Prior to the advance of July, 1916, our aviators were up and at the enemy's sausage-like observation balloons, blindfolding their inquisitive eyes to the movements of the British armies. The enemy had a whole fleet of these craft prying through the tumultuous atmosphere, but none were able to transmit any practical information, and several were sent flaming to earth through the well-placed rockets discharged on them by our airmen.

Letting Him Down: French Pilot's Expedient

Resourcefulness sometimes introduces an element of humour into the most perilous situation. A French airman, losing his way in a fog, came down to find himself in enemy hands. The German officer got into the machine, and holding a pistol to the head of the airman, ordered him to reconnoitre over the French trenches. The Frenchman perforce complied, but when over his own lines he suddenly proceeded to "loop the loop," with the result that the German officer, who was not strapped in, was tipped out, while the resourceful French airman flew cheerfully home, to be mentioned in despatches and decorated.

DEATH-PLUNGE OF ZEPPELIN L7.—British submarine ready to give the "coup de grace" to the L7 after the airship had been shot down by two British cruisers—H.M.S. Galatea and Phaeton—off the German coast on May 4th, 1916. After the Zeppelin had been wrecked by fire from the cruisers, the British submarine appeared on the surface and completed the work of destruction by gun fire. Subsequently a German cruiser came on the scene, stood by the wrecked "gasbag," and hotly attacked the submarine. The E boat submerged, and returned to port with seven of the Zeppelin's crew. More would have been saved but for the fact that the German cruiser fired on the rescuers.

Sentinels of the Skies: Naval Airships on Patrol

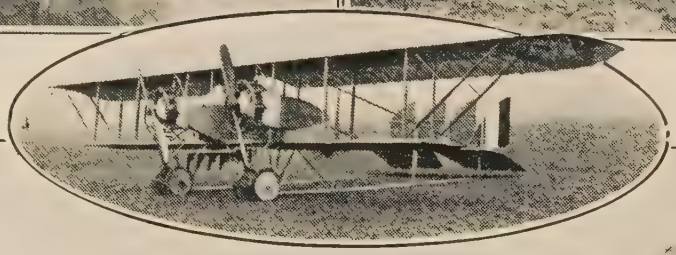
British naval airship returning to the flying ground after a long reconnaissance flight and about to settle gracefully on the earth. A rope thrown down from the car is being held by a number of British soldiers.

Remarkably fine impression of a British naval airship, silhouetted against the sunset, as she glided across the night sky, patrolling the broad highway of the air. (Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

Perennial Duel Between 'Archies' & Skycraft

Getting over a German aeroplane. Remarkable impression taken from the observer's seat on a two-decker machine.

Italian anti-aircraft gunners and their "Archie" ingeniously screened, although emplaced on an Alpine height.



French 90 mm. gun in action against a German high-flyer. There is nothing so gratifying as to bring down an enemy hawk or a Zeppelin monster. Can it be wondered that the gunner who destroyed Zeppelin L77, February 21st, 1916, actually wept for joy after his lucky shot? Inset: Twin-engined Caudron, type of machine which did useful reconnaissance work. (*Photo: Birkett.*)

LIEUTENANT A. DE BATHE BRANDON ATTACKING ONE OF THE ZEPPELIN RAIDERS ON MARCH 31ST, 1916.

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Bird of Evil Omen Flies Over the British Front

How the range of a British trench near Ypres was found for German gunners by a Taube. Describing his experiences in the fighting round Ypres, Pte. W. Roberts, the Border Regiment, told Mr. D. Maxwell, the illustrator: "On one occasion, at twilight, we heard the hum of an aeroplane overhead. The machine—an Ettrica Taube—was flying low, taking advantage of the uncertain light. Before we had opened fire it shone a blinding light upon us, and passed from one end of our trench to the other. Immediately the German gunners got the range we were subjected to a devastating fire, which lasted for five days."

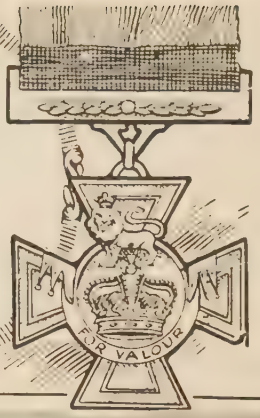
THE DYING GASBAG, L15.—Vivid impression of Zeppelin L15 in her death-throes off the Thames estuary. Five of these cruisers of the skies raided Britain on the night of March 31st, two on April 1st, and six on April 2nd, 1916. The L15, one of the night-raiders of March 31st, was crippled either by gun fire or by bombs dropped by one of our airmen at nine thousand feet. The colossal airship broke in the middle and fell from a great height into the sea. Patrol boats rescued seventeen of the crew, who quickly surrendered.

The happy warrior goes to war
In truth and honour clad,
And all his body suffers for
Shall make his bright soul glad.
No word of praise shall gild his days
From valiant friend or foe,
A light immortal sheds its rays
Wherever he may go.

Those eyes that brimm'd with homely love
Are fierce with conflict now;
A star has dropp'd from Heav'n above,
It shines upon his brow.
It shines upon his fair young face,
Who does not fear to fall;
O, happy warrior, whom, by grace,
The gods of battle call!

—Fred G. Bowles.

Golden Deeds of Heroism



Two British soldiers placing a machine-gun in position to help their gallant comrades repel a furious German onslaught.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Bravest

Lieut. J. H. HOGSHAW, Northumberland Fus. Awarded Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and ability in handling his machine-guns.

Capt. H. V. COMBS, Oxford and Bucks L.I. Awarded Military Cross for gallantry when in command of a patrol which was heavily attacked.

Lieut. S. M. de HERIZ WHATTON, R.F.A. Awarded Military Cross for his conspicuous ability and devotion to duty as adjutant.

Sergt.-Maj. A. HASSALL, South African Contingent. Awarded D.C.M. for bravery in bringing up ammunition in East Africa.

Coy.-Sergt.-Maj. G. BEESLEY, R. Berks Regt. Awarded D.C.M. after being recommended three times for his bravery in action.

Police-Constable EDWARDS. Awarded the D.C.M. for his bravery in action at the front. The presentation was made by Sir Edward Henry.

Lieut. A. L. MILLER, the Black Watch. Awarded the Military Cross for rescuing two miners from an exposed position in front of our trenches.

Corpl. A. S. WIDLAKE, The Welsh Regt. (T.F.). Awarded D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry when in charge of a bombing party in action.

Capt. H. V. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, Suffolk Regt. and R.F.C. Awarded Military Cross for attacking five German aeroplanes single-handed.

Sec.-Lieut. W. J. C. KENNEDY-COCHRAN-PATRICK, Rifle Brigade and R.F.C. Awarded Military Cross for forcing down a German aeroplane.

Sec.-Lieut. C. A. RIDLEY, Royal Fus. and R.F.C. Awarded Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry during Zeppelin raids.

Sergt. H. WAREHAM, Dragoon Gds., with Duke of Westminster's armoured cars in Egypt. Awarded D.C.M. and bar for bravery in France and Egypt.

Mouth-Organ Melody Under Heavy Fire

A remarkably fine deed, which recalls the courage and presence of mind of Piper Laidlaw at Loos, was performed by Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant E. S Beech and Lance-Corporal Vickery, of the 7th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. These two men, who were awarded the D.C.M. for their most conspicuous gallantry, sprang on to the parapet under heavy fire and played tunes on mouth-organs, thereby heartening their comrades to hold the position against tremendous odds.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Sec.-Lieut. W. A. LYTLE, Sherwood Foresters (T.F.). Awarded Military Cross. He organised a bomb attack, and led his grenadiers with total disregard of danger.

The Rev. E. NOEL MELLISH, V.C. During heavy fighting he repeatedly went backwards and forwards, under continuous shell and machine-gun fire, between our trenches and those captured from the enemy in order to tend and rescue ten wounded man. Three were killed while he was tending them.

Sec.-Lieut. T. TANNATT PRYCE, Gloucesters (T.F.), awarded Military Cross. He entered German trenches, cleared them, and bombed large parties of the enemy.

Qrtmstr.-Sergt. H. WRIGHT, Sherwood Foresters, gained D.C.M. and French Medaille Militaire for capturing thirty Germans almost single-handed.

L.-Cpl. E. COLLARD, Notts. and Derby Regt., awarded D.C.M. for carrying a message to the firing-line, and, though wounded, returning with the reply.

Petty-Officer W. BRIGHT and (right) Ship's Corporal W. C. HATHERLEY, both awarded D.S.M. While visiting the front-line trenches, seeing a gun-team knocked out, they manned the gun at once and kept it in action most successfully.

Pte. C. H. TUCKLEY, S. Staffs Regt., awarded D.C.M. He crawled to enemy trenches under heavy fire and obtained a good report.

Sergt. G. MITCHELL, Royal Highlanders, awarded the D.C.M. He drove the enemy back 250 yards with bombs, holding them for three hours.

L.-Corpl. S. NEAL, S. Staffs Regt., awarded D.C.M. He threw bombs during two nights, although wounded, refusing to leave until relieved.

Chaplain Capt. GREENE (centre), New Zealand Exped. Force, awarded Military Cross for services in action. He is an adjutant in the Salvation Army. Right: L.-Corpl. FEAR, awarded D.C.M. for blowing up a Turkish redoubt. Left: Sapper WATSON, who also gained D.C.M. in Gallipoli.

Sergt. E. W. LESTER, N. Midland Field Coy., awarded D.C.M. He courageously left the trenches and rescued several wounded men.

Giant Anzac Heaves German Over the Parapet

A remarkably daring feat was achieved by an Anzac, Captain Foss, during a midnight raid on the German trenches. Coming across one of the enemy about to seek refuge in his dug-out, Captain Foss, who is a powerful athlete, 6 ft. 4 in. in height, caught him by the hips and hurled him bodily over the parapet towards the British lines, shouting, "There's number one!" A determined struggle with fists and bayonets ensued, until the Anzacs subdued the enemy and brought many back to captivity.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Maj. & Brevet Lt.-Col. G. E. TYRRELL, D.S.O., R.A., on whom the King of the Belgians conferred the decoration "Officier de l'Ordre de Leopold."

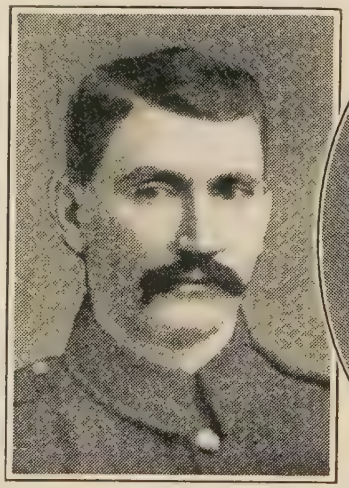
Air-Mechanic T. H. DONALD, R.F.C., awarded D.C.M. for his great skill as a gunner when on patrol in an aeroplane with Lieut. Insall.

Lieut. E. A. McNAIR, V.C., Royal Sussex Regt. Though much shaken by a mine explosion, he at once organised a party to hold the crater.

Sec.-Lieut. G. S. TETLEY, East Surrey Regt., awarded Military Cross for rescuing wounded and reorganising defences under heavy fire.

Sergt. J. T. MAGUIRE, Highland Light Infantry, awarded D.C.M. for leading a bombing party which held a precarious position for four hours.

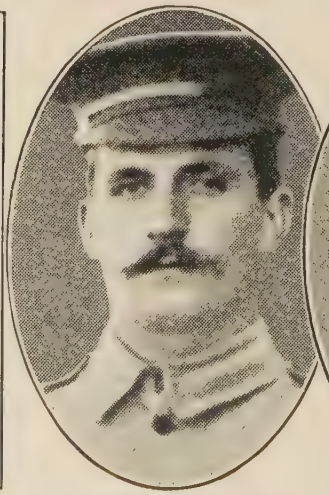
Sergt. H. UNDERWOOD, East Yorks Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for carrying orders under heavy fire and rescuing wounded.



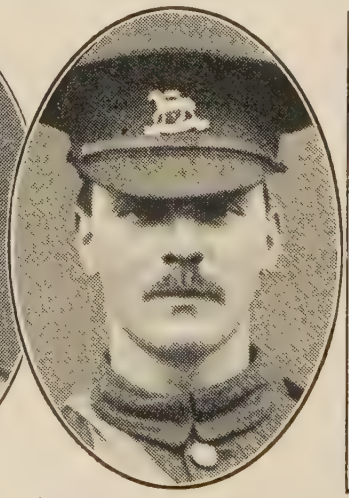
Sec.-Lieut. J. HUDSON, Connaught Rangers, awarded clasp to D.C.M. won in South Africa, mentioned in despatches, and promoted.

Sec.-Lieut. C. SANDERSON, D.S.O., Gordons, led grenadiers, forced enemy guns to retire, and by throwing bombs put two German posts out of action.

Sergt. H. LANGLEY, Field Ambulance, awarded D.C.M. and mentioned in despatches for conspicuous gallantry and ability under fire.



Corpl. J. ELLINGHAM, Rifle Brigade, awarded the D.C.M. for his cool courage when holding a trench with three others.



L.-Corpl. F. J. BARRETT, Royal West Surrey Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for his bravery in rescuing wounded under heavy fire.

Cpl. W. G. MUIR, R.A.M.C., awarded the D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry. He crossed over two hundred yards under fire to help two wounded men.

To face page 3081

GLORIOUS CHARGE OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND AND ROYAL FUSILIERS AT ST. ELOI (SOUTH OF YPRES), MARCH 27TH, 1916.

Golden Laurels for Gallant Londoners

A particularly gallant exploit of a London regiment composed almost entirely of City men won the admiration of its brigadier-general. The section of the line they held was subjected to an intense bombardment, fifty thousand shells bursting over it in fifty minutes, and absolutely shattering their trenches. But when the Germans launched an attack, believing that no one could be left capable of resistance, the London men sprang on to their parapet with bayonets fixed. "Come on, Fritz!" they shouted defiantly; but the disconcerted Germans dared not come to grips with them, and scuttled back to their own trenches.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Capt. D. L. AMAN, Royal Marine Artillery, awarded the D.S.C. for zeal and cool courage under fire.

Capt. M. McB. BELL-IRVING, D.S.O., Royal Flying Corps, decorated for conspicuous and consistent gallantry and skill.

Capt. J. H. DEAN, 13th Cheshire Regt., awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery at Le Touquet salient.

Lieut. F. TRUSCOTT, 6th Suffolk Cyclists, awarded the Military Cross for extreme bravery in saving life.

Sec.-Lieut. G. P. HARDING, 1st Cheshire Regt., gained the Military Cross for a plucky bombing attack.

Sec.-Lieut. C. I. GORDON, 1st Wiltshire Regt., awarded the Military Cross for heroically entering a German trench.

Sergt. R. BALDWIN, 2nd Worcester Regiment, twice awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry under fire.

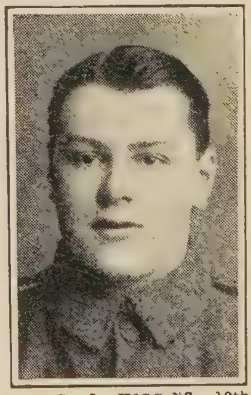
Sergt.-Maj. C. JOHNSON, Scottish Borderers, received the D.C.M. for bravery in action.

Corpl. A. J. WALSH, Royal Garrison Artillery, gained the D.C.M. and the French Military Medal for gallantry.

Pte. G. H. HAVARS, 11th Middlesex Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for bravery in action at Vermelles.

Pte. C. H. BOOTH, 3rd Coldstream Guards, awarded the D.C.M. for clearing a house of German snipers.

Corpl. S. A. FITCH, R.A.M.C., awarded the D.C.M. for heroism with the 30th Field Ambulance at Suvla Bay.



Pte. G. J. HIGGINS, 10th Rifle Brigade, gained the D.C.M. for gallantry near Cordonnerie.

Corpl. R. HUNT, 10th Rifle Brigade, awarded the D.C.M. for bravely cutting German wires near Cordonnerie.

Sapper E. CASSIDY, Royal Engineers, won the D.C.M. for devotion to duty with the 176th Tunnelling Company.

CAPT. D. L. AMAN, Royal Marine Artillery, received the Distinguished Service Cross for his great ability and fine example of coolness and courage under fire, while commanding two sections of anti-aircraft guns in the Ypres salient.

Capt. M. McBean Bell-Irving, Royal Flying Corps, was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for successfully engaging three hostile aeroplanes. The first he drove off, the second he sent to the ground in flames, the third nose-dived, and disappeared. He was then attacked by three other enemy machines, drove one off, and was then wounded.

Capt. J. H. Dean, 13th Cheshire Regt., led a fighting patrol with great coolness and dash, gained a footing on the parapet of the German trench, and bombed the trench for about forty yards, while under heavy fire. By his heroism Capt. Dean won the Military Cross.

Lieut. Francis Truscott, Suffolk Cyclists, an heroic winner of the Military Cross, is the eldest son of Sir George Truscott, Lord Mayor of London, 1908-9. Sec.-Lieut. G. P. Harding, 1st Cheshire Regt., gained the Military Cross for his bravery when leading a bombing attack on the German trenches. Sec.-Lieut. C. I. Gordon, 1st Wiltshire Regt., won the Military Cross for his heroism in penetrating the German lines, with a sergeant, and then entering their trenches alone. The following night he led a party of nine through the German wire, and crawled about fifty yards under their parapet, then jumped into their trench and shot two Germans.

Sergt. Reuben Baldwin, 2nd Worcester Regt., is one of the few men who have twice won the D.C.M. Sergt.-Major C. Johnson, Scottish Borderers, who gained the D.C.M. for bravery in action, also took part in the Chitral and Tirah campaigns, and was present at the capturing of the Heights of Dargai.

Corporal R. Hunt and Private G. J. Higgins, 10th Rifle Brigade, won the D.C.M. together for remaining out over two hours (with Private Bench, also awarded the D.C.M.), and successfully cutting through the enemy's wire, although a German sentry was in view all the time.

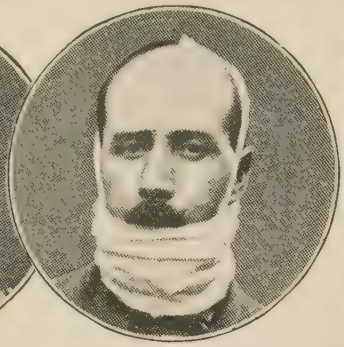
Brave Munsters Reply to German Insults

Immediately after the news of the Dublin rebellion reached the German lines, placards appeared in the enemy trenches opposite the Munsters bearing taunting messages to the effect that English soldiers were shooting Irish women in Dublin. The insult so enraged the Munsters that a nocturnal raid on the placards was organised. The first attempt was discovered by searchlights, and several brave Irishmen were shot down by machine-guns. The Munsters, however, were not to be denied; they made a second dash, scattered the Germans right and left, and brought the placards back in triumph.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Sub.-Lieut. A. W. St. C. TISDALL, V.C., R.N.V.R., made several trips between s.s. River Clyde and the shore under heavy fire to save wounded men.

Sec.-Lieut. C. D. DANBY, R.E. (T.F.), R.F.C., awarded Military Cross for excellent flying in bad weather; taking photographs during operations.



Pte. W. YOUNG, V.C., 8th E. Lancs. Regt., though terribly injured, continued to rescue a wounded sergeant under heavy fire.

Maj. R. P. MILLS, R. Fusiliers, and R.F.C., awarded Military Cross for co-operating with artillery, and so helping capture of enemy's position.

Sergt. A. F. SAUNDERS, V.C., 9th Suffolk Regt., although severely wounded, took command of machine-guns and showed conspicuous bravery.

Corpl. W. R. COTTER, V.C., 6th E. Kent Regt. (on right). When his right leg had been blown off at the knee, and he had been wounded in both arms, he made his way unaided for fifty yards to a crater, commanded the men holding it for two hours, and remained there fourteen hours.

Pte. H. KENNY, V.C., 1st L. N. Lancs. Regt., saved six wounded men lying in the open under very heavy fire, being wounded in the neck.

Capt. J. E. TENNANT, Scots Guards and R.F.C., awarded Military Cross. He bombed an enemy aerodrome from only thirty feet, at great risk.

Sec.-Lieut. F. N. HUDSON the Buffs and R.F.C., awarded Military Cross for bravery, and for completing an aerial reconnaissance while wounded.

Lieut. E. BAKER, Canadian Engineers, awarded Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action, which cost him his sight.

Sec.-Lieut. D. WEBB, Leicester Regt., awarded Military Cross for remaining on duty for two days, although injured.

Now the weak impulse and the blind desire
Give way at last to the all-conquering will.
Love now must pause, and fancy cease, until
The soul has won that freedom born of fire.
Sing, then, no songs upon the sweet-voiced lyre:
But choose some nobler instrument, whose shrill
Nerve-bracing notes my doubting heart shall fill
With a new courage, that will never tire.
Sing me the dead men's glorious deeds again!
Tell how they suffered, died, but would not fail!
Stir me to action! Let me feel their pain,
Their strength, their mystery: that at the tale
I rise with such clear purpose in my brain
That even Hell's own gates should not prevail.

—H. R. Freston.

Records of Regiments in the War

How Sec.-Lieut. James Reid McGregor, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, won the Military Cross by working a Maxim single-handed against the enemy.

LANCASHIRES' GALLANT ATTACK ON VIMY RIDGE.—In the first serious offensive against the Vimy Heights (between Arras and Lens), after this part of the old French line was taken over by the British, the Loyal North Lancashires and the Lancashire Fusiliers displayed great gallantry, March 15th, 1916. The Germans had strongly fortified a series of mine craters of their own making, realising that, once deprived of their hold on these, they would probably be compelled to fall back on Douai. Four of the craters having been blown up, the Loyal North Lancashires rushed the lip of the crater opposed to them, while the Fusiliers swept out on the whole front and, after close and desperate fighting, captured some two hundred and fifty yards of trench, in addition to inflicting heavy casualties on the foe. The result was to advance our front line to a more favourable position.

THE LOYAL NORTH LANCASHIRES

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XII.

"THE battalion will advance. Quick march!" On the morning of Friday, October 23rd, 1914, Major A. J. Carter, D.S.O., the officer commanding, gave this familiar order to the 1st Battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. Throughout the night the men had been marching, practically without food or rest, and after a brief halt they were on the move again, for there was grim business ahead.

Near the road running from Bixschoote to Langemarck the British had dug some trenches, and during the First Battle of Ypres the Germans captured them. If they had been allowed to stay there, Sir John French would probably have been forced to give up Ypres. The Loyal North Lancashires and two other battalions of General Bulfin's Brigade were ordered up, and to them was given the task of regaining the lost trenches.

The Lancashire men were sent towards the village of Pilken, about half-way between Bixschoote and Langemarck, and by a series of short rushes they advanced steadily towards the enemy. In a little while they were near enough for the final charge. A wild rush, and the trenches were taken.

Major and His Chair

In this little engagement the Lancashires had two officers killed and four wounded, while about one hundred and fifty men were hit. One of the wounded was Major H. G. Powell, and his conduct on that day was remarkable for coolness and pluck. It seems that some time previously the major had sprained his ankle, so when the advance began he took a chair out of a house near by and hobbled along with it in one hand and his stick in the other. At the end of each rush, when the men plumped down on the ground, he put down his chair and sat on it, directing his section all the time. Marvellous to relate, he got to within two hundred yards of the German trenches without being hit, but then he was wounded and was carried off to the dressing-station.

These Lancashire lads had been fighting hard for two months. The battalion was among the first to land in France, and as part of the 1st Division it fought at Mons and retreated to the Marne. During the retreat its commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel G. C. Knight, was killed.

Fight for a Sugar Factory

At the Battle of the Aisne the North Lancashires crossed that river under heavy fire near Bourg, and then pressed uphill towards Vendresse. On the top of the hill, parallel to the river, there is a high road called the Chemin des Dames, and near this is the hamlet of Troyon. In Troyon there is, or was, a sugar factory, and this had been turned by the Germans into a strong little fortress. Again our men moved forward through the wet grass, and about mid-day the North Lancashires, who were leading, got quite close to it. Then, with a shout, they rushed into the factory, drove out the Germans, and it was ours. About this time the battalion's new colonel, Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Lloyd, was returned as missing, and it was some time before it was known that he had been killed during this fighting on the Aisne.

"For the lilies of France and our own red rose
Are twined in a coronal now;
At war's bloody bridal it glitters and glows
On Liberty's beautiful brow."
—GERALD MASSEY.

From the Aisne the gallant battalion, then under Major Carter, went to Ypres, where it was through October and November. The story of the fight on October 23rd has been told already, and soon after that the North Lancashires were moved to Klein Zillebeke. There, on November 4th, they were fiercely attacked, but they succeeded in driving back the enemy. In directing this defence Major Carter, the leader of the charge at Pilken, was killed—the third commanding officer in less than three months.

By a coincidence on that same November day the 2nd Battalion of the regiment was also fighting desperately at the other side of the world. In October a little expeditionary force was sent from India to German East Africa, and this contained, in addition to several Indian regiments, the 2nd Loyal North Lancashires from Bangalore.

Bees as German Allies

The troops reached the port of Tanga, near where they landed, and on November 4th all was ready for the attack on the German town. The men moved forward through the bush, the Lancashire men being on the right, and although the Germans had placed all kinds of obstacles in their way, and had arranged excellent ways of finding the ranges for their guns, they managed to get into the town. That, however, was all. In Tanga itself nearly every house was a fortress; and fired on from every side, the troops were ordered to return to the boats, which they did. In this fight the Lancashires lost about one hundred and fifty officers and men, the killed including Major F. J. Braithwaite, commanding the battalion. For bravery on this day the Distinguished Conduct Medal was given to nine non-commissioned officers and men.

One cunning dodge, borrowed by the Germans from the natives, may be mentioned here. Along the sides of the road they had hidden hives of bees, which were stupefied by smoke. As our men passed, the covers of these hives were jerked off by wires, and the dazed insects flew out and stung the advancing soldiers. It is said that over a hundred stings were extracted from one of the men of the North Lancashires.

The battalion remained in British East Africa, and on March 9th part of it had a skirmish with the Germans at Mwaika Hill. In this the British were victorious, and, for his gallantry in bringing up ammunition to the firing-line, Private M. Sullivan received the D.C.M.

During the First Battle of Ypres, which lasted until the middle of November, the 1st Battalion was continually in the thick of the fight, and during the whole winter it was doing something or other. For instance, on December 21st, Sergeant W. Jeffrey led some of the Lancashire men in a night attack on some trenches which the Germans had captured at La Quinque Rue. This was part of a move to help the Indians who had been attacked at Givenchy, and the result of it was the recapture of the trenches and the saving of the British line. At Cuinchy, in January, 1915, the North Lancashires were sent to hold a dangerous part of the front.

A Loyal Regiment

During the spring the exhausted battalion had a rest, but it was wanted again during the Second Battle of Ypres. With the other units of the 2nd Brigade, the North Lancashires did their bit in those anxious days of May, and a little later a Territorial battalion—the 4th—of the same regiment had an opportunity to show its prowess. This was at Rue d'Ouvert during the attack on June 15th.

The 1st Battalion of this regiment, distinguished by the prefix Loyal, was raised in Scotland in 1740, and did not have any connection with Lancashire until 1782. It was known as the 47th Regiment of the Line, and was sent to Nova Scotia about 1758. At the siege of the great French fortress of Louisburg it was in Wolfe's Brigade, and it was known for a time as "Wolfe's Own"; it was in the centre of the thin British line in the famous battle on the Heights of Abraham, which made Canada a British possession. From Canada the 47th went to serve against the American Colonists, and after fighting hard at Bunker Hill, it was part of the force captured at Saratoga Springs. After the peace it was made a Lancashire regiment, but it remained for some years in Canada.

Persian Gulf Service—1815

The old 81st, now the 2nd Battalion of the North Lancashires, first made a name for itself at the Battle of Maida in 1806, when it had a big share in defeating the French. Both the 47th and the 81st took part in the Peninsular War, one or both of them fighting at Corunna, Tarifa, and Vittoria. At the storming of San Sebastian the 47th did wonders, but at a cost of two hundred and fifty-two officers and men killed or wounded.

After the conclusion of the peace of 1815, the regiment was busy rooting out the pirates who infested the shores of the Persian Gulf, and in fighting in India and Burma. During the Crimean War the Lancashire men fought at the Alma and at Inkerman, and they were in Afghanistan in 1878. During the Boer War part of the regiment, under Colonel Kekewich, formed the garrison of Kimberley, and throughout the campaign its high reputation was increased.

THE SPIRIT THAT MADE FOR VICTORY.—Striking impression of the Loyal North Lancashires in a merry mood. They are on parade for the trenches, and are just about to don the steel helmet which was supplied to all units of the army. In the centre of the crowd a group of officers are entering into the spirit of the occasion with as much fun as the Tommies themselves, supporting their helmets on canes and revolvers. (This official photograph was taken by permission of the Commander-in-Chief, and is Crown copyright.)

THE YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XIII.

"OFFICERS killed" is unfortunately a very common headline in the papers today. It was not so familiar, however, on September 2nd, 1914, the day on which the names of the first officers killed in the Great War were made known to the public, and that list, consequently, attracted a good deal of notice. Under the heading killed, there were thirty-five names, and eleven of these, or almost a third, belonged to the Yorkshire Light Infantry. In addition the battalion had two reported wounded and three missing. About a month later a long list of non-commissioned officers and men killed, wounded and missing was published.

The First Shell

These facts told something about the deeds of our Army in those last anxious days of August, 1914, and the story can now be filled in. This 2nd Battalion of the Yorkshire Light Infantry was at Dublin when the war began, and on August 7th the men were put on board a troopship which then steamed away. Owing to the dangers from mines, it took a roundabout route; but after two days on the water the men landed at Havre, and soon took train for Le Cateau.

On Thursday the 20th they got the order to move, and away they marched, swinging blithely along and singing as they went. They were in fine condition, and in spite of the heat they did thirty-two miles in the day, and on the next morning they were off again. Soon they crossed from France into Belgium, and then almost the first thing they saw was a Union Jack and a big canvas flapping away. On it were the words, "Welcome to our British comrades." On Saturday afternoon they were only three miles from Mons; there they halted, had some tea, and slept the night in a brewery.

On Sunday morning the Yorkshiremen, smoking and lounging about the place and watching the motors and the Staff officers dashing by, heard in the distance the booming of guns, and about midday a shell dropped some eight hundred yards from where they were. Soon after this they were ordered to fall in, and after a short march they found themselves near the bank of a canal. There they dug some trenches and waited for the Germans, who, so it was said, were moving towards the canal.

The Battle of Le Cateau

In the afternoon the enemy could be seen in a wood in the distance, and as soon as they came near enough our men got the order to fire, the Yorkshiremen being the first to aim. Many Germans were killed, but others came on, and after dark our men, although they had had very few losses, were told to fall back.

It was in the Battle of Le Cateau, fought on Wednesday, August 26th, that the Yorkshire Light Infantry lost

> "*And what stir*
> *Keeps good old York there with his men of war.*"
>
> —SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*

so many officers and men, and it is a day which will never be forgotten so long as the regiment endures. On a line stretching from Le Cateau to Cambrai the Second Army Corps, General Smith-Dorrien's, dug some trenches and waited in them for the Germans.

They had not long to wait, and it was Mons over again. The Germans marched bravely on, and were shot down. Again and again this happened, but meanwhile others of Von Kluck's men were getting round the two ends of the British line, and soon our men found that they were being fired at, not only from the front, but also from the side. They stood it for a good long time, and then about half-past three in the afternoon the general gave the order to retire.

In this engagement the Yorkshiremen had had a very bad time. One by one the other battalions got safely away, all except the Yorkshire Light Infantry, who were the last to move. At length it looked as if the trenches were entirely deserted, except for dead bodies, a litter of torn cloth, broken pieces of shot and shell, and other traces of an army's presence. But it was not quite so. In some of the trenches were two companies of the Yorkshires, the last of Smith-Dorrien's men. Originally there were about four hundred and fifty of these, but many had been killed and many more carried away to the ambulances. A few only remained, and soon the majority of them also were dead or injured.

The Charge of the Nineteen

In command of these companies was Major C. A. L. Yate, a soldier who had seen the Russo-Japanese War. He soon found out what had happened. He was left behind, and he made up his mind what to do. He called for the unwounded men and found there were nineteen of them—nineteen, the remains of four hundred and fifty! It was perfectly hopeless, but instead of ordering them to creep away, or to wait until the darkness came, he lined them up, and led them in a last bayonet charge against the Germans—nineteen against hundreds, perhaps thousands. They could do nothing. Yate himself and the survivors of his band were taken prisoners, and the enemy occupied our trenches, where they found a number of dead and wounded. Major Yate was reported dead, but this was incorrect.

By his gallantry Major Yate had certainly earned the Victoria Cross, and on November 25th it was given to him. At Le Cateau, also, another Yorkshireman won it. This was Lance-Corporal F. W. Holmes, who first carried a wounded man out of the trenches to safety, and then went to the help of the artillery. A driver had been badly wounded and it seemed as if his gun could not be got away Whereupon, amid the bursting of the shells and the plunging of the horses, Holmes rushed out, seized the reins, and took the team out of danger.

After fighting at the Battle of the Aisne, the Yorkshire Light Infantry appeared in Flanders in October, where they had some stiff work near Givenchy, first advancing and then being driven back.

The Minden Men

The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, to give it its full name, is made up of the old 51st and 105th Regiments of the Line. The 51st was first raised by two Yorkshiremen, the Marquess of Rockingham and Sir George Savile, Bart., in 1755, and it was one of the six British regiments which fought at Minden. "Every British lad," says Mr. Fortescue, the historian of our Army, "should know the name of the Minden regiments, and should be taught to take off his hat to them if ever he should have the good fortune to meet them." On August 1st, the anniversary of this battle, the Yorkshire L.I. wear roses to commemorate their deeds of glory against the French.

The regiment remained in Germany for a few years, and then served in Minorca, Corsica, India and Ceylon. For two years Sir John Moore was its colonel, and under him it fought at Corunna. Other battles in Spain in which the Yorkshiremen took part were Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle and Orthes. They were at the storming of Badajoz, and in the "thin red line" at Waterloo. Burma, Afghanistan, Tirah and South Africa bring their story down to the time of the Great War. The regiment's motto is "*Cede nullis*," or yield to none, and its badge is—as one would expect—a white rose.

Strengthened and refreshed, the 2nd Yorkshire L.I. returned to the front line early in the New Year, and on January 19th, 1915, one of its lance-corporals, F. B. Finney, won the D.C.M. by climbing through the rows of barbed-wire in front of the German trenches and bringing back some valuable information.

A Famous Ridge

On "Hill 60" the Yorkshires lost quite a number of officers and men in defending it against savage German attacks. A few days later they were sent to the help of the Canadians, and they took their stand at a critical point in the British line, near the "unhealthy" spot named Shell-trap Farm. Day after day they were under a tempest of shot and shell; day after day their numbers grew fewer, but they held on to the end just as they had done at Le Cateau, and on April 30th they were removed to their old quarters near "Hill 60."

Frezenberg Ridge is another name for Yorkshire folk to remember, for on May 8th the 1st Battalion of the Yorkshire L.I. had a dreadful time there. The Germans planned a strong attack on the centre of our line, and this began early on Saturday morning; after a long day of desperate fighting the battalion, or what remained of it, was forced to retire about a mile, but from there the men would not budge.

Three 'Jocks' Guard Six Hundred Prisoners

Reports as to the moral of enemy troops must always be read with discrimination, but during the attack on July 1st, 1916, there certainly was one cardinal incident which proved that many of the enemy were demoralised. An officer writes that, while on his way to the dressing-station, he came across six hundred German prisoners whose entire escort consisted of three tall "Jocks," "all blood and dirt and rags." The swagger of this little guard followed by a comparative army of Huns was a sight for the gods.

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XIV.

G.H.Q., or General Headquarters, to give it its full name, is a mysterious place "somewhere in France" where the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army is to be found. A stranger wandering into that neighbourhood would soon find himself challenged by a sentry, and unless he could explain his business very clearly would be kept at a safe distance. To guard the Commander-in-Chief and his surroundings from intrusion and annoyance, a battalion is usually told off, and the one chosen to do this for Lord French when he first went to France in August, 1914, was the 1st Cameron Highlanders.

Officers as Cave Men

But the 1st Camerons were not long at G.H.Q. Disaster had overtaken the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and, to take their place in the 1st Brigade, Lord French ordered the Camerons to the front. They joined the other three battalions on September 4th, and a few days later they were in some very fierce fighting on the Aisne.

On Sunday, the 13th, the Camerons crossed the river near Bourg fairly easily, and passed the night in some hastily-dug entrenchments in the hills on the Aisne's northern side. On the following Monday they made their way up the valley towards Vendresse. In the afternoon they were sent to support an attack made by the Loyal North Lancashires on a sugar factory at Troyon, and there they had a terrible time. They got quite close to the main German line of defence, and as they slipped about on the wet grass they were shot down in scores. More than half the battalion — seventeen officers and over five hundred men—were either killed or wounded.

A rest was then given to the remnant of this battalion, but towards the end of the month they took the place of the Black Watch in some of our trenches. At this time they were commanded by a captain, Douglas Miers, and finding a cave about ten yards square, he decided to make this his headquarters. With the captain were four other officers and about thirty men, the rest being on duty in the trenches.

A New Use for an Inn

Whether the Germans knew where the headquarters of the battalion were or not we cannot say, but the officers had only just become cave men when a huge shell burst right on the top of their dwelling, and the whole roof falling in, every one was buried in the ruins. One or two managed to crawl out, and one or two more were rescued by them, while some Scots Guards, who were in the same brigade, hurried up and began to dig away the earth above the unfortunate men. They could not get on very fast, for the Germans saw what they were doing, and turned a heavy fire upon them. After dark a party of Engineers came up with proper appliances,

"I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath—
'Tis the march of the Cameron men."

and soon got down to the buried men, but it was too late; they were all dead. All five officers perished in this disaster, these including Captain Miers and Captain Alan Cameron of Lochiel.

The Camerons must now wait for reinforcements before they could do much, and when these came the battalion, like the rest of the Army, had been transferred to Flanders. In the middle of October the men were holding some trenches near the high road running between Langemarck and Bixschoote. There, on the night of the 22nd, while the Battle of Ypres was raging, the Germans broke through, and a sanguinary conflict followed. Some of the Camerons were cut off from the rest of the force, and these rushed into an inn close by, and turned it into a little fortress. They held it while the 2nd Brigade, led by General Bulfin, retook the lost trenches and drove off the enemy with heavy loss.

A Live Extinguisher

With the other eleven battalions of the 1st Division, the Camerons resisted the desperate attacks made by the Germans on October 31st, when the British brigades were swept from their trenches, and on November 11th, when the Prussian Guard made its furious onslaught. When this ended, the Camerons had again been reduced to a mere remnant of their original strength, almost annihilated twice in two months. The brigade to which they belonged, the 1st, had started with 153 officers and about 5,000 men; after the Battle of Ypres it numbered eight officers and less than 500 men.

So far the narrative has confined itself to the deeds of the 1st Battalion of this Highland regiment, which in January took part in the desperate fighting in the brickfields at Cuinchy, but it is now time to say something about the 2nd Battalion, which arrived at the front from India early in 1915, and which was fighting at St. Eloi on February 20th, if not earlier. On March 15th one of its company sergeant-majors, G. McCallum, was severely burned when in command of a trench, because, seeing no other way of putting out some burning petrol, he rolled on it, and so extinguished the blaze.

The 2nd Camerons were part of the new Fifth Army Corps, and this had little share in the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. Perhaps this was just as well, for the men were fresh and their ranks were full when the Germans made their second desperate attack on Ypres in April and May.

When this battle began, the Camerons, in the 81st Brigade and the 27th Division, were in some trenches near "Hill 60," the hill that was no hill, and there they were when a green vapour—the new poison gas—was blown slowly towards the British lines.

In the early days of May the battalion's fiercest fighting was around Hooge, where the Germans used poison gas to help them. On the 11th, for instance, two companies were driven from their trenches, but Captain R. L. McCall rallied the men, and in three counter-attacks drove out the Germans at the point of the bayonet. On the previous day Sergeant A. G. Douglas had taken command of a company which had lost all its officers, and had so heartened the men that they stuck to their trench in spite of the enemy's determination to have it at all costs.

A Cameron and His Axe

But perhaps the most remarkable of these great deeds of Ypres was that of Lance-Corporal Gordon, also performed on the 11th. He was one of a party attached to a machine-gun. Near where he was the British line was broken, and soon Gordon was the only one left to work the gun. Seeing this, six Germans made for him, but the corporal, seizing an axe, killed one, while the others took to their heels. He then used his axe to disable the machine-gun, and went off to help in working another. Eventually the Germans were driven back some way, so Gordon went out under heavy fire and brought back the gun he had damaged.

Another, and not less inspiring, story could be told about the Territorial battalions of the Camerons, which were at the front in the spring. The 4th Battalion, mostly men from the Hebrides, took part in the attack on Festubert in May, and in this they advanced farther into the German lines than any other unit. However, they paid heavily for their superb heroism, their colonel, Lieut.-Colonel A. Fraser, being among the many killed. In one place they came up against a broad stream, but many of them swam it and made their way into a German trench. But they were alone, as reinforcements could not reach them, and in the darkness they were ordered to retire.

Queen Victoria's Own Regiment

This famous regiment, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, owes its origin to Alan Cameron, who, about 1790, raised 700 young men in his native county of Inverness, and, as their colonel, soon led them to the wars. Called the 79th Cameron Highlanders, they fought against Napoleon in Holland and in Egypt, helped to capture Copenhagen in 1807, and to beat the French at Corunna, Talavera, and Busaco. At Fuentes d'Onor they had a fierce battle in the streets with the pick of the French troops; the death of their colonel, Alan Cameron's son, in this encounter roused them to frenzy, and after it had occurred they swept the enemy in hasty flight before them.

In Egypt, in our own day, the Camerons have served with great distinction. At Tel-el-Kebir they led the charge on the Egyptian position. At the Battle of the Atbara they were selected by Kitchener to storm the Arab zareba, which they did with conspicuous success, and they took part in the fight at Omdurman.

The record of the Camerons is one not easily beaten. From the very first they have shown that "fierce native daring" which Byron credited them with in "Childe Harold," and they have never shown it more than during the Great War.

THE ROYAL IRISH

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XV.

IN the days which followed the death of their leader, General Hubert Hamilton, on October 14th, 1914, the three brigades of the 3rd Division fought their way inch by inch towards Lille. They made a fair amount of progress, and about the 19th had got well across the main road which runs from Estaires to La Bassée, but as they advanced they found strong German defences.

Hard Luck at Le Pilly

One of the little villages defended by the Germans was called Le Pilly. It was in the way of the advance of the 8th Brigade, and General Doran ordered one of his battalions, the 2nd Royal Irish, to storm it. The battalion had been fighting hard for some time, and was not at full strength, a major being in command, but the men were quite ready to tackle the job. A plan of attack was arranged, the men silently took their places round the village, company by company and platoon by platoon, and got quite near to it by a series of short rushes. Then, with a shout, they were in the village, and in a few minutes all the Germans therein had either been killed or put to flight. They dug trenches round it, put their machine-guns into positions, and made themselves as comfortable as they could for the night.

So Le Pilly became a British—or, rather, an Irish—village, but it was only for a short time. The Germans are great believers in sharp counter-attacks, for these nearly always find their opponents in a weakened condition, and sometimes surprise them. Unfortunately for us, they had just taken Lille, and were pouring into that city masses of fresh troops, and some of these were ordered to retake the captured village. They marched out early in the morning of the 20th, and completely surrounded Le Pilly. The Irish put up a good fight, but they were cut off from all assistance, and during the day they were forced to surrender.

A Gallant Quartermaster-Sergeant

This battalion of the Royal Irish had been at the front from the very first. At the Battle of Mons they helped to line the canal which runs from that town through the colliery villages to Condé, and until nightfall they fired steadily at the oncoming Germans. In the dark they marched back about five miles, and an incident which occurred at this time is well worthy of mention. The scene was a summer night, with our men marching away from Mons and a great number of Germans hard on their heels, shells bursting all around, and the sky lit up by the glare from burning buildings. Just outside Mons, Quartermaster-Sergeant T. W. Fitzpatrick saw how close the Germans were getting to his men, so at some cross-roads he collected fifty of them together and told them they must keep back the enemy. Under his direction they took up their positions, and their good shooting prevented the Germans from advancing for quite a time. The Irish were helped by a machine-gun which had been abandoned by some of the British troops; for Fitzpatrick got hold of this, and with another man repaired it so that it could be used again.

"We went on to meet the old 18th Royal Irish Regiment, the senior of all the Irish regiments. The night before, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French, had asked me to convey a message of congratulation to this regiment for their gallantry in the field, and to assure them how proud he was to be their colonel."

—MR. JOHN REDMOND.

After their night's march the Royal Irish reached a position selected for them between Frameries and Quarouble, where they were no longer amid the grime and dirt of colliery refuse, but in fields of ripening corn. Another fight, another tiring march, and they were near Le Cateau, ready to take part in the battle of August 26th. A day of hard fighting there was followed by another retreat, but by then the worst was over. On the Thursday and Friday of that terrible week less was seen of the Germans, who were much too weary to push on as quickly as they had previously done, and on the Saturday Sir John French was able to give his men a day's rest.

The Irish at Vailly

After the Marne the Aisne. The Royal Irish and the rest of the 8th Brigade crossed the latter river at Vailly. This was a very daring piece of work, and for their part in it two privates of the Royal Irish, J. Doherty and N. Fernie, won the Distinguished Conduct Medal. When the men stood to arms at three o'clock in the morning it was raining hard. They got down to the bank of the river without serious loss, and as soon as the Engineers had built a pontoon bridge they dashed across, and found what shelter they could on the other side. Trenches were quickly dug, and these gave some protection from the German shells, which fell in a furious shower all around.

The next spell of fighting was an attempt to make way up the hills to the German guns at the top. At their first effort the Royal Irish and their comrades were driven back to Vailly, but at the second they were more fortunate, and the Germans had the sorrow of seeing them firmly entrenched on some higher ground. There they remained until the whole of the British army was transferred to Flanders.

Then came Le Pilly, and while the 2nd Battalion was being re-formed by drafts from home, the 1st arrived at the front from India, and in February saw a little fighting.

These Irishmen were in the new 27th Division, and were in trenches near St. Eloi, where, on the night of St. Valentine's Day, they received an unexpected visit from the Germans, who rushed some portions of their trenches. Only for a few hours, however, did the enemy keep them, for the next morning they were turned out. In this fighting five Distinguished Conduct Medals were won by men of the Royal Irish, all for heroism in rescuing the wounded.

This was just a trial run for the battle in which the Irish took part in March. After our troops had gained a certain amount of ground around Neuve Chapelle on the 10th, the Germans made ready for their usual counter-attack. This came on the 14th, and was fiercest, not at Neuve Chapelle, but at St. Eloi, about fifteen miles away to the north. There, as exactly a month before, the 1st Royal Irish and the rest of the 27th Division were holding the trenches, and as before, they were driven from them by the unexpected rush of men.

The Turn of the Irish

In this game of "pull devil, pull baker," it was now the turn of the baker. At two o'clock on the morning of the 15th the necessary preparations for a British attack had been made, and the Royal Irish and the three other battalions of the 82nd Brigade were standing ready in the silence of the night. At the word of command they leapt forward, and before the day was very old they had driven the Germans from the village of St. Eloi and had retaken some of the lost trenches. Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Forbes, who led the Irish in this assault, died of his wounds a few days later, and Major F. S. Lillie was among the killed.

This famous regiment, the Royal Irish, long known as the 18th of the Line, was raised in the time of Charles II., and after serving in Ireland, went to the Netherlands to fight for William of Orange. There the Irishmen won for themselves immortal glory by their part in the assault on Namur, August 20th, 1695. In memory of its gallantry then the regiment now bears on its colours the lion of Nassau, the emblem of William of Orange.

Under Marlborough the Irish fought at Blenheim and in the duke's other great victories. Their impetuous bravery at the Siege of Venloo carried them right into the fortress, where the garrison quickly surrendered at the sight of such terrible fellows, and they also did good work at the Siege of Tournai.

Ireland's Proud Past

On their deeds at Malplaquet Irishmen can look back with pride and yet with sorrow. There the Royal Irish found themselves opposite the Royal Irlandais, a regiment of gallant exiles who had taken service under the King of France, and in the fighting the superior discipline of Marlborough's men prevailed.

For many years after the peace of 1714 the Royal Irish did only garrison duty. They were in Minorca from 1718 to 1742, and from then until 1800 were in Ireland, Corsica, and the West Indies. In 1801 they were in Egypt, and from 1805 to 1817 in Jamaica.

After some more years of inactivity the regiment fought in China in 1840, then in Burma, and in 1854-55 in the Crimea, where the men shared in the assault on the Redan. They had met the Maoris of New Zealand in battle before they were sent to Afghanistan in 1879, and to Egypt in 1882. At Tel-el-Kebir, according to Lord Wolseley, the regiment "particularly distinguished itself." More recently it served in Rhodesia, on the Indian Frontier, and in South Africa, and then went again to Flanders.

Smiling Soldier Sons of the Emerald Isle

Men of the Royal Irish resting in the long grass behind a rampart in France. Rifles are piled, and the mental tension of war is relaxed. But even through the broad smiles of these loyal men from Ireland one can detect the determination to win. (Photographs Canadian copyright reserved.)

Some fighting expressions of the Royal Irish. Many of the men are wearing enemy helmets captured just prior to this photograph being taken. But no number of Pickelhauben could possibly make a British soldier look like a German.

THE CAMERONIANS OR SCOTTISH RIFLES

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XVI.

NEUVE CHAPELLE—March 10th, 11th, 12th, 1915—was the first of that new and terrible kind of battle with which the Great War has made us familiar. In the good old days the two armies met on a more or less level piece of ground, such as Naseby Field or Lutzen, Leipzig or Waterloo, and went for each other on fairly equal terms, and this was so even as recently as the Battle of the Marne. Then came a total change; a war of entrenchments began. The two sides dug trenches, real underground dwellings, not just ditches scraped hastily out of Mother Earth, and in front of these they put up defences of all kinds, barbed-wire entanglements and every sort of obstacle that human ingenuity could devise. Nor was this all. All over the place they hid machine-guns, and they kept their whereabouts secret to the very last minute; behind these were bigger guns, also cunningly hidden away, and in the trenches were men with rifles, peering through peepholes and periscopes—watching for the enemy. These and all the other preparations having been made, the only thing to do was to wait and see.

New Method of Attack

In a war of this kind, it is as certain as anything can be that the side which attacks will lose far more than the side which just sits still and shoots, and generals thought twice before attacking in such conditions. Very soon, however, someone suggested a way out of the difficulty, and this was tried by the British at Neuve Chapelle. It was to fire high-explosive shells in enormous quantities, their object being not so much to kill men as to blow into smithereens parapets, barbed-wire fences, and everything else in front of the enemy's trenches. This done, the infantry could advance, and the fight would be the old one of man to man, the best man to win.

Neuve Chapelle

At Neuve Chapelle the British artillery began the battle at 7.30 on the morning of Wednesday, March 10th. Four shells to the yard was the allowance served out to the gunners, and for over half an hour the sound was deafening, our men's ears being almost burst as they crouched in the trenches and waited while the terrible missiles went over them on their journey. The whole earth vibrated as if one of the gods, Thor or Vulcan, was striking it with a hammer, and the German parapets and entanglements disappeared in a cloud of dust, while the trenches, too, were destroyed, and the whole place flattened out. Then, at five minutes past eight, the infantry leapt out and dashed forward.

To the north of the village of Neuve Chapelle the battalions chosen to make the attack were the four belonging to the 23rd Brigade, and one of these was the 2nd Cameronians, who were at Malta when the war began. They rushed forward as gaily as the rest, but a dreadful experience met them before they reached the German trenches. The barbed-wire entanglements, the trenches, the machine-guns, everything was there just as if there had been no bombardment. As they tore with their naked hands at the wire, the Germans shot them down in scores. Their officers did all they could to get forward, but soon the colonel and fourteen of them had been killed and most of the others wounded.

> *"The struggle lasted four hours. By that time the Cameronians were reduced nearly to their last flask of powder; but their spirit never flagged. . . . Then the drums struck up; the victorious Puritans threw their caps into the air, raised, with one voice, a psalm of triumph and thanksgiving, and waved their colours, colours which were on that day unfurled for the first time in the face of an enemy."*
>
> —MACAULAY'S "History of England."

A Costly Miscalculation

The reason for this failure to destroy the German positions as they had been destroyed elsewhere along the line is as follows: Just where the Cameronians attacked, the German trenches were in a slight hollow, and the shells missed this and burst beyond. For this error the Cameronians paid a terrible price—several hundreds of young and gallant lives.

To return to the story. In that terrible moment, with the barbed-wire intact in front, and officers and men dropping not one by one, but ten by ten, the battalion did not break, and that fact deserves to be recorded in every story of the Great War. A wounded officer, Major G. T. C. Carter-Campbell, took over the command, and the survivors were ordered to lie down in the open and take what cover they could find. They obeyed, and lay there for some time, until the British guns again got to work—on the right spot this time. Soon a gap had been made in the German defences, and a company which had escaped the worst of the slaughter was sent against it. The men got through this time, and soon the remnant of the battalion had joined up with the others behind the enemy's lines. On the evening of March 12th, two days later, this success was followed up, and under Lieutenant Somervail the Cameronians took part in another attack. On the 14th the same officer, by then the only one left, led the survivors out of action.

Heroes in the Ranks

Those awful days revealed many heroes in the ranks of the Cameronians. The first of them to dash into the German trenches was Private H. R. Cannon, while another private, W. Tongs, at a very critical moment rushed up his machine-gun and soon accounted for a German gun which was doing a lot of damage. Sergeant Mayo, after all his officers had been killed or wounded, collected the men together and led them forward against the Germans.

These Cameronians belong to a regiment first raised, as Macaulay tells us, in 1689. The original Cameronians were stout Protestants, but with no conscientious objections to fighting in defence of their liberties, and they were glad enough, therefore, to help William of Orange against James II. and his Roman Catholic friends. At Dunkeld, on August 4th, 1689, they beat back a desperate attack made by the Highlanders, and since then they have served honourably every British King and Queen.

A Private in Command

Enrolled in the Regular Army as the 26th Regiment of the Line, the Cameronians served under Dutch William in Flanders, and fought in Marlborough's four great battles—Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudinarde, and Malplaquet. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment—the old 90th—was raised in 1794, and fought with honour in Egypt and at Corunna. Later it was in South Africa; in the Crimea the battalion took part in the assault on the Redan, and in India it marched with Havelock to relieve Lucknow. The regiment also fought in Abyssinia and Zululand, and through the Boer War.

In November, 1914, the 2nd Battalion of this regiment went to France, and, as related, took part in the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. The 1st Battalion was already there, being one of those sent out to guard the lines of communication. During the retreat from Mons it was hurried up to the front, and in the succeeding weeks the men saw a good deal of fighting. On October 22nd, for instance, at the beginning of the First Battle of Ypres, some of them were in a very tight place, but under a private, W. Cairns, all the officers having been either killed or wounded, they fought a gallant rearguard action, and throughout the winter many other deeds of bravery were recorded of Cameronians.

New Armies in the Field

Quite early in the war the Cameronians had a Territorial battalion at the front. This was the 5th, under Lieut.-Col. R. T. Douglas, and it did good service during the Battle of Ypres in October, 1914, and throughout the following winter. The 6th—another Territorial battalion—showed great gallantry in an attack on some German trenches made on June 15th. Across open ground the Scots rushed on; the trenches were captured, but we were unable to hold them.

The service battalions, the men of Lord Kitchener's army, were the next to arrive at the front, and several of these won great glory at the Battle of Loos. One to do so was the 10th Cameronians. They were part of the 15th Division, one marked off to seize Loos itself. This they did, the Cameronians and the rest of the 46th Brigade sweeping round from the north, and then, not content with this success, they made for "Hill 70" beyond. As at Neuve Chapelle, they did all that brave men could do, and the long list of dead on the regimental roll proves them worthy of those stark Scots warriors who died around King James at Flodden, or those who fell with Wauchope at Magersfontein.

Brave Highlanders to the Attack at Mametz

In the fighting for Mametz, during the great advance of July 1st, 1916, Scottish troops were allotted perhaps the hardest task of all. The village was strongly fortified and defended by machine-guns and bombs innumerable. The Scots fought with determined courage, and the Germans put up a desperate resistance, but eventually were overpowered. Towards evening Mametz had been cleared of the enemy, and the triumphant Scots began consolidating the position against counter-attack.

THE CHESHIRES

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XVII.

LIKE the Gordon Highlanders and the Munster Fusiliers, the Cheshires experienced a sad and unmerited disaster at the opening of the Great War. On Sunday, August 23rd, 1914, the 15th Brigade, to which the 1st Battalion of this regiment belonged, was in reserve, some little way behind the canal between Mons and Condé. As far as they were concerned, the day passed away without any considerable excitement or loss, but on the Monday it was very different.

The British retreat, as everyone knows, was ordered to begin after nightfall, and early on Monday morning the Second Corps, General Smith-Dorrien's, was marching steadily away. The Germans were hurrying rapidly round the west, or exposed end of the corps, their object being to drive our men into each other in hopeless confusion, to cut them off from their supplies and supports, and then to wait for their surrender. It was quite a sound plan; but, fortunately for us, Smith-Dorrien was too old a soldier to be caught in this way. The Cheshires were ordered to prevent the Germans from carrying out their scheme by keeping them back while those battalions which had taken a more active part in the fighting at Mons got safely away.

The Ridge of Death

Near the village of Eloges there is a slight ridge, and there Colonel Boger decided to post his men. During the morning they did as they were told to do, they kept back the Germans by their well-aimed fire; but they themselves were losing heavily, and, moreover, the Germans were soon almost all round them. About three o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Boger got rather anxious, and sent to the general for instructions. No answer came back, for the rest of the brigade had gone, and "none appeared in sight but enemies." A bayonet charge was tried, but this could not break through the ranks of the Germans, growing more numerous every minute as fresh troops hurried up, and in a little while those Cheshires who were not killed had surrendered. Some did, indeed, make their way through the German circle and manage to join the rest of the brigade, but of the battalion of a thousand men all save some two hundred were gone.

When the casualty lists reached England, these Cheshires — eighteen officers and a large number of men—were merely returned as missing, but that was not the full tale. Many had been killed and more wounded, and gradually the news filtered through—one return, for instance, mentioning that one of the eighteen missing officers was dead, while five others were wounded prisoners.

Fresh Blood for the Regiment

In spite of this heavy loss, the 1st Cheshires kept their place in the army, and were soon reinforced by drafts from home. About one of these drafts an

"But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies."
—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

interesting story is told. One evening, a certain general had made all his plans for an attack, when there was a knock at the door, and an officer, having entered and saluted, stated that he had arrived with two hundred fresh men for the Cheshires. The difficulty was that this officer was senior in rank to the officer then commanding the battalion, the one to whom the general had given his instructions; so consequently the whole plan had to be discussed over again and new arrangements made.

From the Aisne to Lille

A good deal could be said about the deeds of the Cheshires at the Battle of the Aisne, in September, 1914, after which of all their officers who had been at Mons Captain Frost was the only one left. The 15th Brigade, to which they belonged, crossed the river on rafts between Missy and Venizel, and then stuck grimly to positions around the village of St. Marguerite until they got orders to move nearer to the sea. There in October they were first of all fighting their way towards Lille, and then doggedly standing fast and preventing the German hordes from reaching Calais.

In this latter fighting the Cheshires, for the second time, had serious losses. They were in trenches near the village of Violaines, in front of Festubert, when on October 22nd the enemy attacked in great force. The trenches were stormed and the Cheshires, contesting every inch of the ground, were forced slowly back.

Fighting on Hill 60

At length the German rush was checked and the remnant of the battalion rallied in Festubert. Again the regiment had a long list of missing officers, this including four captains, W. S. Rich, L. A. Forster, H. I. St. J. Hartford, and J. L. Shore, while another, F. H. Mahony, died from his wounds. A little later, Gerard Anderson, one of the most brilliant scholars and athletes that Oxford has ever produced, was killed in the ranks of the Cheshires.

For a time, after the terrific fighting at Ypres had come to an end, the battalion had a rest, but in May it was once more in the forefront of the battle. The men were on Hill 60, and there they fought desperately when the Germans with their gas attacked it on the 5th. It was at this time that their colonel, Lieut.-Col. A. de C. Scott, was killed.

Not far from this 1st Battalion was the 2nd Battalion of this regiment, and at the front, too, was a Territorial battalion, the 5th, which also had a share in defending Ypres. The 2nd Battalion had come from India early in the year, and in February had had an experience of trench warfare in Flanders, an unwelcome change from the warm climate from which the men had come. They were in the 84th Brigade, and day after day they resisted the torrent of shot and shell poured upon them, and to them belongs some of the glory for the incomparable defence of Ypres.

Amazing Bombing Feat

The summer passed away, and then came the Battle of Loos. On the first days of October, just after our big attack, the 2nd Cheshires were holding some trenches near Vermelles, and there they were violently attacked. Bombs were the weapons chiefly used, and by means of them some Germans penetrated into our lines. They did not get there easily, however. In one company of the Cheshires a certain Private Nixon threw bombs among them for a day and a night, until he was the only man left, and in another company Captain Freeman won the Military Cross for gallantry equally conspicuous.

The Battle of Loos brought honour, also, to another battalion of the Cheshires, the 9th, composed of men of the New Army. With other battalions their business on September 5th, the day of the big push, was to keep the Germans near Festubert very busy, and so to prevent them from sending men to resist our main attack at Loos. They advanced in good style, and having achieved their purpose, fell back.

A Royal Oak-leaf

Finally, in December last, the Cheshires, like many other battalions, sent out bombing parties, which did a good deal of damage. For instance, on the night of the 6th, the 1st Battalion sent out one under Second-Lieut. G. P. Harding. One of the greatest difficulties was the tremendous amount of mud through which the men had to wade; but they got to the enemy's trenches and accounted for several of their foes. Three weeks later, on the 29th, the new 13th Battalion had a turn, for a party of them made a successful raid on some trenches at Le Touquet.

The Cheshire Regiment, the old 22nd of the Line, was one of those first raised in 1689, just after William of Orange became King of England. The men fought in Ireland, and fifty years later were at Dettingen, where the Cheshires saved King George II. from some French cavalry. The king was then under an oak-tree, and when the danger was over he plucked a leaf therefrom and gave it to the leader of the men around him. This explains why since then the Cheshires have always had an oak-leaf on their dress and colours.

The regiment helped to capture Louisburg from France in 1758, and was afterwards in the West Indies and the East Indies. It was in Jamaica in 1831, and a little later was again in India, where it won great glory under Sir Charles Napier. At Meanee, the Cheshires were the only Britons in Napier's little army, and then they obeyed their leader's order to die rather than let the enemy get through. At Hyderabad their gallantry was equally conspicuous, and largely to them is due the fact that Scinde is to-day part of the British Empire. Their later services include campaigns in Burma and a share in the South African War.

DASHING DRAGOON GUARDS ROUT GERMAN INFANTRY IN THE GREAT ADVANCE OF 1916.

On the evening of July 15th, 1916, during the great British advance, a detachment of Dragoon Guards and Deccan Horse charged the enemy between Bazentin and Delville Woods. This was the first occasion on which British cavalry had been in action since October, 1914.

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THE EAST SURREYS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XVIII.

WITH very good reason, indeed, have the men of the 1st Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment been called the heroes of Hill 60, and the story of their deeds there is one of the most stirring in the annals of the Great War. Put very briefly it is as follows:

Hill 60 is about three miles from Ypres. In the real sense of the word it is not a hill at all, but just a mound formed by dumping down the soil taken from the railway cutting close by. It was seized by the British on April 17th, 1915, and during the next few days the Germans made the most frantic efforts to regain it. It was held at first by the 13th Brigade, but in a day or two the 14th came up to their assistance, and in this were the 1st East Surreys.

An April Night

Throughout the 19th and the 20th the Surrey men crouched in their trenches, while shot and shell fell all around them, and just before dusk on the 20th the German infantry advanced. The Surreys had lost somewhat heavily, but their previous experience was nothing to that which they met with during the darkness of that April night. They were outnumbered, but yet for an hour and a half they kept the enemy out, and then finding that they could not be moved, the Germans tried a new kind of attack. Again and again they sent forward parties of grenadiers, who, stealing up unnoticed in the gloom, hurled their grenades into the trenches, and then rushed forward to take advantage of the confusion. But it was no use, the Surreys, like the men mentioned by Montaigne, would not "bouge," and morning found them still on Hill 60—still undismayed.

All the time, day and night alike, the German guns were peppering the hill with shell of all kinds, among the missiles being bombs which choked and blinded our men with their foul, gaseous smells. On the 21st, which was a Wednesday, their infantry got a footing on the hill, but they only remained there for a few hours. As at Verdun, nearly a year later, it must be said that it took a good deal to daunt the Germans and make them leave off their assaults, and for two or three days more the East Surreys and the rest of the defenders of the hill had hardly a moment's respite. But they held on to the end.

For this defence of Hill 60 three Victoria Crosses were given to the East Surreys, although perhaps a hundred were earned. One of these was awarded to Lieutenant Roupell, who commanded a company, which on the 20th was holding some front trenches. Although Roupell had been wounded, he did not retire from the field; instead, seeing the Germans moving forward, he led out his men to meet them with the bayonet, and had the satisfaction of driving them back. Then he went off to the dressing-station, had his wounds dressed, and was quickly at his post again, cheering on his men.

"If your enemies headlong rush upon you, stay for them and bouge not; if they without stirring stay for you, run with fury upon them."
—MONTAIGNE.

It was now getting dark, and many of Roupell's men had been killed or wounded, so he went to his commanding officer, who was in a rear trench, and explained the position. Then he led some reinforcements up to the front trenches, being under heavy fire all the time, and with them held the line through another terrible night. In the morning he and the few who remained were given a well-deserved rest.

The Surrey V.C.'s

Equally gallant was the action of Second-Lieutenant B. H. Geary. A platoon under his command was holding a crater on the hill, and early in the night the German shells destroyed the defences. Then in the darkness the bombers came on, but Geary and his men beat them back time after time. Totally indifferent to danger, the officer was at one moment firing a rifle, at another throwing grenades, and at another exposing himself to find out what the Germans were doing. When he had a few minutes of freedom, he was either looking after the supply of ammunition or arranging for reinforcements. On the next day he was severely wounded, but happily he lived to receive the V.C.

On that same night Lance-Corporal Edward Dwyer won a third V.C. for the regiment. A party of bombers had got quite close to his trench and were throwing in their missiles. Dwyer, therefore, having seized a supply, leapt out on to the parapet and returned the compliment, to the annoyance of the figures he could just see in the darkness.

More Samples of Heroism

There is no room here to tell of the many other heroic deeds done by the East Surreys on Hill 60. The story of some of them is hidden away in the pages of the "London Gazette"; others are only known because comrades who saw them have told of them; but others, the greater number perhaps, will never be made public, for amid the darkness, the horror and the noise they were unnoticed, and the men who did them are either dead or far too modest to speak of them. The following, then, must be regarded as samples of many more.

Like Dwyer, Lance-Corporal W. H. Harding went out of his trench and threw grenades at the enemy, while about the same time Private F. Grimwood was coolly filling up with sandbags the holes made by the Germans in the parapet, "standing exposed in the gap while the sandbags were handed up to him." Private A. Hotz "did his bit" in a different but equally useful way. He got near a trench along which the Germans must pass when they came forward to attack, and as soon as they appeared he hurled bombs at them, and made them change their minds about advancing.

The East Surrey Regiment, to which these heroes belong, was raised in 1701, and was long known as the 31st Foot. It was at Dettingen, where King George II. gave the men their nickname of the "Young Buffs," and at Fontenoy it lost very heavily. In 1756 a fresh battalion was raised, and was numbered the 70th, the two being united as the East Surrey Regiment in 1881.

When the Great War broke out the 1st Battalion was in Ireland, and at once, as part of Sir Charles Fergusson's 5th Division, it sailed for France. It was at Mons, and had a terrible time during the retreat to the Marne, for the fiercest German attacks were made against this part of the British force. In the Battle of the Marne the East Surreys and their comrades in the 5th Division were told off to attack the most difficult section of the line, and less than a week later they had forced their way across the Aisne.

A Stand at Missy

Once across that river their difficulties were worse than ever. Around the village of Missy the Surrey men took their stand, but unfortunately the German guns were on the high ground above, and shot and shell swept over them and among them day by day. However, there was no driving them back, and near Missy they remained until the whole army made its way to Flanders.

The October fighting in Flanders began with Smith-Dorrien's attack on La Bassée, and Sir John French told them that in this "terribly severe fighting you"—the East Surreys—"were faced by three, if not four, times your numbers, and experienced some of the fiercest fighting of the war." Then came a rest, and after that the heroism of the battalion on Hill 60.

But this is only the record of one battalion of the East Surreys, and only a little of that, and there were others at the front. Early in 1915 the 2nd Battalion arrived in France from India, and as part of the 28th Division it fought in the Second Battle of Ypres. There, somewhere about the centre of the British line, the Surrey men faced the German gas without flinching, and their staunchness was deservedly praised by Sir John French, who said: "Your colours have many famous names emblazoned on them, but none will be more famous or more well-deserved than that of the Second Battle of Ypres." Round the Hohenzollern Redoubt, in September, this battalion was again to the fore, and there one of its second-lieutenants, A. J. T. Fleming-Sandes, won the V.C. for saving the line at a very critical time.

Another East Surrey battalion to distinguish itself was the 8th, one composed of "Kitchener's chaps." This took part in the fighting at Loos, and those who would like to know something of their gallantry in those days should turn to the "London Gazette" of November 29th, 1915. The story is not less worth telling than is that of the 1st Battalion on Hill 60, or of the 2nd at Ypres, and one day surely the world will know it in full.

THE ROYAL WEST KENTS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XIX.

THE quick, experienced, soldier-brain of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, which had directed the main attack at Paardeberg, was perplexed. With his army corps, made up of the 3rd and 5th Divisions, he had been ordered to break the connection between the Germans and La Bassée, and so make it possible to capture that place. On October 19th—this was in 1914—he was within sight of his goal, but on the 20th it was as far away as ever. The reason was that the Germans had rushed up a lot of fresh troops, and these were surging forward to drive the British into space. To save his men, to say nothing of Calais and Boulogne behind them, the general must make a new plan. In these conditions a battle began, one which, like so many others in the Great War, is nameless. It took place between Givenchy and Neuve Chapelle, this being the "here" mentioned in the quotation above, and it lasted for nearly a fortnight. The British troops had dug trenches to protect themselves, and in some of these near Givenchy were the West Kents and the rest of the 13th Brigade, under General Cuthbert, all part of the 5th Division.

King George's Rival

The German attack began about the 20th. It was made chiefly by Bavarian troops, commanded by their Crown Prince—that Rupert who, so a few deluded folk used to say, was son of the rightful Queen of England. On the 22nd it was fierce, and the 5th Division had to abandon the village of Violaines, but two days later it was fiercer still. This time the 3rd Division were the chief sufferers, and it would have gone badly with them but for the timely help of the West Kents and the Wiltshires. These battalions dashed up just in time and, bayonet in hand, drove back the enemy.

This done, they went back to their own trenches, and on the 26th they were bombarded with a vengeance. It seemed as if all the guns on earth were firing at them, so terrible was the din and so incessant the shower of missiles. At the rate of a hundred an hour shells fell upon their parapets and in their trenches, sending up huge clouds of débris; at one time, it is said, they arrived at the rate of ten a minute.

The damage done can be better imagined than described. The parapets had disappeared, and the trenches were blocked up with fallen earth; so, too, were the support and communication trenches, the result being that all ammunition and messages had to be carried over the open ground, where bullets from rifles and machine-guns were whizzing. A curious story told of a West Kent man probably relates to this heavy bombardment. A German shell burst near where he was standing with a comrade. The comrade disappeared, and no trace of him was ever seen, but our man was found hanging head downwards in a tree, fifteen feet from the ground, and his rifle was there, too. He was got down and, strange to say, was none the worse for his upward flight, except that for a day or two he could neither speak nor hear.

> *"Here the 1st Battalion of the Royal West Kents made a stand for ten days that ranks amongst the highest achievements of British troops."* —"The Great War."

Towards the close of the day the Germans landed some heavy shells plumb into the firing trenches of the West Kents, and then, expecting doubtless that there would be hardly anyone left to kill, they charged. But for them there was a surprise in store.

Some Kentish Fire

In spite of the awful bombardment the Kents had held their ground, sticking gamely to what was left of the trenches. They had lost heavily, but there were enough of them left to check the oncoming enemy with a well-aimed volley of rapid fire. The first attack was stopped, but other Germans came on only to meet with the same warm reception from men who ought, according to theory, to be dead or buried, or both. Finally, the remnant of the gallant battalion leapt from the trenches and drove the enemy in confusion before their bayonets.

With this the worst of their ordeal by battle was over. They stayed in their trenches a few days longer, and were then relieved, being led out of action by a lieutenant, the senior officer remaining unwounded.

This lieutenant, H. B. Haydon White, received the Distinguished Service Order for "bringing his battalion out of action after ten successive days in the trenches, during which time he showed great powers of leadership and determination of a high order." The story of this heroic stand soon spread through the ranks of the army corps, and those who saw the West Kents gave them a great reception, while General Smith-Dorrien said: "There is not another battalion that has made such a name for itself as the Royal West Kent."

Six German Snipers Settled

While the battalion was resting in November one of its privates was having a great time. This was J. T. Turnbull, who night after night went out to get information about the enemy's position. Although under constant fire, Turnbull returned safely with some useful facts, and not only that, but during his nocturnal rambles he found and disposed of six German snipers, bringing back their rifles to show to his comrades.

The 1st Battalion of the West Kents had been at the front for over two months when Lieutenant White led the men from the trenches. They had lined the Condé Canal on Sunday, August 23rd, and had fallen back to Le Cateau and then to the Marne, fighting nearly all the time. Near another Condé they had made their way across the Aisne, and in the sodden trenches on the north side of that river they remained until they were transferred to Flanders in October They returned to the trenches early in 1915, and during the year remained holding on to their part of the front, but not taking a prominent part in the big actions.

When the Great War began the 2nd Battalion of the West Kents was in India, and there they remained for nearly a year more. In the spring of 1915, however, it became necessary to send reinforcements to the army in Mesopotamia, and this battalion was among them. Having landed and got over the voyage, they were sent up the Euphrates as part of the force under Major-General G. F. Gorringe. It was on July 4th that they reached the Turkish positions, near Nasiriyeh, and the battle which took place there is usually called by that name.

This Battle of Nasiriyeh was a feather in the cap of the West Kents. With some Indian battalions they were on the left bank of the Euphrates, the rest of the army being on the right bank. First of all the guns got to work, and when they had disturbed the Turks for about an hour, the West Kents led the way forward. The first part of their advance was through some date groves, but as soon as they got out of this shelter they found the Turks were as alert and well armed as their German masters.

Mr. Turk in Flight

Let an officer who watched the advance describe it. Our fire was doing its best to cover the advance, but in spite of it the West Kents were up against a terrific fusillade, "and it was the most magnificent sight I have ever seen to watch those fellows going on under it, in spite of the casualties, just as if they were on a manœuvre parade." Now for the final act. "As soon as they got to the trenches they wheeled round to the right, so we had to stop our fire for fear of hitting them, and got into the trenches, and then we lost sight of them. They got in with their bayonets, and all we could see from where we were was Mr. Turk running, as if the devil himself were after him, to our right, and we plugged him as he went."

This fine regiment, the Queen's Own Royal West Kent, was first raised in 1756, the year when the Seven Years' War broke out, but it did not do much in the way of fighting for nearly forty years. In 1793 the men were in Corsica, and in 1801 in Egypt, where they had some stiff combats; in 1807 they helped to besiege Copenhagen, and in the next year they went to Portugal, where so many of our regiments won eternal glory. The West Kents, then the 50th of the Line, was one of these. At Vimiera they broke a strong French column, and at Corunna they did their share in saving the day.

The West Kents were in the Crimean War from the start. They fought at the Alma and at Inkerman, and led the assault on the Redan, and then went across the sea to put down the Mutiny in India. Like the Royal Irish, they fought against the Maoris of New Zealand in 1864, and in 1882 they served in the Egyptian War. They went down the Nile to the relief of Gordon, were on the Indian Frontier in 1897 and 1898, and then in South Africa fighting the Boers.

'Tis not the King, 'tis not the Parliament,
Not even the battalions in the field
That shall compel the enemy to yield,
But YOU *yourself, YOU, strenuously bent,*
Mind, body, soul, estate and substance spent,
Till vivid Honour sheathes the sword we wield—
Our Empire's only and immortal shield
Is England's sons in federation blent.

Then, brother, take my hand—peasant or peer,
We stand in brotherhood for something dear:
The holy hearth—God keep our homes from wrong!
The death of Despots, and the birth ere long
Of Freedom's heir—man's liberties bursting clear
From blood and tears, imperishably strong!

—J. GILBART-DENHAM.

Honour to the Brave.—A Canadian lance-corporal being decorated with the Distinguished Conduct Medal on the British western front. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

Canadians Adopt the Shrapnel-Proof Casque

German shell bursting in the Canadian trenches on the British western front. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

Canadian infantry in the trenches ready to repel an attack. Inset: A French chateau close to the Canadian lines which was wrecked by German shell fire. (Official photographs issued by the Press Bureau.)

Bayonets, Bombs, and Bullseyes in Flanders

Infantry learning to advance through a covering cloud made by specially thrown smoke-producing bombs.

Bombing down a trench, an essential part of the bombardier's perilous work.

Men of the Canadian Scottish pay a visit to the trench cook to receive their portion of soup.

Canadian sniper at work on the western front—one who brought his knowledge of game hunting in the Far West to the greater work of beating the enemy on the plains of Flanders. (Canadian Government copyright reserved.)

Hunting for Rats on the Western Front

Official photograph of Canadian soldiers hunting for rats in a French wood. These pests were so numerous at the front that the fighting men were never more happy than when they had put some of them "hors de combat."

Canadian infantry officially photographed in a French wood which swarmed with rats.

Maple Leaf For Ever! Canadians Crater Battle

Canada played a splendid part in the crater conflict at St. Eloi, south of Ypres, March 27th, 1916. Almost on the anniversary of their magnificent heroism at the beginning of the Second Battle of Ypres, Canadian troops experienced another hour of test at the craters that were once the German lines. Two hundred trench-mortars fell round one crater in two hours! The position revealed one of the most terrible aspects of the war. Time after time the Germans attacked; time after time, amid the appalling crashes of the bursting shells, they were repulsed by the Canadians after many fierce hand-to-hand conflicts.

Canadians Carry Trenches in Counter-Attack

After a terrific bombardment, in which they poured every kind of explosive on a front of 3,000 yards, eight battalions of Germans won temporary possession of some trenches held by the Canadians near Hooge. Next morning, in full daylight, the angry Canadians made a heroic counter-attack. They advanced at a run, cheering wildly, and attacking in assaulting parties at various points of the line, quickly retook the trenches and then bombed their way right and left, clearing the trenches and getting into touch with each other at various bombing posts. It was grim work, and the enemy received terrific punishment. Inset: Lt.-Col. H. C. Buller, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, commanding Princess Patricia's Canadian L.I., killed June 3rd, 1916.

The Final Effort of a Brave Canadian

A thrilling incident occurred which is all the more inspiring because it was the deed of a nameless Canadian officer. He was in command of a remnant of men, most of whom were wounded and dazed. The officer ordered them to retire, and when they hesitated compelled them to go back. The last that was seen of him was a tall, vigorous figure emptying his revolver at the advancing Germans. When the last shot had sped he flung the weapon at the enemy and leapt after it himself.

The Great Dominion Ready for Emergencies

Though Canada sent so many of her best soldiers to fight in Flanders, the Dominion did not leave itself unready in the event of emergency. This photograph shows a number of the 7th Brigade Canadian Militia and Home Guards at manœuvres.

Canadian Home Service men learnt the art of modern warfare to defend the Dominion if it should become necessary at any time. In this illustration the 58th Westmount Rifles are shown in training and advancing "under fire."

Mounted Canadian patrol, composed of men of the 13th Scottish Light Dragoons, on the manœuvre field. The way in which Canadians responded to the call of the Motherland was one of the greatest challenges to German ambition.

O England, loud and louder
Thy martial music rolls,
And prouder and yet prouder
Are we of British souls!
For England is not sleeping
While other nations rise—
Her Flag she's proudly keeping
Beneath a thousand skies.

A song, a song of England,
A song of happy cheer,
For Hope is still in England,
And all the heart holds dear;
And Englishmen are ready
To follow and pursue
The foes of dear old England,
As England used to do!

—Fred G. Bowles

Britain in War Time

"'Ware aircraft!"—British yeomanry scouting in a wood at home.

BACK FROM THE FRONT TO CLUBLAND.—Entrance-hall of the Union Jack Club, near Waterloo Station, immediately after the arrival of a "trench-train." Numbers of battle-weary soldiers, tired, hungry, and mud-stained, just as they left the trenches, or sailors newly ashore from a battleship or destroyer, congregated here. Some are booking bed-rooms—keen to enjoy the luxury of cool white sheets—others searching the letter-racks. Then, a visit to the handsome dining-hall, there to enjoy a menu somewhat different from that of the trenches or the Fleet, and afterwards to adjourn downstairs to smoke and rest in the comfortable lounge, or play billiards in the saloon.

Lord French Reviews Britain's National Reserve

On June 17th, 1916, Lord French inspected ten thousand members of the National Volunteer Reserve in Hyde Park. Following upon official recognition, this corps became available for special branches of service, thereby relieving younger men for work abroad. Lord French is seen in the photographs with General Sir Moore O'Creagh. In the course of a touching, soldier-like address, Lord French said: "I assure you I found it difficult in France to find voice to talk to Territoral battalions coming out of the trenches with the loss of half their numbers."

Rebuilding Ruined Lives

How the Future of Britain's Blinded Heroes Was Assured

By LADY JELLICOE

Speaight

Lady Jellicoe

BLINDED in the war! Yesterday free, capable, fearless; to-day shackled, a prisoner doomed to live his remaining years in darkness, apparently with hopes, ambitions, crushed; a seemingly ruined life groping in a world of wreckage.

Many soldiers and sailors who have lost their sight in the war must have asked themselves, in the first awful shock of their pitiless captivity, in the obvious hopelessness of their lot in the black prison of the world, if the final rending pang of death would not have been preferable. But soon they have found release; their bonds unloosed, they have been helped to erect on a new foundation their shattered aspirations. From the prison of dismal gloom they are led to the "House of Hope."

The "House of Hope"

This is the admirable name that has been given to St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, the hostel of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee. Immediately on the outbreak of the war the Council of the National Institute for the Blind decided to do everything within their power for those who should lose their sight while on active service. The president of the Institute, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, whose tireless activities on behalf of his fellow-sufferers from blindness are so widely known, established headquarters where these brave fellows would be received and trained to their new condition of life; where they would, in fact, be taught to be blind.

St. Dunstan's is a magnificent mansion, standing in fourteen acres of ground, generously lent for the purpose by Mr. Otto Kahn, the American financier. Here each blinded soldier devotes two and a half hours a day to Braille reading and writing, and to learning to manipulate the ordinary typewriter; another two hours and a half are spent in learning the various occupations which, on their discharge, will enable the men to earn the wherewithal to augment their pensions.

Those engaged in the blinded warriors' training feel very strongly, however, that their responsibilities should not end at this stage, for the blind home-worker has but a small chance of becoming a useful, self-supporting member of the community if left to himself. Therefore, the Council of the National Institute for the Blind have established a branch for the after-care of Britain's sightless heroes.

To those who know little of the capabilities of blind people, or of their training, the trades and occupations whose ranks are open to them seem perfectly amazing in their variety. For instance, who would conceive that a blind man can, unaided, manage a small holding, or a poultry farm, and earn a good profit? Who has ever imagined a blind diver?

In the specially-built workshops at St. Dunstan's, under the charge of Mr. C. E. Rose, the honorary director, blinded warriors are learning to make mats, carpets, baskets, boots; they are being instructed in carpentry, cabinet-making, and other useful and profitable occupations, while many are learning massage at the special massage school of the National Institute for the Blind.

Mr. Pearson attributes much of the rapid progress of the blind learners to the fact that their instructors are themselves blind. The feeling of helplessness and incompetence, the invariable outcome of sudden blindness, is almost entirely removed by the tuition given by sightless instructors. The pupil realises that the teacher is utilising methods which he himself has found best under precisely the same circumstances of disability; he therefore has obvious reasons for feeling that what this man has done, he himself can also do.

Massage is one of the very few occupations in which blind people can compete on even terms with those who can see. Indeed, it is said that the skilled blind masseur is apt to take the lead. Several blinded soldiers and sailors are already massaging wounded soldiers at Middlesex Hospital. Though they have not yet passed their qualifying examination, this they will do shortly, and will then be full-fledged and competent masseurs.

Diving is considered by Mr. Pearson to be an extremely suitable occupation for blinded soldiers and sailors who have had some mechanical training. The diver engaged on building breakwaters or piers works in the dark; he has an attendant to look after him while he is under the water, and he is one of the best paid of workmen.

To the visitor at St. Dunstan's undoubtedly the most surprising feature of this "House of Hope" is the Country Life Section, where sightless men receive instruction in all branches of poultry-farming and market-gardening. There are many simple, yet strikingly ingenious, devices and plans which enable the blind men to pursue these avocations with accuracy and ease. This Country Life Section is supervised by Captain Webber, one of the best-known blind experts in the kingdom, who lost his sight in India fifteen years ago. Before he became blind Captain Webber could not have distinguished one sort of fowl from another; now, although sightless, he can pick chickens out of a group and tell their breed by touch, if they are in good condition, or if anything is the matter with them. Captain Webber is the official lecturer on poultry-farming for three counties.

Sightless Heroes as Farmers

In the grounds of St. Dunstan's there is a model farm, so cleverly devised that a blind man can find his way about and do all the work of the farm unaided. Briefly, this is the method: The fowl-houses are in the centre of a square plot of land—the working area of the model farm. From each corner of this plot is a wire partition, thus dividing the land into four semi-triangular plots. The chickens are placed in the first plot, then, after a certain time, they are driven through the door in the wire partition to Plot 2, while Plot 1 is dug up and planted by the blind farmer, and so on, through a specified system of utilising every inch of the ground at different seasons of the year.

This wonderful system of market-gardening and poultry-farming for blind men is very difficult to explain; one really needs to see the model farm at St. Dunstan's thoroughly to appreciate the cleverness yet simplicity of the scheme.

Sports and entertainments play a large part in the curriculum at St. Dunstan's, nor are the intellectual and spiritual sides of life neglected. As to sports, there are facilities for boxing, rowing, swimming, and there is a fine gymnasium. Several men have learnt to swim since losing their sight. Recently a crew of blinded oarsmen won a race against a "crack" Thames crew. They are also learning to dance, these heroes of the war.

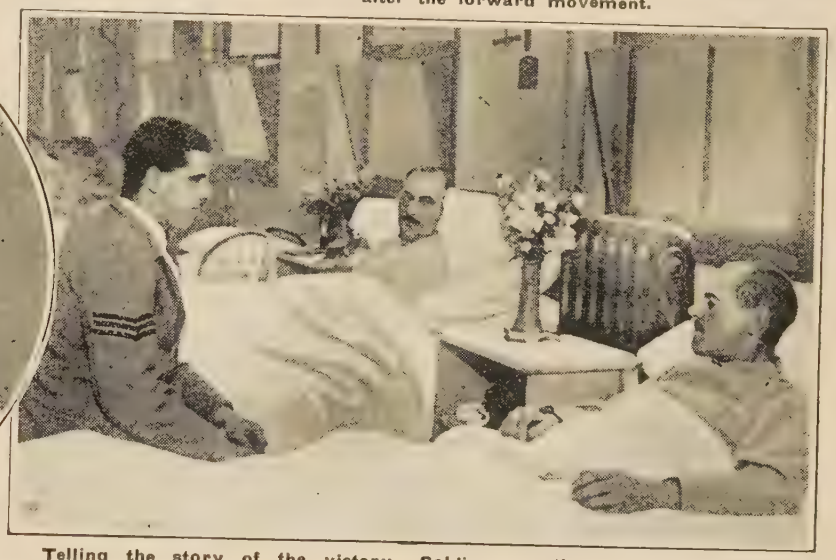
Thousands of pounds have been spent in caring for sightless soldiers and sailors, and their sadly-increasing numbers lead to an ever-increasing rate of expenditure. But those indefatigable workers, who are giving freely their services, and doing so much on behalf of the men who have made so great a sacrifice for the Empire, will surely never be allowed to have their efforts hampered through need of funds. The "House of Hope" must flourish, for it is providing renewed hope, fresh ambitions, new ideals; it is rebuilding ruined lives, caring for those who have received Fate's cruellest blow and have been banished for ever from our world of light and beauty.

The First Wounded Heroes from the Somme

After the hazard of war. Two soldiers wounded in the Somme advance playing draughts at the hospital.

In a London ward. Three of the first arrivals in London after the forward movement.

The smile of a hero. Type of British soldier wounded in the great push.



Telling the story of the victory. Soldier recently wounded conversing with a convalescent comrade in the same hospital.

General view of a hospital ward. The new arrivals recount their adventures to the older inmates.

More wounded heroes of the Somme battles and a hospital nurse attending to the needs of the soldier patients

Ceaseless Endeavour at Home for Victory Abroad

All in a good cause. Army motor inspector undergoes a shower-bath while watching the trials of certain types of cars before being sent on service in France.

Their first march out in the Old Country. New Zealanders off for a route march under Captain Price, acting adjutant. Inset: Members of the Birmingham Electrical Volunteers who were engaged in coast defence work for the Admiralty. The corps was raised by Mr. W. E. Milne, and consisted of men ineligible for regular military service.

Haunts of Peace After the Nightmare of War

The Marquis and Marchioness of Bath converted Longleat into a relief hospital, and many wounded soldiers found rest and healing amid its lovely peace.

Longleat, the country seat of the Thynne family, is one of the stately homes of England that still stand beautiful because no Huns have invaded our land. it was just that it should be opened to men who had helped to keep it inviolate. Left: On the terrace. Right: By the waterfall.

Thrills for the Neophyte at a Riding School

Frisky horse which pranced perilously, much to the consternation of one unused to the saddle.

Disconcerting trick of a mule at the remount school somewhere in England. This mule is doing its best to get rid of its rider.

The mule unseats the recruit. An everyday occurrence at the riding school.

Bringing pressure to bear on an obstinate mount. Five members of the riding school roping in a mule which gave more than the ordinary amount of trouble during a lesson.

Off to France and Back to the Home Country

Celebrated band of the Scots Guards leaving Wellington Barracks just before starting for the front, there to "sound the trumpets, beat the drums."

Russian soldiers at a London hospital after escape from a German prison. Right: Convalescent Tommies greeting the Russians.

Back to "Blighty"! Officers and men eagerly crowding round the gangway leading to a "leave" boat that is to take them for a few days' rest in Britain. "Blighty" is the soldiers' nickname for England.

Womanhood the Great Reserve Behind the Lines

Instruction in shell-making. L.C.C. teachers training men in the later Derby groups and women in the technical details of the lathe, etc. Many hundreds of women became efficient shell-makers through these special classes.

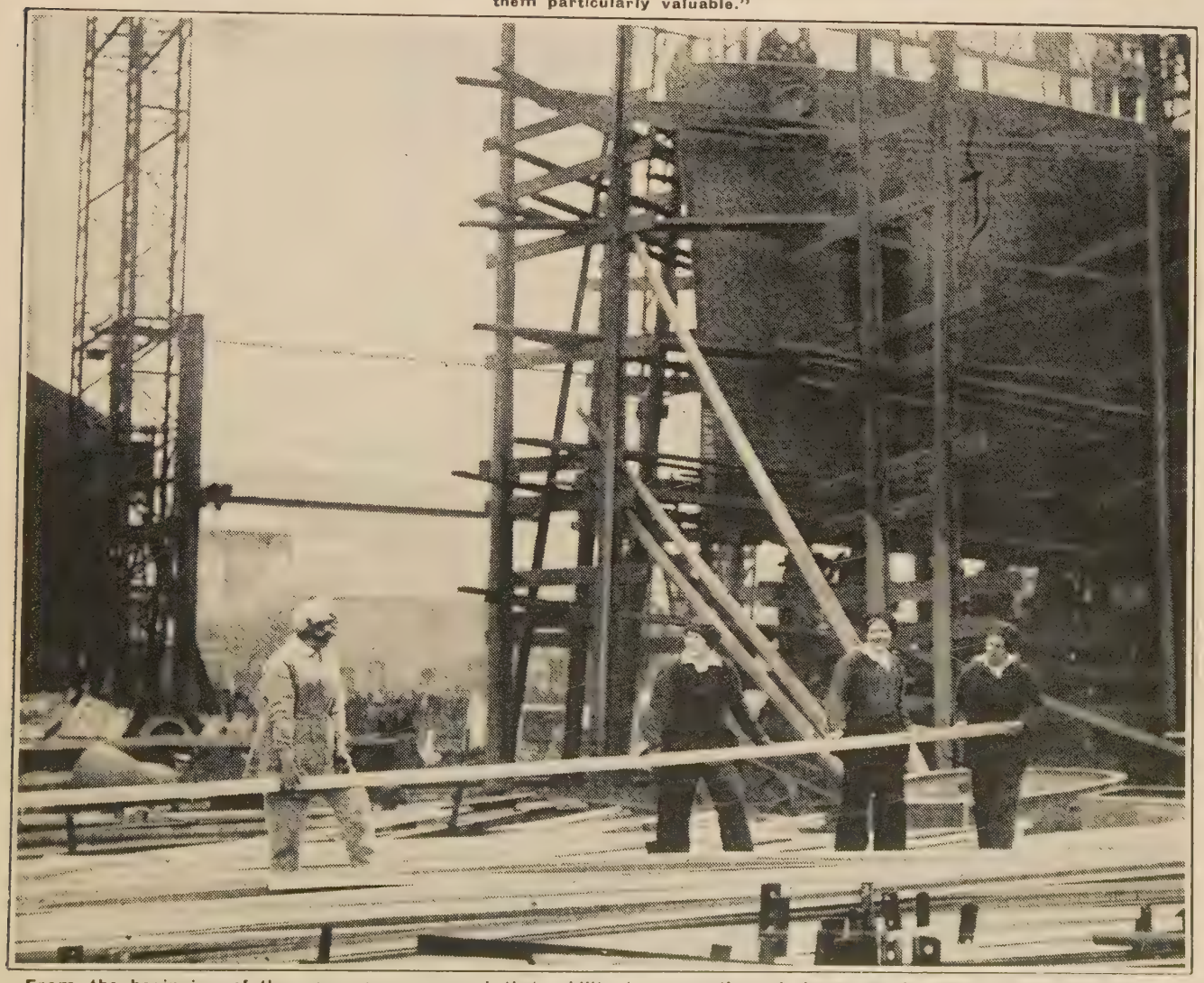
Women 'bus-conductors who, having completed their training, were employed in taking fares on the "General."

Women workers who volunteered for the land, and were entered on the local roll of honour set up in Norfolk villages.

Emporium in Paris, where women were employed in making sacks for use in defences along the French lines. When the sacks were completed they were sent to the trenches, and filled with mould, making one of the strongest barricades ever devised.

Women Work with a Will while Men make War

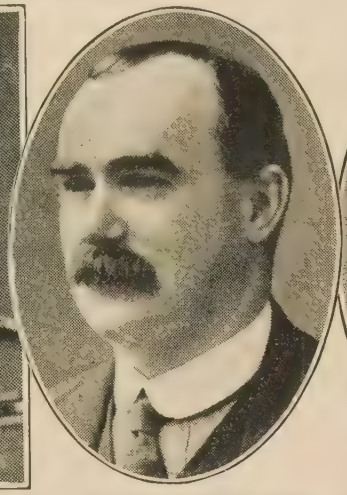
"Women abundantly justified their employment in the naval shipbuilding yards. Their industry and obedience made them particularly valuable."



From the beginning of the war women proved their ability to carry through heavy work which most people thought would be beyond their strength. Wearing dungarees and masculine blouses, in which they still contrived to look charmingly feminine, they handled and shifted heavy bars of steel with workmanlike dexterity.

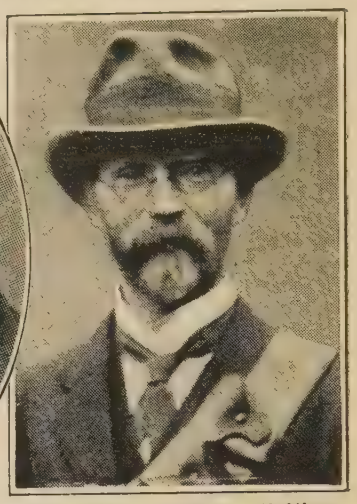
The First and Last of the Dublin Revolt:

Sir John Maxwell, who was despatched to Ireland with plenary powers to overcome the insurgents.



James Connolly, leader of the Sinn Feiners, who was taken prisoner by the Government troops.

Casement, renegade, and erstwhile British Consul, who was arrested in an attempt to land arms near Tralee.



Professor John MacNeill, Vice-President of the Gaelic League, and the chief instigator of the Irish Volunteers' movement.

Countess Markievitz, a prominent woman worker in the Dublin revolt, enrolling volunteers. She was arrested with other leaders.

ON the night of April 21st, 1916, an attempt was made to land arms and ammunition on Currahane Strand; but these were seized, and a stranger of unknown nationality was arrested. The stranger turned out to be Sir Roger Casement.

As a sequel to this sensation, serious disturbances broke out in Dublin, which soon spread to alarming proportions. Backed by a modicum of German gold (and German promises), several hundred Sinn Feiners attempted to seize the city by armed force, wreaking great damage to private property, and killing a number of citizens, including women and children. The rebellion was captained by James Connolly, and supported by one or two personalities of a revolutionary temperament.

Thanks, however, to prompt action on the part of the military authorities, the revolt was stamped out within a week—though, unfortunately, not before several British officers and a proportion of men were killed and wounded. Over a thousand insurgents were taken prisoners.

Some of the captured Sinn Feiners being escorted into confinement somewhere in England under a British guard. As many as 489 rebels out of 1,000 Irish captives had reached England by May 2nd, 1916.

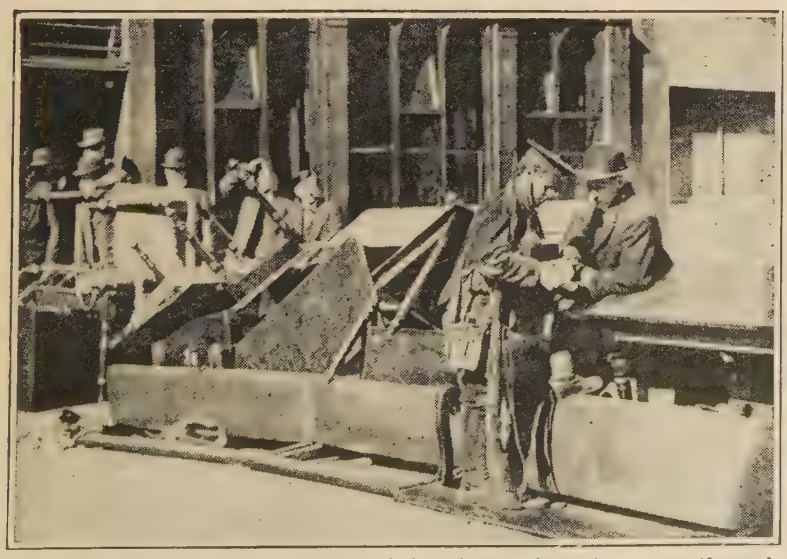
Scenes in the Track of the Sinn Feiners

View of Sackville Street, in which the Post Office is situated, taken before the rebellion broke out.

Not somewhere in France or Flanders, but the ruins of Sackville Street, Dublin, being guarded by the military.

Keeping a sharp look-out for rebel snipers who were barricaded in a house on the other side of the garden.

Road barricade in the South Dublin area and a machine-gun ready for the insurgents.

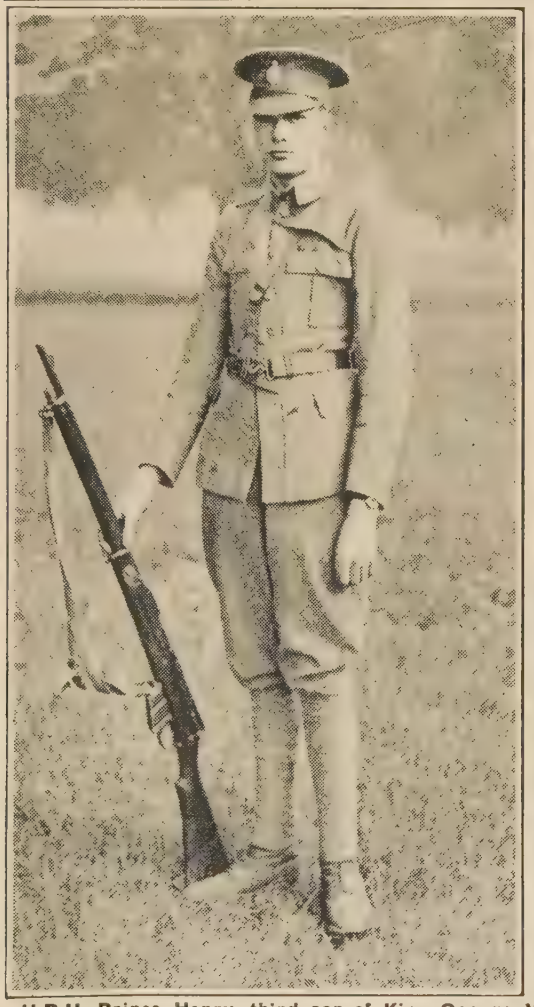


A civilian had to show his papers before being allowed to pass through the barricade.

Looted! The fate of a florist's establishment in Grafton Street.

Princely and Ducal Service in Britain's Cause

His Grace of Montrose, Lord High Commissioner, with Major Robertson, V.C., inspecting the guard of honour of Royal Scots Cadets at the opening of the General Assembly at Holyrood, May, 1916.



Eton College O.T.C. manœuvres in Windsor Great Park. Making an advance on the enemy: H.R.H. Prince Henry well to the front.

H.R.H. Prince Henry, third son of King George V., in uniform. Right: H.R.H. in the firing-line in his father's own park. The Prince of Wales, a keen soldier actually at the front, was the object of his brother's envious and affectionate admiration.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

H W. Barnett

THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, K.G.

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1905

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT GREY, K.G.

THERE have been Greys of Northumberland for over five hundred years. One was Warden of the Scottish Marches. Another won an earldom in the French wars of Henry V. A third left the impress of his valour on the records of Minden and Quebec. Yet a fourth —the second earl—is remembered as the Minister who placed the Reform Bill of 1832 on the Statute Book.

The younger brother of the last-named peer, Captain the Honourable Sir George Grey, K.C.B., R.N., was created a baronet in 1814, and thus was founded the cadet branch of the Grey family, of which the Foreign Secretary in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet is the head.

His First Appearance in Public

The Right Honourable Viscount Grey, K.G., P.C.—better known as Sir Edward Grey—was born on April 25th, 1862. His father was Lieut.-Colonel George Henry Grey, only son of the second baronet, an officer in the Grenadier Guards and an Equerry to King Edward VII. when Prince of Wales. His mother was Harriet Jane, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Pearson. His father dying in 1874, when he was only twelve years old, Edward Grey found a home at Fallodon long before he inherited the estate, and his grandfather, the Right Honourable Sir George Grey, G.C.B., and Dr. Mandell Creighton, then Vicar of Fallodon and afterwards Bishop of London, had great personal influence in the shaping of his future.

Educated at Winchester and at Balliol College, Oxford, when Benjamin Jowett was master, Edward Grey succeeded to the baronetcy in 1882. His first appearance on a political platform was at Alnwick, in July, 1884, when he presided at a meeting of protest against the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Franchise Bill. He gained his first practical insight into administrative work as private secretary to Sir Evelyn Baring (Lord Cromer), at a Conference on Egyptian Finance. He acted for a time in a similar capacity to the Right Honourable Hugh Childers when this statesman was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Over Thirty Years M.P. for Berwick

The year 1885 was a memorable one in the young Squire of Fallodon's career. In March he married Dorothy, daughter of Captain Shallcross F. J. Widdrington, 3rd Light Dragoons, of Newton Hall, Felton, Northumberland, who died in 1906. In December, 1885, the Radical Reform Bill having become law, Sir Edward contested Berwick in the Liberal interest and, in a constituency of 9,641, defeated the Conservative candidate, Earl Percy (later the seventh Duke of Northumberland), by 4,729 votes against 3,316. From that day he has slowly but steadily mounted the ladder of success so appositely suggested by the "scaling ladder argent" in his crest, his family motto of "De bon vouloir servir le Roy," and the primary injunction of his old school adage, "Aut disce aut discede, manet sors tertia —caedi." He represented Berwick till his elevation to the peerage in July, 1916.

Scorning delights save such out-of-door pastimes as tennis, angling, and gardening, his favourite books Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," "White's Natural History of Selborne," Charles Kingsley's "Chalk Stream Studies," the poems of Wordsworth, and the satirical "novels" of Thomas Love Peacock, Sir Edward Grey lived laborious days of preparation for what was to prove his life-work. Then, after seven years in the House of Commons as a private member, Mr. Gladstone gave him office as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in August, 1892; he retained the post till June, 1895. In 1896 he was a member of the British West Indies Commission. In 1902 he was called to the Privy Council.

Appointment as Foreign Secretary

When the Liberals returned to power in December, 1905, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman selected Sir Edward Grey as his Foreign Secretary. In taking up the seals of office he inherited the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Entente with France, which he has so faithfully ensued, and to which he added the cultivation of improved relations with Russia and Italy. The story of his efforts to preserve European peace during the Balkan Wars and in the fateful weeks preceding the hour in which Germany threw off the mask and made her insulting offer to Great Britain, is one of the most dramatic and stirring in the annals of British diplomacy.

None who heard them will ever forget the Foreign Secretary's words in the House of Commons on August 3rd, 1914, when all his efforts for peace seemed to have crumbled to atoms: "This is the saddest day of my life." In February, 1912, the King appointed Sir Edward Grey to the Order of the Garter; and in July, 1916, desired to make him an earl. With His Majesty's permission, however, and for personal and family reasons, Sir Edward went to the Upper House as a Viscount of the United Kingdom, with the title of Viscount Grey of Fallodon.

Viscount Grey is the first Foreign Secretary since Palmerston who has sat as such in the House of Commons. Of the traditions of that House he has been one of the chief supports. And yet, to the Commons as to the country at large, he has stood apparently aloof.

"Neither Black Nor White—Just Grey"

A favourite comparison in illustration of this seeming aloofness is that of the lofty memorial column to the second Earl Grey which is so conspicuous a feature of Grey Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, a column so tall that to the passers-by at its base the features of the hero of the first Reform Bill can only with difficulty be discerned. In this connection may be cited a saying attributed to Sir George Trevelyan, "The Germans think he is as black as the devil; his friends, many of them, believe him to be as white as an angel. In fact, he is neither—he is just Grey."

To all save his intimates he is as cold and austere as the physical features of his native Northumberland. But he is as devoid of prejudice as of passion. No one could be less guilty of any suspicion of pose or affectation. None could entertain a deeper horror of being misunderstood. His speeches are absolutely destitute of any "flowers." Journalists have looked to them for "effective headlines," and once only, when he denounced any plan for dealing with the House of Lords without at the same time organising a new Second Chamber as "death, damnation, and disaster," have they been successful.

A Personal Impression

His tall, slim and youthful figure, his clearly chiselled features, aquiline nose, cold, limpid voice, delicate lips, which seldom enlarge to a smile, absence of gesture and calm, cold blue eyes have impressed the members of the House of Commons almost as much as if they had seen on the Government side a toga-clad Roman senator before them. When opportunity has offered he has been glad to seek the ancestral Hall at Fallodon, and in the garden tend his rose-trees, or ply the rod from the banks of some favourite trout stream, or, again, seek the simple life in that tiny cottage in the New Forest, where he "does everything for himself." His intimate friends are devoted to him, his tenants on his small estate regard him as an ideal landlord, and his record as a worker is sufficient answer to those who have complained of his brief attendances in the Lower House at Westminster. His Liberalism is of the Liberal-Imperial kind, and he joined Lord Fisher in opposing a reduction of the Naval estimates.

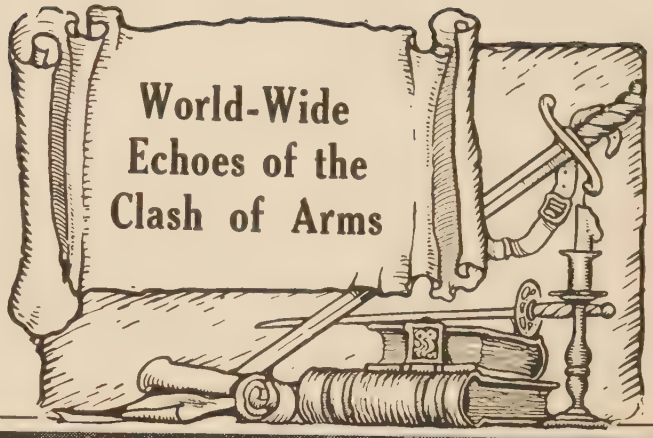
There is a tradition that any person entering the Church of Sainte-Clotilde, in Paris, for the first time has only to place a candle there and formulate a wish to have the wish fulfilled. Sir Edward Grey, hearing of this during a brief sojourn in the French capital in 1914, visited the church, formulated his wish, wrote it down and placed it in an envelope inscribed, "To be opened after my death, to verify the results of the wish which I made at Sainte-Clotilde de Paris, April 23rd, 1914."

A Link With Shakespeare

Like Shakespeare, Viscount Grey is said to have been once arrested on a charge of poaching, though his quarry was not Warwickshire deer, but Devonshire trout. Whatever truth there may be in the legend it at least recalls his remark to his friendly rival and neighbour at the close of the 1885 election, "And now, if you don't mind, we'll go off for a day's fishing." He is a J.P. and D.L. for Northumberland, a freeman of Berwick, and a trustee of the British Museum.

Hushed is the shriek of hurtling shells : and, hark!
Somewhere within that bit of deep blue sky,
Grand in his loneliness, his ecstasy,
His lyric wild and free, carols a lark.
I in the trench, he lost in heaven afar;
I dream of love, its ecstasy he sings;
Both lure my soul to love till, like a star,
It flashes into life : O tireless wings
That beat love's message into melody—
A song that touches in this place remote
Gladness supreme in its undying note,
And stirs to life the soul of memory—
'Tis strange that while you're beating into life
Men here below are plunged in sanguine strife.

—Corporal John William Streets,
12th Service Batt., Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment.



Peril of the supply waggon: Army Service Corps under fire.

Romance of Rail-Power in the War

How the Issues of Great Events Hinged upon Control of the Iron Roads

By EDWIN A. PRATT

Author of "The Rise of Rail-Power in War and Conquest"

IF, in the early days of the nineteenth century, when Napoleon's troops were marching across Europe, anyone had suggested that the time would come when armies would be transported, and campaigns more or less fought, by steam, the reply would probably have been, "Sir, you are romancing."

To-day the world has become so accustomed to the use of railways for an almost endless variety of purposes in the carrying on of warfare that the real nature of the innovation is not always adequately appreciated. One fails, as it were, to see the wood because of the trees. Yet if we seek to gain a view of the situation as a whole, we shall find that while the application of steam to warfare is, in itself, no longer a matter of "romancing," there is, nevertheless, a distinct element of romance in the rôle that railways are called upon to play in the greatest crisis by which nations may be visited.

Rail-Power and Mobilisation

If there is danger of invasion by a neighbouring country, then, on the declaration of war, there must be rushed to the frontier a sufficient body of troops—"troupes de couverture," as they are called in France—to prevent any possible attempt on the part of the enemy to send across that frontier an advance guard which would seek to keep a way open for the greater force to follow.

At the same moment the order for mobilisation is issued, summoning reservists to their headquarters from all parts of the country; and this is followed by the concentration of the troops at or near to the seat of war.

All these things must needs to-day be done by rail, and urgency in their accomplishment may be a matter of absolutely vital importance. "In military operations," says Captain H. W. Tyler, R.E., in his paper on "Railways Strategically Considered," "victory is a question of days, or hours, or sometimes even of minutes in the movement of troops when the forces are on anything like an equality." By what means, however, is the guarantee secured that whenever an emergency arises, whether suddenly or otherwise, the railways will be prepared to respond instantly to the demands of the military authorities, and provide the trains which are to play the part of the magic carpet in the fairy-tale, by conveying the troops wherever they may be wanted, and this without any loss of those days, hours, or even minutes which may be of such momentous importance?

War Time-Tables in Peace Time

These results are attained, not by force of a magician's powers, but as the result of plans and preparations made years in advance, it may be, by organised bodies of railwaymen and military authorities who, even while the nations are at perfect—or apparently perfect—peace, are drawing up their war time-tables and making every possible provision in advance for the transport of troops, supplies, guns, munitions, and all the other needs of an army whenever their country may be engaged in war. So perfect should this machinery be that the pulling of a lever will set it in motion when the word "mobilisation" is sent through the land.

(Continued on page 2126.

English Miles
0 50 100 200 300 400
Allies Railways
Enemies "
Neutrals "
GERMANY
FRANCE
WESTERN RUSSIA
RUSSIA IN EUROPE
RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
BULGARIA
RUMANIA
SERBIA
BOSNIA
ALBANIA
GREECE
TURKEY
CAUCASIA
PERSIA
MESOPOTAMIA
SYRIA
ARABIA
EGYPT
TRIPOLI
TUNIS
SICILY
CORSICA
SARDINIA
MALTA
CRETE
CYPRUS
RHODES
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
AZOV SEA
SEA OF MARMORA
DARDANELLES
PERSIAN GULF
DEAD SEA
NILE DELTA
Port Said
Alexandria
Cairo
Constantinople
Smyrna
Baghdad
Basra
Teheran
Tiflis
Baku
Odessa
Sevastopol
Kiev
Moscow
Warsaw
Vienna
Budapest
Berlin
Paris
London
Rome
Naples
Athens
Sofia
Belgrade
Bucharest
Constantinople
Jerusalem
Beirut
Damascus
Aleppo
Mosul
Erzerum
Trebizond
Batum
Astrakhan
Tashkent
Samarkand
Bokhara
Khiva
Merv
Kabul
Kandahar
Herat
Meshed
Tabriz
Teheran
Hamadan
Kermanshah
Khoramabad
Shuster
Ahwaz
Basra
Koweit
Mecca
Medina
Jaffa
Haifa
Deraa
Beersheba
Tripoli
Benghazi
Derna
Benina
Syrt
Ghadames
Gharian
Lebda
Tunis
Sfax
Gabes
Palermo
Messina
Brindisi
Durazzo
Salonika
Larissa
Patras
Candia
Larnaka
Homs
Tekrit
Hilla
Samawa
Urfa
Nisibin
Rowanduz
Van
Julfa
Kaisarie
Afiun Kara Hissar
Mersina
Alexandretta
Ed Deir
Petrovsk
Astrakhan
Kharkov
Kursk
Voronezh
Saratov
Rostov
Novorossisk
Vladikavkaz
Tiflis
Krasnovodsk
Amol
Hamadan
Kermanshah
Khoramabad
Shuster
Ahwaz
Basra
Koweit
Persian Gulf
Dead Sea
Port Said
Alexandria
Cairo
Matruh
Jerusalem
Beersheba
Haifa
Jaffa
Deraa
Damascus
Beirut
Aleppo
Baghdad
Hilla
Samawa
Basra
Tabriz
Teheran
Amol
Rowanduz
Mosul
Urfa
Nisibin
Van
Julfa
Kaisarie
Afiun Kara Hissar
Mersina
Alexandretta
Smyrna
Athens
Patras
Salonika
Larissa
Durazzo
Brindisi
Naples
Rome
Palermo
Messina
Tunis
Sfax
Gabes
Tripoli
Lebda
Gharian
Ghadames
Benghazi
Derna
Benina
Syrt
Matruh
Cairo
Alexandria
Port Said
Jerusalem
Beersheba
Haifa
Jaffa
Deraa
Damascus
Beirut
Aleppo
Baghdad
Hilla
Samawa
Basra
Koweit

War Time Pets : More Units of the Mascot Battalion

A certain handyman who is so expert with the needle that he is kept fairly busy repairing his comrades' uniforms.

Married patriots. Two privates, the total of whose families numbered twenty-two, three of whom were on active service.

Sergt.-Major Badcock showing his Military Cross to two admiring Scouts.

"Biddy," a mascot which went through Heligoland and Dogger Bank fights.

Nurses attending the wounds of their mascot, a present from an officer-patient.

Jacko on the barrel. Novel perch of a mascot monkey with the forces in East Africa.

His "naturalisation papers." Tying the Union Jack round the neck of a mascot captured from the Germans in East Africa.

THE ROMANCE OF RAIL-POWER (Continued from page 2124.)

It may be suggested that, although these peace-time preparations are made in each of the leading countries, a railway is an uncertain means of transport in time of war because traffic along it can be so readily dislocated by the blowing up of a bridge or the tearing up of some rails; but here, also, preparations are made to provide for all emergencies. In the American Civil War a foreman in charge of a Federal construction party claimed to be able to rebuild a railway bridge (timber) "about as fast as a dog could trot," and onlookers were heard to declare that "the Yankees can build bridges quicker than the 'Rebs' can burn them down." Since those days all the chief countries of Europe, at least, have organised their permanent corps of engineer troops, who are trained in everything connected with the building, repair, destruction, or working of railways in war-time, provision also being made for their being supplemented, as necessary, by bodies of railwaymen.

Is there not, also, an element of romance in the distances from the base of supplies at which, thanks to railways, campaigns can now be fought? The greatest undertaking in this direction was the war that Russia waged against Japan in 1904–5. From Moscow, for instance, to Port Arthur was a journey of 5,300 miles, a line of single-track railway being Russia's only means of conveyance for the transport of troops and all their necessaries to the Far East. In the Boer War of 1899–1902 the British troops arriving at Cape Town were still 1,040 miles from their ultimate objective, Pretoria, and were dependent for getting there mainly on single-track railways, while the lines of communication were repeatedly broken by the enemy.

In the case of the Great War we find a further element of romance in the way in which Germany repeatedly rushed her troops across the interior of that country from west to east, or from east to west, in order to carry on simultaneous campaigns at two separate fronts hundreds of miles apart. But for the railways such movements as these would be impracticable. Even as it is, they are suggestive of Jules Verne fiction rather than of sober reality.

Nor, when they go to war, do nations depend exclusively on railways already constructed. Even while desperate conflicts are in progress, the railway construction corps immediately in the rear of the troops engaged therein may be laying fresh lines of light railways to facilitate the arrival of reinforcements, heavy artillery, munitions, and so on. When Germany went to war in 1914 she had on hand great accumulations of material for these military railways, lengths of rails being already fastened to sleepers so that the complete sections, conveyed on trucks and laid along ordinary roads, required only to be connected one with another in order to offer all the advantages of a light railway, or a tramway, the motive power being provided either by horses or by diminutive locomotives also brought on trucks by the ordinary railways. Similar lines are often laid for the conveyance of guns, munitions, or stores along the trenches or to some fortified place subject to attack by the enemy.

In addition to the transport of men and material, railways may also be used for effecting tactical movements at the seat of war itself. In the early part of the western campaign some remarkable achievements in this direction were accomplished on the French railways when it became a question of checking the threatened advance of the Germans on Paris.

Railways may also form an actual part of the fighting machine by being employed for the running of armoured trains. These, under favourable conditions, may render valuable service in the way either of defence or of attack. When the Turks made their attempt on the Suez Canal in the winter of 1914–15, armoured trucks run on the line of railway constructed along the whole length of the canal on the Egyptian side were further provided with powerful searchlights, which revealed the position of the enemy, and allowed of the guns being directed upon him with good effect by night as well as by day.

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Main arteries of war. This map shows the railway systems of the Allies and Germany. The two distinct lines on each side of the Rhine helped greatly in the rapid mobilisation of the German armies.

Ensuring Rapid Food Transport

Thanks to the combination of railways and road motor-waggons, the troops of the Allies in the western theatre of war were the best-fed army on record; and this good feeding was of vast importance in helping to keep them generally fit and well under their especially trying conditions of trench warfare. With the excellent means of transport available by land and sea, their base for food and other supplies extended to the whole of France, the United Kingdom, Australasia, and other parts of the British Empire, as well as certain neutral countries.

It was the railways that allowed of enormous masses of postal matter, and especially of parcels containing woollen comforts, extra food supplies, and other luxuries, reaching the men in the fighting-lines. It was rail, no less than sea, transport that enabled our gallant warriors, when they could get away on leave, to pay hurried visits to relatives and friends at home.

It was the railways, also, that provided ambulance trains offering all the comforts and advantages of well-equipped field hospitals on wheels, and permitting (in conjunction with road motor-ambulances and steamships) of such speedy transport that in some instances the wounded men found themselves in bed in a hospital in England within twenty-four hours of their having been disabled on the battlefields of Flanders or Northern France.

The war, with all its horrors, is so close upon us, and offered such a succession of fresh details from day to day, that the sense of perspective was more or less lost, and the full extent and nature of the work railways accomplished is not, perhaps, always adequately realised. But may not one say that in the story of the rôle played by railways in the greatest war on record the element of romance is no less conspicuous than it is in every other branch of mechanical evolution and achievement.

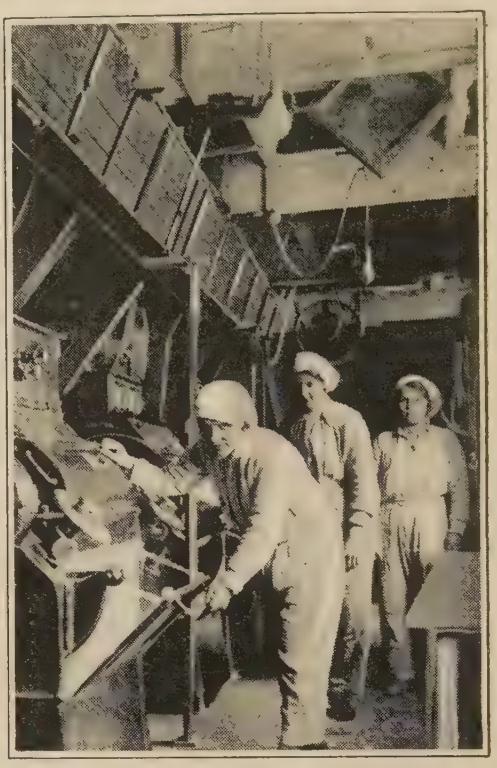
Fresh Air and Liberty After Heat of Conflict

Sunshine for war-worn heroes. A view of the open ward at the Southern General Hospital, Edgbaston.

Some of the British wounded consigned to Chateau D'Oex, Switzerland, from Germany. Left: Lieut. Henderson, Capt. Irwin, Capt. Joliffe, Lieut.-Col. Christopher, A.S.C., imprisoned together at Osnabruck. Right (front row): Capt. Henderson, Col. Maxwell Earle, D.S.O.; (behind) Lieut. Dodson, Major Birley. These were together for eighteen months in a German prison.

Women of the Allied Nations on War Work

The most strenuous of all toil. Woman stoker working at a furnace in one of the large factories in South London.



Girl workers in a Nottingham mill attending to the machinery.

Woman worker at a lathe in a French munition factory. Thus the women of France did their best for the great cause.

Girl military tailor at work in a French uniform depository. In France women replaced men in every trade.

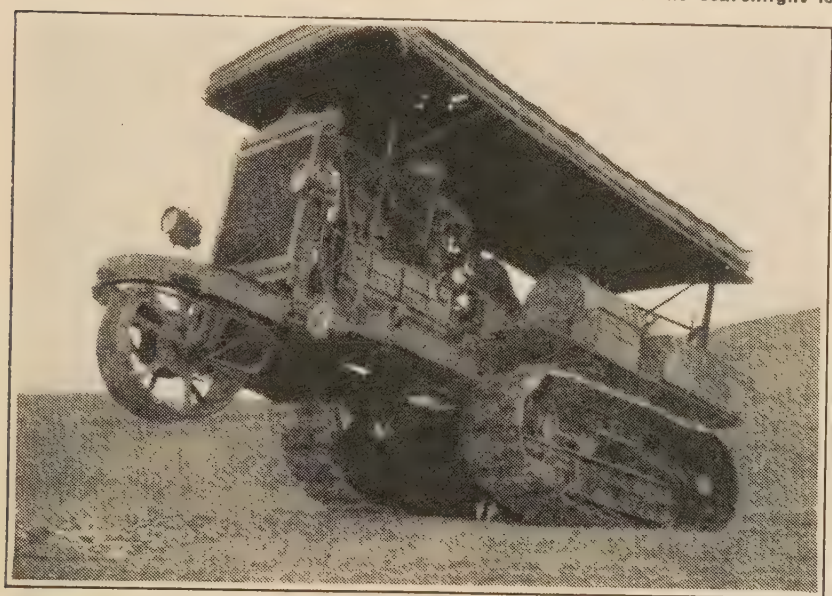
"HEAVE-TO!" A BRITISH PATROL BOAT STOPPING A SUSPECT VESSEL.

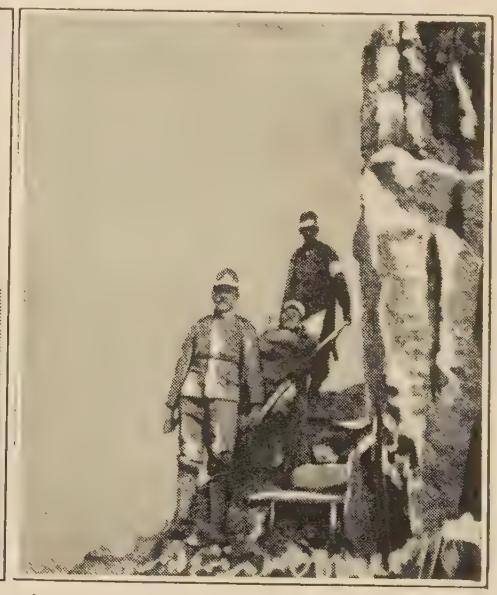
The work of patrolling the trade routes across the high seas was carried out by our Navy by day and night. A powerful searchlight has illumined an unknown vessel, and the gun of the patrol boat has just fired across the bow of the suspicious-looking craft as a signal to heave-to.

To face page 2428

Some Quaint Extremes in War-Time Transport

Two of the portable searchlights which proved particularly valuable during the constant night attacks on the Verdun sector. Part of the intricate mechanism that works the searchlight is shown in the photograph on the right.





Tractor with the Salonika army striking a rough part of the road. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.) Right: Italians carrying a wounded man along a narrow track over the Dolomites, where the transport of wounded presented unusual difficulties.

A woman scavenger and (right) women "dustmen" in the streets of Berlin. Some ladies expelled from the German capital stated that the streets of Berlin were very dirty, and that women were doing scavenging, coal-carting, and other very rough work.

To Uphold Freedom's Cause: Portugal in Arms

Picket of Portuguese infantrymen in the Place de Pedro, Lisbon. Right: A soldier of Portugal in service kit.

Gun practice aboard a Portuguese gunboat. Left: Type of Portuguese artilleryman. Portugal joined the Allies March 10, 1916.

Inspection of Portuguese sailors. It was in May, 1663, when the marriage between Charles II. of England and Catherine of Braganza was celebrated, that Great Britain took the place of France as the active ally of Portugal. In February, 1809, a British officer, Major-General William Carr Beresford, was given command of the Portuguese Army.

Live Stock to Feed Soldiers and Refugees

Women at work on the land. War-time scene in a part of rural England where all the male farm hands had joined the Colours.

In the incessant fighting for Verdun many wild boars were driven into the opposing lines, and afforded excellent hunting.

Serbian refugees driving a sow and her litter before them. Most of the Serbian civilians who retreated with the Army into Albania embarked at Durazzo, and went into temporary exile.

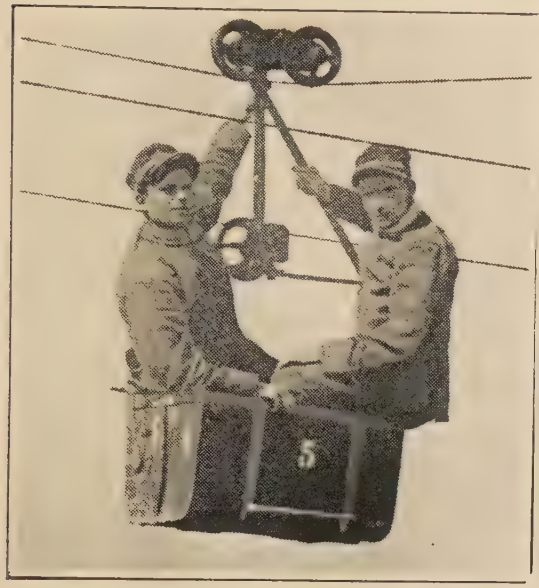
German soldiers driving a herd of swine before them to be converted into "delicatessen."

Allied and Enemy Prisoners in Two Continents

A group of German prisoners taken by the French during one of the attacks in the Verdun Battle.

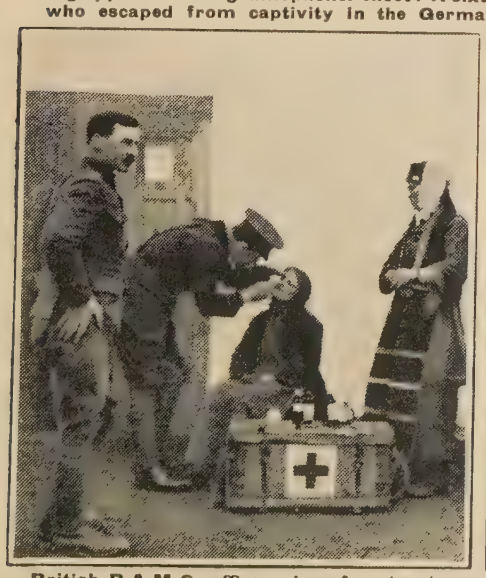
British soldiers as prisoners of war at Angora, in Asiatic Turkey. Despite their captivity they appear remarkably cheerful, in striking contrast to the Huns above. Inset: British, French, and Belgian prisoners in Germany with their guards. This photograph was sent from there by a British soldier to his wife.

Minor Incidents Pictured in Many War Centres



Novel aerial railway used by our Italian ally in her Alpine campaign to convey troops from height to height. Right: The pig was saved by the men of H.M.S. Glasgow from the German cruiser Dresden and made a pet of by the crew.

The mascot dog of a regiment at the front listening attentively to a recruiting appeal on the gramophone. Inset: A sixteen-year-old Russian trumpeter who escaped from captivity in the German lines and joined the French.



British R.A.M.C. officer gives free treatment to a peasant woman in Macedonia.

Hairdresser operating on an Austrian officer in a Macedonian village. While the juvenile crowd looks quite interested, the barber is by no means happy in his task.

With Friend and Foe Ashore and Afloat

Sniper, concealed in a mine crater, firing with a special rifle-sight on the French front. Right: Baby donkey and bulldog, mascots of the New Zealanders in camp in Egypt.

Disappointing sight for the German prisoner! A captured Hun being shown a huge German shell that was fired into the French lines, but failed to explode. Right: Primitive river craft, built of hollow reeds, used by natives in Mesopotamia.

Swedish drill aboard a British destroyer. Right: Weird "make-up" of officers of a British cruiser scanning the sea for a submarine. They are wearing life-saving apparatus—belts, collars, and respirators.

Grease-Paint & Property-Box Near the Trenches

"La Premiere Danseuse" at a rest-camp revue, produced, performed, and stage-managed by Belgian soldiers. The skirt of "Mlle," the star dancer, was made from straw.

"A Greek Pedlar"—Private A. Skinner. One of the diverse characters in "Dick Whittington," written by Private F. Kenchington, R.A.M.C., and performed by men of the Field Ambulance at Salonika.

Two beaux to "her" string! "Alice" at the camp near Salonika, where "Dick Whittington" delighted twenty thousand men.

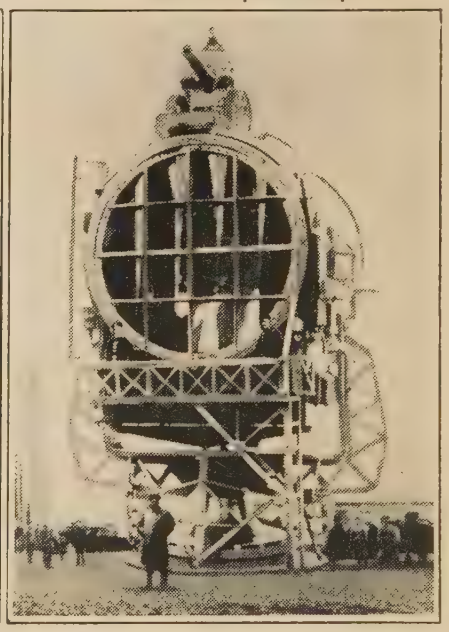
A Balkan Idyll! "Alice" and the author tete-a-tete among the tents after a performance! Corporal E. J. Dillon as "Alice."

The World-Wide War by Camp, Sea & Waterway

The fat man of Mesopotamia—an item in the lighter side of the campaign.

"Who goes there?" British sentry examining the pass of a native at the camp near Cairo.

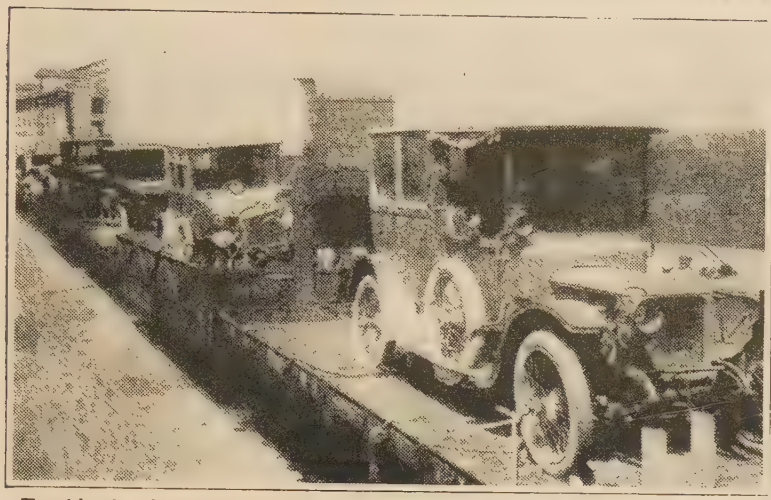
Two jolly divers. Impromptu fun aboard a patrol ship.



Naval petty-officer enjoying a restful cruise in a native boat on the River Tigris. Right: The latest German war machine. Gigantic searchlight, on top of which is a machine-gun.

First-aid party aboard a British light cruiser using the "Neil Robertson" stretcher for hoisting an injured man out of a coal-bunker. Right: French sculptor-soldier modelling the bust of a comrade in a French farmyard.

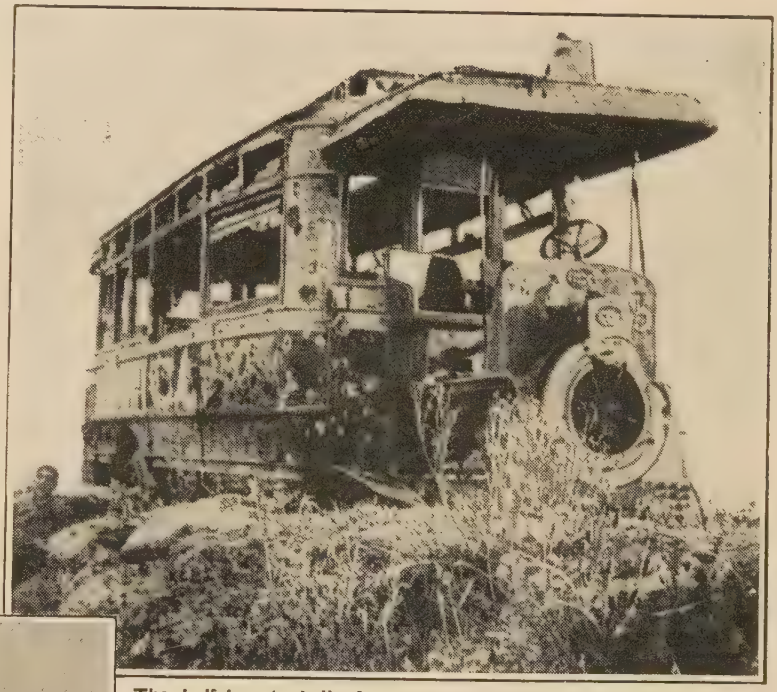
War-time Autos & Some Shell-Wrecked Derelicts



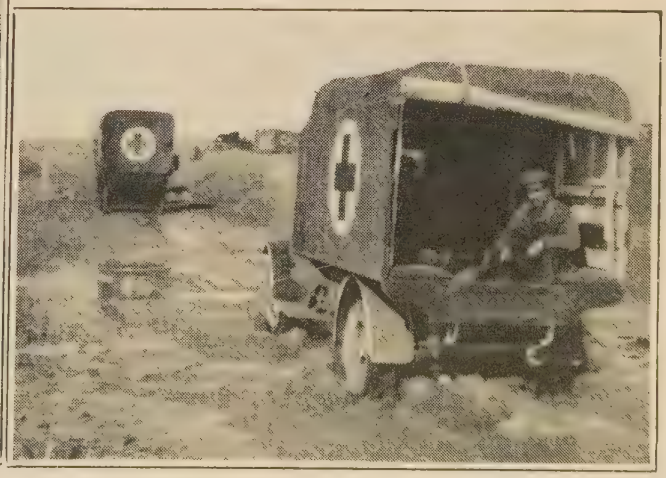
Truckloads of war-worn motor-cars being sent from the front to the base for repairs. Right: Motor ambulance waggon for conveying French wounded from the trenches to the hospitals.

TO say that this was a "war of machinery" is trite, for it became evident almost as soon as hostilities began that, in addition to the usual machines of modern warfare, representatives of the machinery of peace—such as private motor-cars, omnibuses, and cycles—were to have an important and valuable place in the operations on the various fields of battle. In addition, they were required along the intricate lines of communication, which, in the strict military sense, stretched over all those parts of the globe in which the work of the military authorities was carried out, however remotely connected with the actual fighting areas.

Conscription for motor-vehicles and machinery became law as soon as the war started. It would be impossible to estimate the vast numbers of motor-propelled vehicles which played their part in the machinery of war. The wastage in the battalions of motor-cars, motor-omnibuses, and motor-drawn transport and ambulance waggons was immense. But usually the wrecked cars were sent back to the various bases, there to be repaired, or, if too badly broken, to have as many as possible of their parts used again.



The half-burnt shell of a motor-'bus that once journeyed the streets of Paris standing desolate near the first-line.



Railway truck on the quayside at Salonika that was set on fire by the same Zeppelin incendiary bomb that set fire to the Bank of Salonika. Right: British ambulances driving through a stream near Salonika, taking sick men to a hospital ship.

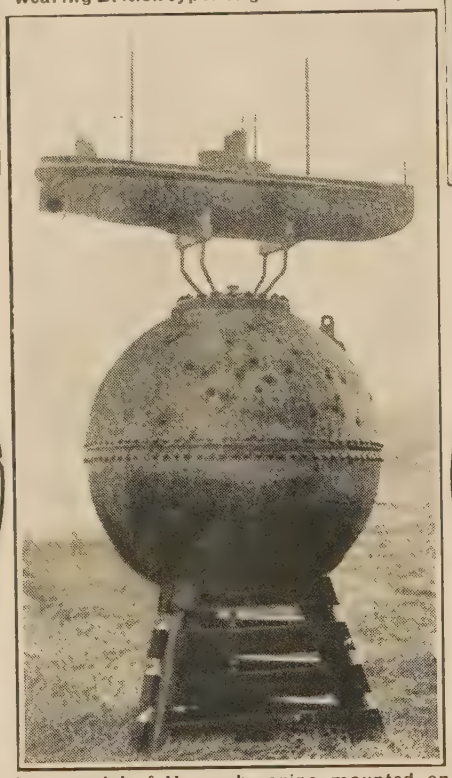
Picture Stories from the Album of the World-War

Naval surgeon "sounds" Marine with huge stethoscope, a birthday gift from the ship's company.

Steel helmets compared. Soldier on left wearing British type. Right: German style.

Lieut. Prince George of Battenberg, R.N., snapped after coaling operations on a famous battle-cruiser.

Lance-Corporal J. W. Thomas, the second member of the Durham Light Infantry to escape from a German prison camp. He was in captivity over a year, and was forced by the Huns to work in the coalmines.



Iron model of Hun submarine mounted on base formed of British mine, on Island of Sylt.

Capt. J. Macrae, D.S.O., Seaforth Highlanders. When in command at a critical moment by his coolness and energy he saved the situation. He fell into the hands of the enemy, but escaped by the use of his fists.

Welcome rest for meal in French trench. The Poilu is wearing "trench" boots.

German sentry guarding two gigantic French aerial torpedoes and shells.

French Tommies draw water for little girl in Argonne village behind the firing-line.

Topsy-Turveydom in Sport and Service

Walking on water, by means of the hydro-ski, an invention of an Italian, which has many possibilities.

Sailing on sand: Members of the R.N.A.S. on service in the Mediterranean islands taking a trip in their sand-yacht.

Recommended for the V.C. by the Earl of Cavan: Private James Grundy, Grenadier Guards, who evinced remarkable courage in repairing telephone wires under fire and within a few yards of the enemy.

Two members of a Pierrot troupe entertaining their comrades with a duet at Salonika.

Frank Slavin, the well-known pugilist, former heavy-weight champion, although fifty-four, left Western Columbia to get in his blow at the enemy. He was a private in the Canadian Contingent.

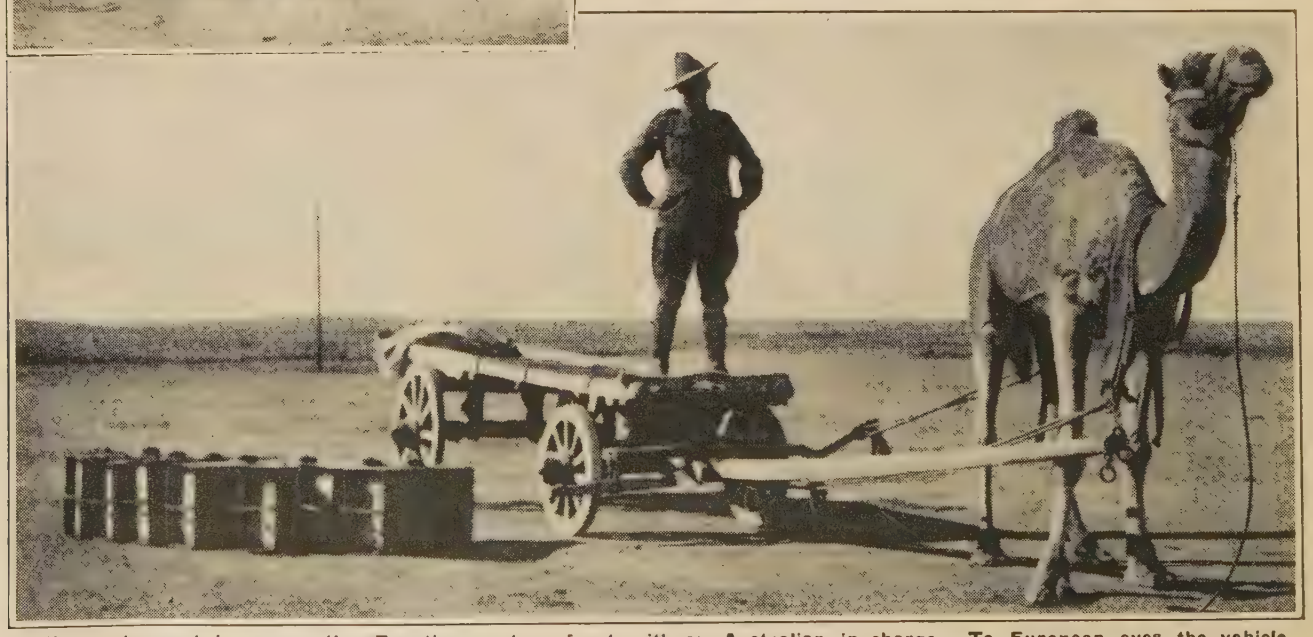
The twelve-year-old mascot of the Russian troops in France, with a French officer.

Colt born on the transport conveying refitted Serbian troops from Corfu to Salonika. A French cavalry leader is caressing the animal.

Happy Thoughts of Handy Men in Emergency

Picturesque architecture in the trenches on the western front. Novel bomb-proof shelter called "The Tube" by our men and "Metro" by the French soldiers. Right: Dinner-gong made out of a shell-casing at Salonika.

Ingenious method of laying field telephone wire over rugged hills adopted by the Signal Corps at Salonika. Left: A prisoner on the Egyptian western front put to useful work at Morea Matruh.



Native water-cart in use on the Egyptian western front, with an Australian in charge. To European eyes the vehicle seems ill-proportioned to the height of the draught animal, but the supercilious camel is proof against criticism.

Switzerland's Kindly Care of British Prisoners

Some of the British soldier invalids released from durance in Germany marching off to their quarters at Chateau D'Oex, in neutral Switzerland.

A SCENE of gaiety, not unmixed with tears, was witnessed on the arrival of the first batch of British soldier invalids in neutral Switzerland in May, 1916. The kindly Swiss populace accorded these representatives of the warring nations a great welcome; music, flowers, a liberal supply of refreshment, and—what they had not known during their long term of imprisonment—human sympathy.

By international arrangement these wounded prisoners, all of whom were unfit for further service, were released by the belligerents, to be interned in Switzerland until after the war.

The photographs on this page show the arrival of the invalids. Those well enough to go on foot paraded the streets of the Swiss town, but some had to be carried on stretchers.

The beautiful district of the Chateau D'Oex, where the Franco-British prisoners were accommodated, is seen on the right, an idyllic green upland valley dominated by the Rüblihorn and the Gummfluh.

Winter impression of the setting of the Chateau D'Oex, where the men broken in war rested under Swiss care.

Some of the Indian soldiers released from Germany as unfit for further service. Scene on the arrival at the station in Switzerland.

Still suffering acutely from their wounds, these men arrived on stretchers which were bedecked with flowers.

Training in the Art of Bomb-Throwing

Lighting the fuse of a catapult-grenade. The ancient catapult was much used for projecting bombs.

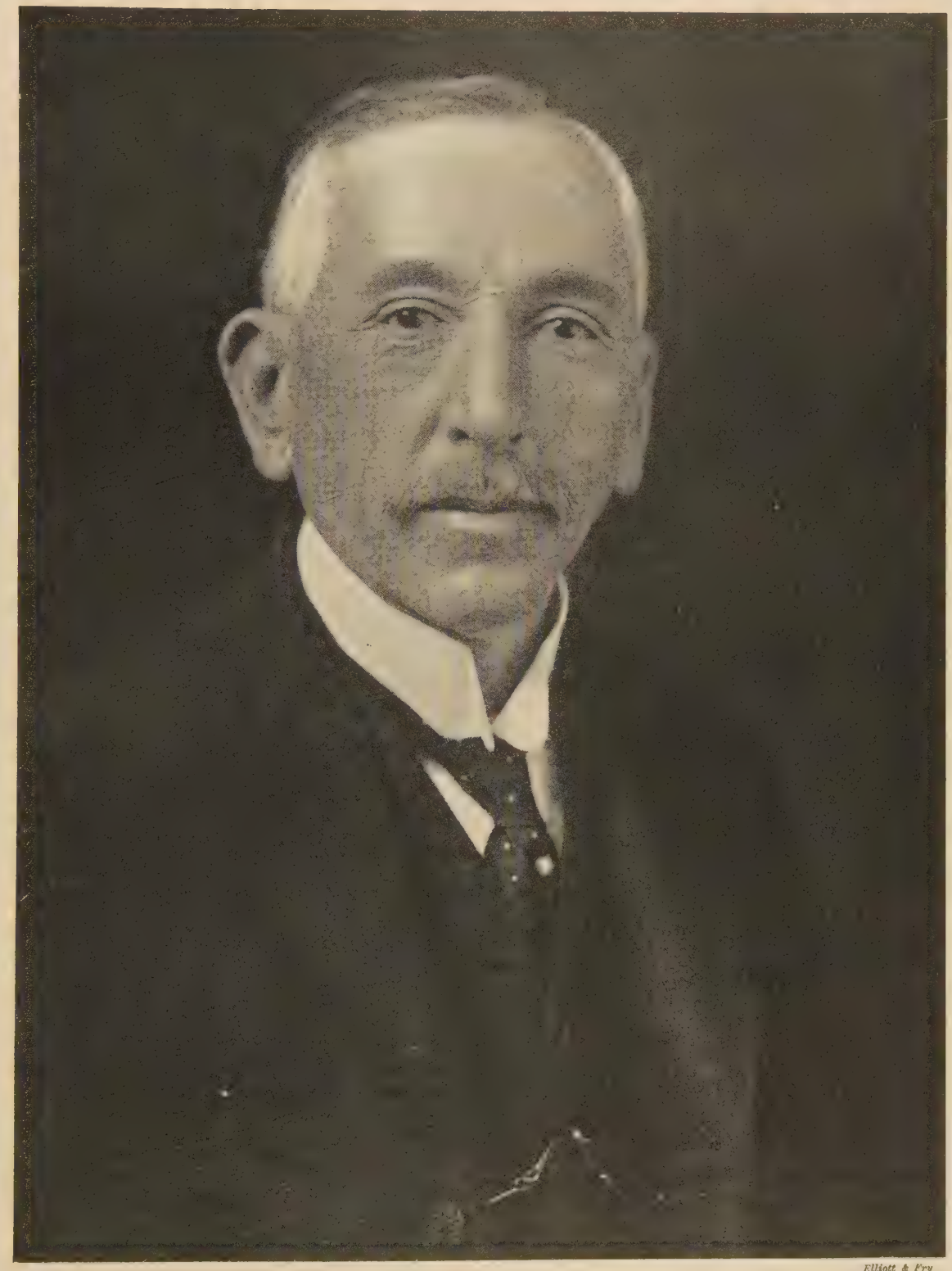
Firing a rifle-grenade at a school for bomb-throwers in England.

Preliminary to a charge. British soldiers in training make ready to rush a trench with bayonets and bombs. The illustration above shows a bomb in the air after it had been released from a catapult.

Practice in the art of grenade-throwing. Two recruits projecting their deadly missiles.

British soldiers taking cover after having thrown bombs into the enemy trenches. A valuable lesson in the art of warfare.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Elliott & Fry

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM MORRIS HUGHES, P.C.

Prime Minister of Australia

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

THE RIGHT HON. W. M. HUGHES

THERE have been, since the far-away days of Hippodamus the Miletan, many dreamers of Utopia. Of the later men of this type two have come in our own time from gallant little Wales—David Lloyd George and William Morris Hughes, both of Carnarvonshire, and both men of law, as Thomas More and Francis Bacon were. Of these four, perhaps the Australian Premier, while as fearless as any in his views, and as drastic as any in supporting his views, has risked most in and gained most by his uncompromising defence of constitutional as against syndical or socialistic methods. None certainly has overcome more appalling obstacles, or gone through fiercer trials. For any comparison with the romance of his life and the development of his genius one has to go to American history and the immortal epic of the "first American," Abraham Lincoln.

Early Days in Wales and at Westminster

The Right Honourable William Morris Hughes, P.C., comes of the old yeoman stock of North Wales, his father being a native of Anglesey and his mother a native of Llandudno. He was born on September 25th, 1864, and after obtaining the rudiments of his education at Llandudno Grammar School, went in 1874 to the Burdett-Coutts Foundation School at Westminster, where from 1879 to 1884 he was a pupil teacher, and came under the notice of Matthew Arnold, an inspector of the school, who presented him with a copy of Shakespeare's works, and gave him some helpful advice on reading.

Walks by the Thames to London Bridge and occasionally to Tilbury, and the sight of great ships arriving from and departing to the outlands of Empire, fired his ambition to try his fortune somewhere beyond the seas. First of all he thought of Mexico. Then a chance meeting on London Bridge with the son of a trawler tender's captain determined his choice of Australia, whither he sailed in 1884, when, his passage money being paid and a simple outfit provided, he was left with only a few shillings in his pocket.

Fortune's Buffets in Queensland and New South Wales

Landing at Brisbane in November, 1884, and finding that the utmost he could earn as schoolmaster was £75 a year, he went "up country," where a hundred miles is as a stone's throw and "neighbours" are six leagues apart, and before he settled in Sydney, in 1890, fared vicariously in the bush and among the mountains, as well as in the lesser townships of Queensland and New South Wales, winning a bare livelihood as drover, shearer, boundary rider, cook, and factory hand by turns. For a time he served in the mercantile marine. Though his body often went unnourished, he contrived to keep his mental powers active. He studied Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, and drew solace and encouragement from his knowledge of Elizabethan literature. He began also to dream dreams of that Federated Australia which was to become his ideal Commonwealth.

Four years after he had settled in Sydney, where he contributed articles on labour problems, social questions and literary topics to the "Sydney Daily Telegraph," he was elected Member for the Lang Division in the New South Wales Parliament. He was now the rising hope of Labour, though it was only by degrees that he won the confidence of men who would, unguided, have sought to gain their ends by the double-edged weapon of the strike. "That is not liberty, but licence," he said, "which is only to be enjoyed at the expense of the denial of freedom to others."

In the Sunshine of Success

When the dream of Australian Federation was realised he entered the Federal Parliament as a Labour representative for West Sydney. In 1903 he was called to the Australian Bar. A year later, when Mr. J. C. Watson formed the first Australian Labour Administration, Mr. Hughes was given the portfolio of Minister for External Affairs. In 1907 he came to England as a delegate to the Imperial Navigation Conference, over which Mr. Lloyd George, then at the Board of Trade, presided. In 1908 he was Attorney-General in Mr. Andrew Fisher's Labour Cabinet. It was then that Old Age and Invalid Pensions were agreed to. Mr. Hughes had by now made his name not only by his championship of the cause of Labour, but as a staunch opponent of strikes and by his uncompromising advocacy of the ballot.

When the fourth Federal Parliament met in 1910, Mr. Andrew Fisher was Premier and Mr. Hughes again Attorney-General. He was Acting-Premier on two occasions, when Mr Fisher was in South Africa and in England; and he succeeded Mr. Fisher as Prime Minister in October, 1915. In the spring of the following year he came to England at the invitation of the Government, visiting Canada on his way hither and being admitted to the Canadian Privy Council, and speaking in South Africa on his way home. While in Europe he was made a Privy Councillor of the United Kingdom, and presented with the freedom of Cardiff, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other cities. He visited the Front, attended the Economic Conference in Paris, and made a series of speeches which thrilled the whole Empire and put new spirit in the ranks of our heroic and much-tried troops.

Planks in His Social Platform

The three planks in Mr. Hughes' social platform may be described in a few words as (1) national safety; (2) the conservation and extension of trade and industry; and (3) the lifting up of the masses of the people to a level which should ensure to every worker, using that term in its very widest meaning, such remuneration and conditions of labour as are necessary to enable a man to marry and bring up a family in reasonable comfort, and with those surroundings that free men in a civilised country ought to have.

He was among those who foresaw the war. To him Australia owes her cadet and citizen army organisation. To him belongs the credit of laying the axe at the root of Germany's gigantic underground system of trade monopolies. To him the majority of people in this country owed the knowledge that for nearly twelve months after the commencement of the war the British Government could only buy Australian lead from a German firm. He also pointed out that at a comparatively early stage in the efforts to deal with the great German metal combine a German agent in London declared, with characteristic German effrontery, that England could not secure the market for her Australian metal products except through German agencies.

Diagnoses the German Taint in British Commerce

In the cases of dyes, sugar, wheat, and freight, Mr. Hughes proved no less formidable an opponent to the German than in the case of tungsten and other metals. In fact, he proved himself as thorough a business man as a politician and a social reformer. No one so clearly diagnosed the German taint that ran like a cancer throughout the fair body of British trade and commerce. "There is," said Mr. Hughes, on one occasion, "between the ideals of Britain and Germany a gulf as wide as divides heaven from hell—right from wrong"; and "If by any malign stroke of fate the issue should turn against us, the clock of civilisation would be set back a hundred years."

To Mr. Hughes the true wealth of nations is not in gold and silver and material things, but in "men valiant, clean of mind, strong of body, tender and loving of spirit."

Thrilling Effect of His Speeches in England

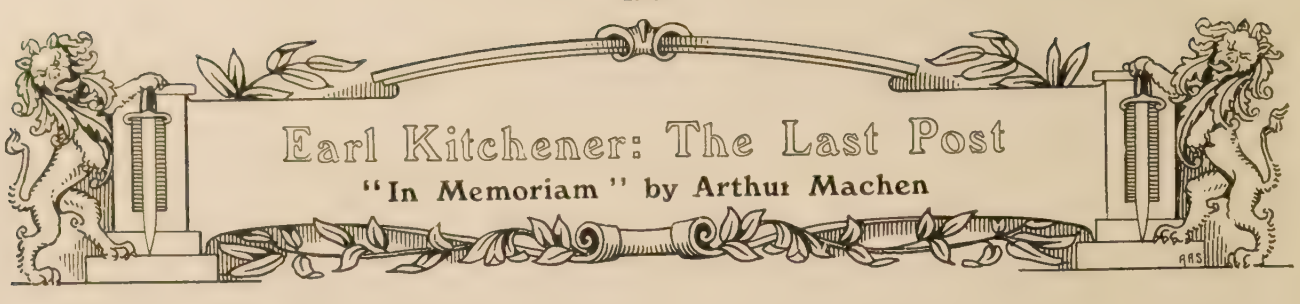
Brilliant conversationalist, skilled dialectician, born negotiator, mordant satirist, with a lambent wit and amazing industry, Mr. Hughes appealed to the people of the Homeland as one of the men upon whose courage, insight and inspiration the British Empire depended in its greatest hour of trial.

Great leader of Labour, unswerving in his antagonism to German "Kultur," passionate in his love of liberty, devoted to the land of his birth as to the land of his adoption, this man, of slight physique but iron will, fighting against deafness and dyspepsia, so won the hearts of all who heard him and who read about him during his visit to these shores in 1916, that they did not want him to go back. When he went back they begged him to return. But Australia could not spare him, and he thought he could serve the Empire as well in Sydney as in London.

Be it written,
That all I wrought
Was for Britain,
In deed and thought;
Be it written,
That while I die,
"Glory to Britain!"
Is my last cry.
—GEORGE MEREDITH.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.—John Travers Cornwell, a boy of H.M.S. Chester, although mortally wounded in the Battle of Horn Reef, remained at his post in the most exposed part of the ship, awaiting orders, his gun-crew lying prostrate all around him on the deck.



Earl Kitchener: The Last Post

"In Memoriam" by Arthur Machen

Like a thunderclap came the announcement on June 6th, 1916, that Lord Kitchener, while on his way to Russia on board H.M.S. Hampshire, had been drowned, together with his staff and the whole complement of that cruiser, which at eight o'clock on the previous evening struck a mine and foundered in a heavy sea off the west coast of the Orkneys. Later it was announced there were twelve survivors. Universal sorrow at the tragic end of this great soldier was manifested throughout the Empire to which he had consecrated his life. His work at the War Office may, in a sense, have been achieved—that splendid work of raising our new armies, but the removal of his personality, with all its traditions, glamour, compelling force, was a national loss. On June 13th, 1916, the King and Queen drove, beneath lowering skies in keeping with the nation's sorrow, to St. Paul's Cathedral to take part in a solemn service in memory of the great dead. The cathedral had been the scene of many great and mournful ceremonies, but the resolution on the faces of all the thousands present on this occasion distinguished the sternly simple service from all its predecessors. No more eloquent description of it was written than that by Mr. Arthur Machen, which we reproduce on this page.

THE echoes gather and resound under the great dome of echoes, where all the winds of the Empire of the Britons come, even from the ends of the earth.

Echoes of old battles on fierce African deserts sound reverberant in the drums and cymbals as the military music by the choir gates utters its voices. Hear the noise of the onset of the Soudan, rushing in their fury; hear the sentence of their doom and overthrow, as he whom we mourn and celebrate to-day spoke his command and overwhelmed them and destroyed them.

Old Egypt, which he redeemed and saved and ruled with justice, lifts up her voice in the great brazen trumpets and acclaims him; the armed hosts of Deccan and Hindostan speak now and exult in the array that he gave them.

The great drums beat, the bugles clamour; but the echoes silence them, for in these voices and above them resounds the hail and farewell of the myriads of myriads of "Kitchener's Army," of that host of men that he raised to fight for us. Their salutation sounds from the long trenches drawn through France and Flanders, from the stronghold of Salonika, from Egyptian wastes.

Beneath the Dome

Thus are the echoes resonant, reverberant beneath the vast dome of echoes at St. Paul's.

All the while there has been the rustle and the patter of feet, as the thousands who are to be present take their places and fill the church from east to west and all its aisles and spaces. The singers are following the cross, the golden sign of the final victory. The Dean and canons follow; then the cross and the crozier as the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury take their places.

The Lord Mayor and the sheriffs in their scarlet and gold, and all the ancient insignia of their offices, are set in the choir, and then as the bell booms out the strokes of twelve, the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra enter from the west and kneel at the three crimson faldstools that face the altar with its shining lights. And so the mightiest mourn for the mighty.

"For the Trumpet Shall Sound"

The service begins. The hymn "Abide with Me" is sung, the Paternoster follows, and then the Antiphon:

> I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

Under this Antiphon they sing the Psalms, "De profundis" and "Dominus regit me."

"For the trumpet shall sound." The great Lesson of the Trumpet is read by the Dean from the chancel steps, and in it a mighty echo indeed sounds afar from high and heavenly places.

And then a silence. And then is the air troubled and afraid; and there is a beating as of wings, invisible and terrible in the vast hollow of the dome.

A rustling and a beating of wings; but it swells and grows into a very tumult, and the whole place is shaken with it. All voices and echoes are clamouring now, and the drums beat as for the stroke of the doom of death. And now it is as if the great winds that strive with rolling Atlantic billows over the waste of ocean have come to this holy house, even before the altar of God, to mourn for him who has passed through the deep waters.

And the waters answer, waves from those Orcadian shores that engulfed him here lament and mourn; the seas that break upon the Orkney rocks cry for the hero whom they drew down to their darkness. Echoes utter voices beneath the dome and lament.

But there comes a ringing sound, the sound of the trumpet of victory; and the Dead March swells into a triumph in its close.

The choir then sings the Contakion (or brief Lament) of the Departed, from the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. They sing for the soul of the dead:

> Give rest, O Christ, to Thy servant with Thy saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

The versicles and prayers for the dead follow, ending with:

> May the Lord of His mercy grant to us, with all the faithful departed, rest and peace.

The Blessing of the People

After the final hymn—"For all the Saints who from their labours rest"—the Archbishop blessed the people from the altar.

Again a pause, and, ringing from the western gallery, high on the cathedral wall, the buglers sounded the "Last Post." The echoes rang through the aisles, rang against the walls, and soared into the hollow of the vaulted dome; they bade the last farewell to Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener of Khartoum.

His work and wars are all ended. Ours are not yet over. And so, with a crash, band and voices began "God Save the King." We have still to fight for King and Country.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Major A. A. C. NELSON, Royal Scots.

Capt. E. R. COOKE, Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Capt. WILFRID LANGDON, Cheshire Regt.

Lieut. W. C. PEMBERTON, R.F.C.

Lieut. A. H. HICKMAN, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Lieut. N. T. WORTHINGTON, R. Lancaster Regt.

Lieut. R. C. GREEN, Bedfordshire Regt.

Lieut. G. K. ROSS, Canadian Infantry.

Lieut. G. B. MANDERS, R.F.A.

Lieut. J. C. MORROW, Canadian Engineers.

Major A. A. C. Nelson, Royal Scots, was the son of the late Sir A. A. Nelson.

Lieutenant A. H. Hickman enlisted as a private in the London Rifle Brigade and served in Flanders, returning to England in March, 1915, to take up a commission with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. In October he was ordered to Gallipoli, and took an active part in the fighting there and the successful evacuation.

Lieut. Noel Trevor Worthington, Royal Lancaster Regiment, fell in action in the attack at Anzac, August 9th, 1915.

Sec.-Lieutenant Hugh Valentine Cholmeley was the eldest of the three sons of Mr. Lewin Cholmeley, of the firm of Frere, Cholmeley & Co., solicitors. After leaving Eton he made a tour round the world; he was articled in his father's office and, passing his examinations, would have become a partner in the firm. Although advised not to join the Army on medical grounds, he succeeded in getting past the doctor, and joined the Inns of Court O.T.C. Lieut. Cholmeley went to the front in October, and was struck by a shell splinter on April 7th last.

Sec.-Lieutenant John Frederick Egerton, King's Royal Rifle Corps, was the only son and heir of Sir Edwin Egerton, formerly Ambassador at Rome, and Lady Egerton. He was born in 1896, and was an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford.

Lieut. R. L. VALENTINE, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. C. F. ROMER, Middlesex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. C. F. BAILEY, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. H. V. CHOLMELEY, Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. H. H. RICHARDS, Connaught Rangers.

Lieut. A. N. PEERLESS, Canadian Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. J. S. BURTON, Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. N. J. DAVIES, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. R. W. McCONNELL, King's Own (R. Lanc. Regt.).

Sec.-Lieut. R. J. T. WINGFIELD, R.F.A.

Sec.-Lieut. J. F. EGERTON, King's Royal Rifles.

Portraits by Brooke Hughes, Chancellor, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Lambert Weston.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Major A. L. BICKFORD, C.I.E., Rifles, Indian Army.

Capt. M. S. RICHARDSON, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Capt. J. D. WADDELL, Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. C. T. D. BERRINGTON Lancers, Indian Army.

Lieut. H. R. ANDREWS, West Yorks Regt.

Lieut. R. L. KNOTT, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieut. G. A. J. GRAVES, Mounted Rifles.

Lieut. H. F. GARRETT, East Yorkshire Regt.

Lieut. L. H. F. ROBINSON, East Surrey Regt.

Lieut. C. L. SMITH, Gordon Highlanders.

Major Arthur Louis Bickford, C.I.E., Rifles, Indian Army, entered the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment) in August, 1892, and transferred to the Indian Army. In August, 1914, he was appointed to the Staff of the D.A.A.-G. Before the great war he saw service in the Tirah Campaign (1897-98), and received the medal with two clasps; in 1908 he was employed in the operations in the Zakka Khel country. For these services he was mentioned in despatches, received the brevet rank of major, and was decorated with the medal and clasp. Major Bickford, who was the son of Admiral Andrew Kennedy Bickford, C.M.G., was made a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire in 1911.

Captain Mervyn Stronge Richardson, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was twenty-one years of age, and the youngest son of Captain Arthur Percy Richardson and Mrs. Richardson of Purton House, Wiltshire. He received his commission in August, 1914, and reached the rank of captain in December, 1915. He had been fourteen months on active service, and had been recommended for an honour by both his commanding officer and the general commanding.

Captain Caradoc Trevor Davies Berrington, Lancers, Indian Army, attached Royal Field Artillery, obtained his first commission in the Royal Artillery in July, 1906, and joined the Indian Army, with the same rank, in September, 1908.

Lieut. Charles H. A. F. Newton, King's Royal Rifle Corps, was the only surviving son of Mr. Francis J. Newton, C.V.O., C.M.G., Treasurer of the British South Africa Company, Rhodesia.

Sec.-Lieut. R. E. MAY, Highland Light Infantry.

Lieut. N. A. MORICE, East Yorkshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. B. PEDDER, Hussars.

Lieut. E. M. THOMPSON, Yorkshire Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. C. C. POCOCK, East Surrey Regt.

Lieut. A. A. WARREN, Border Regiment.

Lieut. A. H. BELL, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Sec.-Lieut. H. W. T. ARMSTRONG, East Surrey Regt.

Lieut. C. H. A. F. NEWTON, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Lt. M. J. VINCENT-JACKSON, Sherwood Foresters.

Sec.-Lieut. J. G. GREGORY, London Regiment.

Portraits by Swaine, Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Watson.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Capt. R. A. SAUNDERS, R.F.A. and R.F.C.

Lt.-Col. A. R. NETHERSOLE, Indian Army.

Capt. the Hon. A. T. SHAUGHNESSY, Canadian Infantry.

Capt. G. WOODHAMS, Royal Sussex Regt.

Capt. C. E. BARNETT, East Surrey Regt.

Lieut. H. T. BARNETT, East Surrey Regt.

Lt. W. A. CLIFF-McCULLOCH, Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. J. W. DAVIES, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Lieut. E. D. PRICE, Royal Irish Regt.

Lieut. G. E. L. BOWLBY, Lincolnshire Regt.

Captain R. A. Saunders, London Brigade, Royal Field Artillery and Royal Flying Corps, received his commission as second-lieutenant in the Territorial Force, R.F.A., July, 1914, and was promoted in the following December. He afterwards joined the Royal Flying Corps, and obtained flight-commander's rank in December, 1915. Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Ralph Nethersole, Indian Army, received a commission in the Royal Scots Fusiliers in August, 1888. He transferred to the Indian Army in 1891, and received his captaincy in August, 1899. In 1906 he was given his majority, and in August, 1914, he became lieutenant-colonel. For five years from 1905 he held the appointment of adjutant of Indian Volunteers, and from 1902 to 1905 he was an officer on the Staff. Before the present war he saw service on the North-Western Frontier in the campaign of 1901-2, and had the Waziristan medal with clasp.

Captain the Hon. A. T. Shaughnessy, Canadian Infantry, was the second son of Lord Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Captain G. Woodhams, Royal Sussex Regiment, had seen a good deal of active service with the Expeditionary Force. Lieut. G. E. L. Bowlby, Lincolnshire Regiment, entered that regiment in December, 1914, and was promoted in the following September.

Lieut. W. Duff, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), had been for some years connected with the Territorial Force, and his lieutenant's commission was dated December 25th, 1912.

Lieut. F. P. Robertson, Lancashire Fusiliers, was a member of the London Scottish from 1909 onwards, and served with them in France from September, 1914, to May, 1915.

Lieut. W. DUFF, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Lieut. R. B. SHERIDAN, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. C. H. E. VARNDELL, Queen's (R. West Surrey Regt.).

Sec.-Lieut. A. W. McGREGOR, The Black Watch.

Sec.-Lieut. D. M. H. JEWELL, R. Fusiliers (Public Schools).

Lieut. F. P. ROBERTSON, Lancashire Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. F. L. L. ROGERS, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. C. W. F. WOOLNOUGH, Bedford Regiment.

Sec.-Lt. E. A. L. STURRIDGE, Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. W. W. NICHOLAS, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

Sec.-Lieut. F. J. O'FLYNN, Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Bassano, Lambert Weston.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Rear-Admiral HOOD, H.M.S. Invincible.

Rear-Admiral ARBUTHNOT, H.M.S. Defence.

Commander COPLESTONE-BOUGHEY, H.M.S. Defence.

Com. H. L. L. PENNELL, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

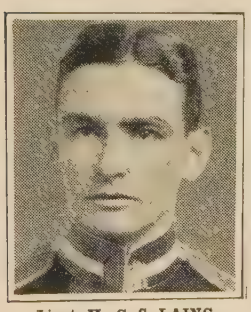
Com. R. H. D. TOWNSEND, H.M.S. Invincible.

Com. Sir C. R. BLANE, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Capt. C. J. WINTOUR, H.M.S. Tipperary.

Lieut.-Com. R. L. CLAYTON, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Com. L. W. JONES, H.M.S. Shark.



Lieut. H. G. S. LAING, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace Hood, C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., went down with his ship H.M.S. Invincible, after leading his division to the attack with the most inspiring courage, May 31st, 1916. Admiral Hood was born in 1870, and was the third son of the fourth Viscount Hood. He served in the Sudan and Somali Expeditions. Admiral Hood was also Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot, C.B., M.V.O., who went down with the Defence, entered the Navy in 1877; and was appointed Rear-Admiral of the Second Battle-Cruiser Squadron in 1913-14. Sir Robert was a prominent all-round sportsman.

Commander L. W. Jones, H.M.S. Shark, was one of the outstanding heroes of the Jutland Battle. The Shark was the first destroyer to come to grips with the enemy, sinking the leading German destroyer with a well-placed torpedo, and a second German destroyer soon followed. Then two enemy torpedoes converged on the glorious little craft and she was shattered, but Commander Jones with two men continued to work the remaining gun until the destroyer went down.

Among the many brave chaplains who succumbed in the great fight were the Revs. C. W. Lydall, C. A. Walton, and W. H. Le Patourel.

Lieut. V. G. SNOW, H.M.S. Hampshire.

Lieut. T. F. S. FLEMMING, H.M.S. Invincible.

Lieutenant PERCY STRICKLAND.

Lieut. J. M. B. HANLY, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Lieut. E. W. MILSOM, H.M.S. Defence.

Lieut. E. S. RAY, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Mid. R. ROXBURGH, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Rev. C. W. LYDALL, Naval Chaplain.

Mid. H. J. TUSON, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Rev. C. A. WALTON, Naval Chaplain.

Rev. W. H. Le PATOUREL, H.M.S. Defence.

Portraits by Russell, Swaine, Maull & Fox, Lafayette.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Capt. A. L. CAY, H.M.S. Invincible.

Com. L. H. SHORE, H.M.S. Invincible.

Lieut.-Com. J. S. WILSON, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Surgeon GEORGE B. MOON.

Lt.-Com. H. C. R. FEILDING, H.M.S. Defence.

Lt.-Com. E. S. OSBOURNE, H.M.S. Invincible.

Lt.-Cm. G. MURRAY-BROWNE, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Lieut. V. A. EWART, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Lieut. C. E. F. EGAN, H.M.S. Ardent.

Lieut. G. H. V. BAYFIELD, H.M.S. Black Prince.

Commander L. H. Shore, navigation officer, was the second son of Commander the Hon. Henry Noel Shore, and a nephew of Lord Teignmouth. Entering the service in 1898, he served in China as aide-de-camp to the late Admiral, then Commander, Cradock, and was mentioned in despatches.

Lieut. Frank Power O'Reilly was Flag-Lieutenant to Rear-Admiral Hood, and a nephew of Mr. Frank Power, the "Times" correspondent at Khartoum, who sent the despatches through which the only news of Khartoum and Gordon came.

Lieut. Maurice John Bethell was the second son of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Bethell. He entered the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in 1907, and passed second out of the Britannia, obtaining the first prize for mathematics. In the beginning of the war Lieut. Bethell served on the Aurora, and was present at the Dogger Bank action.

Major Robert Crosthwaite Colquhoun, R.M.L.I., son of the late Rev. R. Colquhoun, chaplain, and Mrs. Colquhoun, Durrne, Cheltenham, was assistant to the Professor of Fortifications at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, from 1902 to 1905.

Midshipman the Hon. Barnard Michael Bailey was the youngest son of Lord Glanusk.

Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Hugh C. R. Feilding was the second son of the Earl and Countess of Denbigh. He was a particularly brilliant officer, having gained the coveted "six ones" in his examination for lieutenant, and he was awarded the Beaufort and Wharton testimonials for navigation.

Lieut. F. P. O'REILLY, H.M.S. Invincible.

Lieut. J. A. KEMP, H.M.S. Tipperary.

Sub.-Lieut. C. R. de V. LAW, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Lieut. M. J. BETHELL, H.M.S. Nestor.

Eng.-Sub.-Lt. C. P. TANNER, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Fleet-Surgeon F. A. CAPPS, H.M.S. Defence.

Major R. C. COLQUHOUN, H.M.S. Invincible.

Fleet-Paym. W. W. ALTON, H.M.S. Defence.

Secretary R. H. CARTER, H.M.S. Defence.

Mid. Hon. B. M. BAILEY, H.M.S. Defence.

Mid. W. N. EDEN, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

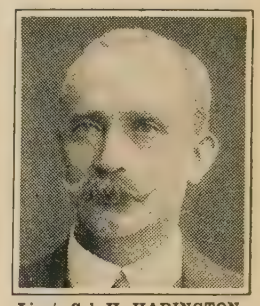
Portraits by Russell, Swaine, Speaight.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lieut.-Col. R. C. B. THROCKMORTON, R. Welsh Fusiliers.

Major R. J. MUTRIE, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Maj. H. C. VAUGHAN-HARRISON, Royal Field Artillery.



Lieut.-Col. H. HARINGTON, Punjabis, Indian Army.

Capt. A. F. WHITESIDE, Canadian Infantry.

Major N. E. LECKIE, Canadian Infantry.

Capt. A. G. COWIE, Seaforth Highlanders.

Capt. A. P. WILLIAMS-FREEMAN, Lincolnshire Regt.

Capt. H. D. BROUGHTON, Cheshire Regt.

Capt. A. TEMPLE, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Lieut.-Col. R. C. Brabazon Throckmorton, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, attached Wiltshire Regiment, entered the Service in 1887, served at Malta from 1894 to 1896, and at Aden from 1896 to 1897. He was engaged throughout the South African War, and was present at the Relief of Ladysmith. He fought at Colenso, on the Tugela Heights, in the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony. Colonel Throckmorton was decorated with the Queen's and the King's Medals with seven clasps.

Captain A. G. Cowie, Seaforth Highlanders, was the younger son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. A. H. Cowie. He entered the Seaforths in December, 1911, when in his twenty-third year. Captain Cowie was a fine cricketer, and got his Blue for Cambridge.

Captain J. N. Inglis, the Black Watch, was born in June, 1888, and was gazetted to the Royal Highlanders from the Special Reserve in February, 1909. He was promoted in September, 1911, and received the substantive rank of captain in February, 1915.

Lieut. Viscount Quenington, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars (Yeomanry), was Member of Parliament for the Tewkesbury Division. Lord Quenington was the only son of the first Earl St. Aldwyn, who died shortly after Lord Quenington was killed. Lord Quenington had recently suffered bereavement by the death of his wife, the daughter of Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst, of Sudeley Castle, Gloucestershire, and left a son, the present Earl St. Aldwyn, who is four years of age, and a daughter of six.

Sec.-Lieut. J. E. Binns, Wiltshire Regiment, obtained his commission in June, 1915.

Capt. J. N. INGLIS, Black Watch.

Lieut. C. R. GODWIN, Canadian Field Artillery.

Lt.-Com. L. P. FREYBERG, R.N., H.M.S. Russell.

Lieut. A. B. IRVINE, Canadian Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. P. C. BURTON, East Yorkshire Regiment.

Lieut. W. M. DOBIE, Royal West Kent Regt.

Lt. Viscount QUENINGTON, R. Gloucester Hussars (Yeo.).

Sec.-Lieut. A. F. BENTLEY, Sherwood Foresters.

Sec.-Lieut. C. P. A. HERSEE, Royal Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. J. E. BINNS, Wiltshire Regt.

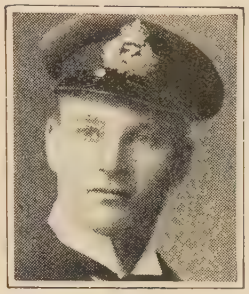
Sec.-Lieut. R. G. PECK, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

Portraits by Barnett, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Swaine, Watson.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Com. R. H. LLEWELYN, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Capt. HERBERT J. SAVILL, H.M.S. Hampshire.



Lieut. W. W. SKYNNER, H.M.S. Hampshire.

Lieut.-Com. G. C. STREET, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Lieut. E. T. DONNELL, H.M.S. Shark.

Lieut. E. N. G. MATON, H.M.S. Tipperary.

Lieut. W. J. W. FLETCHER, H.M.S. Black Prince.

Lieut. C. H. ABERCROMBIE, H.M.S. Defence.

Lieut. R. C. A. GOW, H.M.S. Defence.

Lieut. S. H. SLINGSBY, H.M.S. Defence.

Capt. Herbert J. Savill was born in 1870, entered the Navy as cadet in 1883, took four "firsts" in the examination for promotion to lieutenant in 1891, was promoted commander in 1902, and captain in 1907. He had the General Africa Medal with clasp and the South Africa Medal.

Among naval officers reported to have lost their lives in the Battle off Jutland, Commander Robert Harman Llewelyn, aged thirty-one, was the only surviving son of Sir Robert and Lady Llewelyn, and gained his promotion as commander on January 1st, 1916. Lieut. Ernest Tudor Donnell, aged twenty-two, was the eldest son of the Rev. C. E. and Mrs. Donnell, of Stamfordham Vicarage, Northumberland.

Lieut. Eustace Newton Gerald Maton, aged twenty-six, was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Maton, of Sundial House, Kensington. Lieut. Cecil H. Abercrombie, who was in his thirtieth year, had won many laurels as a cricketer and a Rugby football player. He was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Abercrombie, of South Croxted Road, Dulwich.

Lieut. Roderick C. A. Gow was the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Gow, headmaster of Westminster. Lieut. Stephen H. Slingsby, who was in his twenty-fourth year, was brother of Capt. A. E. K. Slingsby and Capt. A. M. Slingsby, who fell in France and Mesopotamia respectively. He was the fourth son of Mr. J. A. Slingsby, of Skipton, Yorks, and became lieutenant in January, 1916. Midshipman Herbert Snead-Cox was aged sixteen, and the eldest surviving son of John Snead-Cox, of Broxwood Court, Herefordshire.

Lieut. F. G. STEWART, H.M.S. Hampshire.

Surg. CYRIL O. H. JONES, H.M.S. Invincible.

Eng.-Sub.-Lt. E. CHAMPNESS, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Fleet-Paymaster JOHN A. PLACE.

Mid. ADAIR G. CAMPBELL, H.M.S. Defence.

Sub.-Lieut. H. F. VERNON, H.M.S. Hampshire.

Mid. H. SNEAD-COX, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Mid. R. B. CROFT, H.M.S. Indefatigable.

Mid. PERCY A. W. WAIT, H.M.S. Queen Mary.

Mid. D. F. C. L. TOTTENHAM, H.M.S. Invincible.

Mid. M. O. HANWELL, H.M.S. Defence.

Portraits by Speaight, Swaine, Maull & Fox, Russell, Chancellor.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Major J. H. W. JOHNSTONE, Royal Field Artillery.

Capt. W. C. HAYDEN, Hon. Artillery Company.

Capt. C. M. HUMBLE-CROFTS, Royal Sussex Regt.

Capt. J. R. WALPOLE, Royal West Surrey Regt.

Capt. H. F. MOTT, London Regiment.

Capt. D. V. F. ANDERSON, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Capt. L. P. WALSH, Royal Dublin Fusiliers

Capt. G. N. ALISON, Seaforth Highlanders.

Lieut. F. J. CORR, Canadian Infantry.

Lieut. J. J. B. BALL, Royal Field Artillery.

Captain W. C. Hayden joined the Honourable Artillery Company in 1897. In 1910 he won the championship of the regiment for shooting at the annual Bisley rifle meeting. On the outbreak of war he volunteered for active service with the 1st Battalion H.A.C., and was immediately offered his commission, leaving with his regiment for France about September, 1914. He was wounded in the attack at Hooge, June, 1915, and was killed in action while in his dug-out by a shell at Hooge, on September 15th, 1915.

Captain Cyril Mitford Humble-Crofts, Royal Sussex Regiment, was the third son of Prebendary and Mrs. Humble-Crofts, of Waldron Rectory, Sussex. Captain John Robsart Walpole, Royal West Surrey Regiment, received his commission in January, 1901, in the Lancashire Artillery Militia, and subsequently, in 1904, a commission in the "Queen's." Resigning in 1910, he spent three years rubber planting in Malaya. On the outbreak of war he rejoined his old regiment, and was gazetted captain in December, 1914. He was the second son of Sir Charles and the late Lady Walpole.

Temporary-Captain Hugh Fenwick Mott, London Regiment, who was twenty-two years old, was educated at Marlborough and Oxford. He received a commission in September, 1914, and was slightly wounded once. He was awarded the Military Cross in the Birthday Honours of 1916. He was killed in action, "gallantly leading his company in the attack."

Captain Denis Vipont Friend Anderson, 1st Battalion the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which formed part of the "glorious 29th Division," was killed in action in the Gallipoli landing, on April 25th, 1915.

Sec.-Lt. P. K. BADDELEY, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. W. H. JOWETT, King's (Liverpool) Regt.

Lieut. F. L. PUSCH, D.S.O., Irish Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. R. J. C. LEADER, Durham Light Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. H. L. TATE, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. G. PERKINS, West Yorks Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. J. M. HUNTER, Wiltshire Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. G. H. MASSEY, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. O. LL. JOHNS, Royal Field Artillery.

Sec.-Lieut. P. F. GETHIN, Devonshire Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. M. L. PRICE, Middlesex Regiment.

(Photos by Chanceller, Elliott & Fry, Claude Harris, Brooke Hughes, Lafayette, Russell & Sons, Swaine, Lombert Weston.)

DIARY OF THE SPRING AND SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF 1916

The Progress of the Great War from the Eve of Verdun to the Opening Battles of the Somme

1916

MAR. 1.—German seaplane raids the South-East Coast. A child of nine months killed.

In the region of Verdun there is no infantry attack. West of the Meuse the German bombardment continues in the zone between Malancourt and Forges.

H.M.S. Primula, a mine-sweeper carrying out patrol duties, torpedoed and sunk in the East Mediterranean. All officers and crew saved but three.

MAR. 2.—**Verdun Battle, 12th Day.**—To the north and in the Woevre district the enemy's artillery fire increases on the whole front, and principally against Dead Man Hill, the Pepper Ridge, and the Douaumont Ridge. At Fresnes, a dozen miles south-east of Verdun, the enemy reach some of the French positions, but are thrown back by counter-attack.

British explode five mines near the Hohenzollern Redoubt and occupy the craters, and on the Ypres-Comines Canal consolidate positions taken, which include 200 yards of enemy's original trench. Prisoners total 5 officers and 249 other ranks.

Russians take Bitlis.

MAR. 3.—Hot fighting near village of Douaumont, French holding the upper part of the knoll on the northern slopes. A sharp counter-attack enables French to regain ground in immediate vicinity of the village.

MAR. 4.—Violent cannonade on left bank of the Meuse at Hill 304 and at Goose Hill. Germans succeed in gaining a footing in village of Douaumont, from which they were driven on March 3.

Russian troops occupy Atina on the Black Sea coast.

MAR. 5.—Verdun Battle. In the wood to the east of Vacherauville (on the Meuse north-east of Verdun) an attack by the Germans against French advanced positions completely repulsed.

Zeppelin Raid over Eight Eastern Counties; 13 killed and 33 injured.

MAR. 6.—Germans enter the village of Forges, but are repulsed at Goose Hill. In Champagne they launch an attack, accompanied by jets of liquid fire, upon French positions between Mont Tetu and Maisons de Champagne.

MAR. 7.—Germans capture Hill 265 at the price of heavy loss.

Russians capture Rizeh, forty miles east of Trebizond.

MAR. 8.—French repulse a great German infantry attack west of the Meuse in the region of Bethincourt.

French air squadrons, consisting of 18 machines, drop 124 bombs on the Metz-Sablons station.

MAR. 9.—Verdun Battle. French smash a German mass attack in the region of the village of Vaux, north-east of Verdun. West of the Meuse they make further progress in the Crows' Wood.

Mesopotamia Campaign.—War Office announces that on March 6 General Aylmer reached Es-Sinn, seven miles east of Kut-el-Amara. He attacked enemy on March 8, but was unable to dislodge him.

War Office announces that General Smuts' troops have advanced against German forces in the Kilimanjaro area, and seized the crossings of the Lumi River with insignificant loss.

Russian torpedo-boat, Lieutenant Pustchin, torpedoed by enemy submarine off Varna.

British air raid by thirty-one machines against the Germans' railhead and billets at Carvin.

MAR. 10.—Germans succeed in retaking the Crows' Wood.

1916

War Office announces General Aylmer, after operating seven to eight miles from the Tigris on the right bank, in consequence of lack of water, was obliged to fall back on the river.

Germany Declares War on Portugal.

MAR. 11.—Italian artillery vigorously bombard enemy positions at the bridgehead of Gorizia.

MAR. 12.—Russia reports her troops have occupied Kirind, in Persia, on the way to Bagdad.

Admiralty announces that mercantile fleet auxiliary Fauvette strikes a mine off the East Coast and sinks. Casualties, two officers and twelve men.

MAR. 13.—Report from General Smuts on battle which commenced on March 11 against the German-prepared positions on the Kitova Hills, west of Taveta (on the north-eastern border of German East Africa), refers to bravery of South African troops, whose final attack secured a hold until reinforced.

Russians report that they drove back the Turks in the region of the River Kalapotamos (thirty miles east of Trebizond), and captured eight guns in the operations near Kermanshah.

MAR. 14.—**New Verdun Attack.**—North-west of the fortress German heavy gun fire redoubled in intensity. Repulsed on the whole front, the enemy gain a footing only at two points of French trenches, between Bethincourt and Dead Man Hill.

Italians capture enemy positions in the San Martino zone.

War Office reports that the Senussi raid from Tripoli has crumpled up. The British reoccupy Sollum, the frontier post in Western Egypt; fifty Arabs killed and three guns taken.

MAR. 15.—Verdun attack slackens. French recover a portion of the small area which Germans took from them on March 13.

German East Africa.—General Smuts reports another success by capturing Moshi, the most important town in the north-east of German East Africa.

MAR. 16.—Despatch from General Lake published, reporting that the Turks were attacked in an advanced position on the Tigris on March 11, and "a considerable number bayoneted," but the British column then withdrew.

Resignation of Grand-Admiral Tirpitz officially announced from Berlin.

Dutch 14,000-ton liner Tubantia torpedoed off the North Hinder Light.

British spring mines on the Double Crassier, south-west of Loos.

General Gallieni, French Minister of War, resigns through ill-health, and is succeeded by General Roques.

MAR. 17.—To the north of the Aisne an enemy attack directed against a French post to the south-east of the Bois des Buffes repulsed after hand-grenade fighting.

MAR. 18.—Germans, by exploding mines, recapture three craters at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

German attacks between Vaux and the woods to the south of the Hardaumont Farm stopped by French fire.

Dutch liner Palembang torpedoed and sunk off the Galloper Lightship.

MAR. 19.—**Air Raid on Kent.**—Four German seaplanes drop bombs on Ramsgate, Margate, Deal and Dover—thirteen killed and thirty-one wounded. Flight-Commander Bone, R.N.A.S., in a single-seater aeroplane, pursued one of the German seaplanes thirty miles out to sea, where, after an action lasting a quarter of an hour, he forced it to descend.

Russians repulse a German attack south of Dvinsk.

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MAR. 20.—Announced that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has arrived in Egypt on appointment as Staff Captain on the Staff of the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Great Allied Air Raid.—Sixty-five British, French, and Belgian machines, carrying four and a half tons of bombs, drop them on the German air stations at Zeebrugge and Houthane.

Verdun, 30th Day of Battle.—The Germans, having failed at every other point, extend their attacks on Verdun farther to the west. With a new division and the use of flame projectors they make a violent attack between Malancourt and Avocourt, but their assaults broken up by French with severe loss to the enemy.

Russians capture two villages south of Dvinsk and bridge-head on the Dniester.

MAR. 21.—Germans, after violent fighting and using jets of flaming liquid, make their way to the southern edge of Avocourt Wood. The French inflict heavy loss on enemy, and prevent advance.

Renewed Russian offensive in the north and south of their line.

Naval Skirmish in North Sea.—Four British destroyers attack and chase three German destroyers off the Belgian coast. The enemy fled, making for Zeebrugge, but two German boats were hit. Our casualties were four wounded.

MAR. 22.—On the small knoll of Haucourt the Germans succeed in gaining a footing.

Activity along whole Russian front, especially at Jacobstadt, in the Tchermetz Lotra region, and on the south-western shore of Lake Narotch.

Russians occupy Ispahan.

General Cadorna arrives in London.

MAR. 23.—Announced that Major-General Sir George F. Gorringe, K.C.B., appointed temporary Lieutenant-General in Mesopotamia.

British Front Extended.—In official report from Head-quarters announced that there has been artillery activity about Fricourt, Gommécourt, Hohenzollern Redoubt, and Souchez, the last-mentioned in new line taken over from the French.

MAR. 24.—Cross-Channel steamship Sussex torpedoed off the French coast on her passage from Folkestone to Dieppe. Feared loss of a hundred persons.

Liner Minneapolis torpedoed in the Mediterranean, with loss of eleven lives.

MAR. 25.—**German Raider Sunk.**—Admiralty announces that an engagement took place on February 29 in North Sea between the armed German raider Greif, disguised as a Norwegian merchant vessel, and H.M. armed merchant cruiser Alcantara (Captain T. E. Wardle, R.N.). The engagement resulted in the loss of both vessels, the German raider being sunk by gun fire, and the Alcantara apparently being torpedoed. Five German officers and 115 men picked up and taken prisoners. British losses, five officers and sixty-nine men.

Raid on Zeppelin Sheds.—British seaplanes attack German airship sheds in Schleswig-Holstein, east of the island of Sylt, escorted to their rendezvous, close to the German coast, by a force of light cruisers and destroyers under Commander Tyrwhitt; three of the seaplanes missing. H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer Medusa collides with H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer Laverock, and former sunk. Two German armed patrol vessels sunk.

MAR. 26.—Russian offensive continues; trenches captured at Postavy.

MAR. 27.—**British Push near Ypres.**—After exploding mines, infantry of the Northumberland Fusiliers and Royal Fusiliers assault the German salient at St. Eloi (south of Ypres), successfully taking the front and second-line trenches on a front of some 600 yards. Heavy casualties caused to the enemy. Our captures were two German officers and 168 men.

Great Allied Conference opens in Paris.

MAR. 28.—Russia's fight for Trebizond. Our ally's troops dislodge Turks from their positions in the region of the Baltatchi Darassi River (thirty miles east of the port of Trebizond), and after an engagement occupy the town of Of.

MAR. 29.—French storm Avocourt Redoubt, and advance 300 yards.

MAR. 30.—General Polivanoff, Russian War Minister, resigns.

Heavy fighting round Verdun. Germans attack French positions on skirts of Fort Douaumont with aid of liquid fire, but repulsed.

MAR. 31.—Crown Prince of Serbia arrives in London.

Zeppelin raid on Eastern Counties; 43 killed, 66 injured. Zeppelin L15 disabled and crew captured.

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APRIL 1.—Zeppelin raid on North-East Coast; sixteen persons killed and one hundred injured.

Germans gain a footing in the western part of the village of Vaux.

APRIL 2.—Zeppelin raid on North and South-East England and South-East Scotland. In latter country twelve killed, eleven injured.

Germans make violent attacks on the Avocourt Wood Redoubt, but are repulsed. All day struggle at Douaumont-Vaux.

Allied airmen drop eighty-three bombs on enemy cantonments of Keyem, Eessen, Terrest, and Houthulst.

APRIL 3.—**British Crater Success.**—Our troops attack the crater at St. Eloi, which had been held by Germans since March 30th, capturing it and establishing our line beyond it. We took eighty-four prisoners.

French reoccupy the western portion of the village of Vaux.

APRIL 4.—Ministry of Munitions reports serious fire broke out in a powder-factory in Kent during the week-end, leading to a series of explosions; 106 men killed, and 66 injured.

War Office announces Zeppelin raid on East Anglian coast; no damage, and no casualties.

War Budget introduced in House of Commons.

German retreat in Verdun sector. Germans launch powerful attack south of village of Douaumont. Successive waves of men mown down by French fire, and enemy retreats in disorder towards the Chaffour Wood.

APRIL 5.—A Zeppelin attacking North-East Coast driven off by anti-aircraft fire.

British bombard hostile works near Bois Grenier (south of Armentières) and north of Ypres-St. Julien Road with good effect. About St. Eloi artillery on both sides very active.

General Lake reports from Mesopotamia that Tigris corps attacked and carried the enemy's entrenched position at Umm-el-Hannah (twenty miles north-east of Kut).

APRIL 6.—General Sir John Nixon's despatch on operations in Mesopotamia published.

Further details of Mesopotamia campaign to hand. On the right (south) bank the 3rd Division, under General Keary, on April 5th, captured enemy's trenches opposite the Falahijah position. On the left (north) bank General Gorringe carries the Falahijah positions, fifteen miles north-east of Kut.

Germans attack British at St. Eloi.

French gain near Fort Douaumont.

APRIL 7.—At St. Eloi enemy regains portion of trenches captured by British, March 27th.

APRIL 8.—Further War Office report concerning operations in Mesopotamia issued. During night of April 6th-7th, operations on the north (left) bank of the river confined to close reconnaissance of the Sanna-i-Yat defences.

East African Campaign.—General Smuts reports that on April 3rd troops under General Van de Venter surprised a German force in the Arusha district, surrounded it April 4th, and received its surrender April 6th.

APRIL 9.—**Renewed Verdun Battle.**—German attack on a six-mile front north-west of Verdun everywhere repulsed. French strengthen their position by evacuating Béthincourt.

APRIL 10.—War Office announces no attack on the Sanna-i-Yat position was made on April 6th, as reported by enemy. According to Sir P. Lake, our attack on April 9th failed to get through Turks' lines.

Officially reported British troops capture the mine-crater at St. Eloi remaining in German hands, and by a further attack establish themselves in the enemy's trenches running south-west from the crater.

Germans gain five hundred yards of advanced trenches on Hill 295 (Dead Man Hill).

APRIL 11.—Despatch by General Sir C. C. Monro on the evacuation of Gallipoli published.

Enemy raids British trenches near La Boisselle (north-east of Albert) after heavy bombardment, in which he used "tear" shells, but was driven out.

APRIL 12.—**Allies New Naval Base.**—Reported that Allies land forces in the Greek island of Cephalonia, seventy-five miles south of Corfu.

German Attacks on British.—Enemy makes three successive attacks west of Pilkem-Ypres Road (north of Ypres). The first gains a footing in our trenches, but quickly driven out, others repulsed north-east of Carnoy (north of the Somme).

APRIL 13.—In the Verdun sector bombardment continued against Hill 304 and the Dead Man-Cumières position.

Turks' camp at Jifjaffa (east of Suez Canal) attacked and occupied by Australian troops. The Katia Oasis also occupied.

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APRIL 14.—**British Air Raid on Constantinople.**—Three naval aeroplanes drop bombs on the Zoitunlik powder-factory and aeroplane sheds. Another naval aeroplane visits Adrianople and drops bombs on the railway station.

APRIL 15.—Turk division routed by Russian troops in the region of Bitlis.

French battleplane, from a height of three hundred feet, attacks enemy ships in North Sea, firing sixteen shells, most of which hit their mark.

APRIL 16.—**Kut Relief Force.**—General Lake reports gradual, but steady, progress made on the right bank, and the enemy's advanced lines driven in and occupied.

French air squadron of nine machines drops bombs on Conflans railway station, on factories at Rombach, on Arnairlle railway station, and on railway at Pagny.

APRIL 17.—On the right of the Meuse, from the river to Douaumont, the Germans launch an attack by two divisions. The assault, hurled on a front of two and a half miles, is repulsed by French, except at one point, where enemy gets a footing in a little salient south of Chaffour Wood.

APRIL 18.—**Fall of Trebizond** officially reported from Petrograd.

War Office announces a check to the Kut relief army. Turks heavily counter-attacked on the right (south) bank of the Tigris, forcing back our lines.

Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, receives the Freedom of the City of London.

United States "Ultimatum" to Germany.—President Wilson's Note to Berlin demanding that Germany abandon her piracy or the United States will sever relations with her regarded as practically an ultimatum.

APRIL 19.—Germans' three successive attacks on French positions at Les Eparges (thirteen miles south-east of Verdun) repulsed. French troops deliver strong attack against the German positions north-west of Vaux Pond, occupy some trench sections, and carry a redoubt.

German Attack at Ypres.—Enemy attack our line round Ypres, entering trenches from which they are driven out everywhere except at St. Eloi, and on the Ypres-Langemarck Road, where they hold one trench.

Reported death of Field-Marshal von der Goltz at Turkish headquarters.

APRIL 20.—**Russian Force in France.**—Announced that a detachment of Russian troops has arrived at Marseilles.

APRIL 21.—French gains in the region of Dead Man Hill, and on the northern outskirts of the Caurettes Wood.

King's Shropshire Light Infantry recapture the trench about the Ypres-Langemarck Road lost on April 19th.

APRIL 22.—Battle for Dead Man Hill. After violent artillery preparation Germans attack French positions on the northern slopes of the hill. Gaining a footing in the first line, they are driven out by a counter-attack.

War Office announces advance in German East Africa, our troops occupying Umbugwe and Salanga.

APRIL 23.—General Lake telegraphs that our attack on the Sanna-i-Yat position on the left (north) bank of the Tigris fails owing to the floods.

APRIL 24.—**Zeppelin raid over Norfolk and Suffolk coast;** one man injured.

Hostile aeroplane flies over Dover, but is driven off.

French air squadrons during the night bomb stations of Longuyon and Stenay, also bivouacs east of Dun, and in the Montfaucon region, and the station of Nautillois.

APRIL 25.—**Fighting near Suez.**—Announced that on April 23rd Turks attacked our post at Duweidar, but beaten off. On same day enemy attacked Katia, held by small force of Yeomanry. After severe engagement our troops withdrew.

Announced that General Van de Venter has occupied Kondona Irangi, in German East Africa.

German Attempt to Land Arms in Ireland.—Admiralty announces that on night of April 20th-21st an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but in reality a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine. The auxiliary sank, and Roger Casement was made a prisoner.

Chief Secretary for Ireland announces that at noon on April 24th grave disturbances broke out in Dublin. Rebels seized Post Office and parts of city.

Bombardment of Lowestoft and Yarmouth.—At 4.30 a.m. enemy battle-cruisers appear off Lowestoft and shell the town. Forty houses destroyed and two hundred slightly damaged; two men, one woman, and a child killed. At same time shells fired at Yarmouth. Our local naval forces engage the enemy, and he returns to Germany, chased by our light cruisers and destroyers.

Secret Session of Parliament.

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APRIL 26.—Zeppelin raid over the east coast of Kent.

Dublin rebellion. Liberty Hall, the rebel base, destroyed and occupied. To date, fifteen killed and twenty-one wounded among troops. In recapture of St. Stephen's Green eleven insurgents killed.

APRIL 27.—Germans gain a footing in our front and support lines east-north-east of Loos, but counter-attack by Irish drives them out.

German wireless reports H.M. submarine E22 sunk in North Sea.

Whole of Ireland under martial law. General Sir John Maxwell sent, with plenary powers over the whole country.

H.M.S. Russell strikes a mine in the Mediterranean and sinks. Rear-Admiral Fremantle, 24 officers, and 676 men saved; 124 officers and men missing.

APRIL 28.—German submarine sunk off East Coast. One officer and 17 men of the crew captured.

APRIL 29.—**Fall of Kut.**—General Townshend surrenders with 2,970 British troops and 6,000 Indian troops.

Russian reverse. Germans retake captured trenches between Lakes Narotch and Svir, to the east of Vilna. Enemy claims to have captured 5,600 men.

APRIL 30.—Lord French reports that the back of the Irish rebellion has been broken.

MAY 1.—All rebels in Dublin reported to have surrendered and the city "quite safe."

Admiralty announces loss through mines of the armed yacht Aegusa and the mine-sweeper Nasturtium.

Russian push north-east of Bagdad.

"Summer time" begins in Germany.

MAY 2.—French attack enemy's positions south-east of Fort Douaumont, and carry 500 yards of a first-line trench.

Germans attempt assaults east of Ypres, north of Albert, and on Belgian front, but are stopped by artillery fire.

War Office announces General Townshend's sick and wounded have been exchanged for equivalent number of Turkish prisoners.

Five Zeppelins raid North-East Coast of England and South-East Coast of Scotland; 9 killed, 29 injured.

MAY 3.—Hostile aeroplane drops bombs on Deal; two men and one woman injured.

French carry German positions to north-west of Dead Man Hill; 100 prisoners and four machine-guns taken.

Mr. Birrell resigns Irish Secretaryship.

P. H. Pearse, Thomas J. Clarke, and Thomas MacDonagh, signatories to Irish Republican Proclamation, shot.

Mr. Asquith introduces his Bill for compulsory service of all men between 18 and 41.

Zeppelin L20 destroyed off Stavanger (Norway), on way back from raid on British coast, May 2.

Belgian forces land on German shore of Lake Kivu, East Africa.

MAY 4.—More Russian troops reach Marseilles.

British prisoners in enemy hands reported at 37,047.

Zeppelin L7 destroyed by British light cruisers Galatea and Phaeton, and a submarine, off Schleswig.

Four more Irish rebel leaders shot.

Austrian destroyer sunk by French submarine Bernouilli.

MAY 5.—Zeppelin destroyed off Salonika; 4 officers, 8 men made prisoners.

MAY 6.—Germany's reply to the American Note on submarine warfare published.

Mr. Lloyd George speaks at Conway on case for equal service.

MAY 7.—Strong German attack on French front between Hill 304 and Dead Man Hill, enemy penetrating into communication trench to east of former. Between Haudromont Wood and Douaumont Fort he gains a footing in French first line over a distance of 300 yards.

General Pétain promoted Commander-in-Chief of the Central Armies between Soissons and Verdun.

Russians capture Turkish defences north-east of Bagdad.

Two naval aeroplanes missing; body of Flight Sub-Lieut. H. R. Simms picked up at sea, and the observer, Sub-Lieut. C. J. Mullens, missing. German claim to have sunk submarine E31 by gun fire denied.

Air-raid on Port Said; three civilians wounded.

MAY 8.—**British Trench Raids.**—North of Thiepval Wood troops of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers raid enemy trenches. Near Fromelles also units of these troops raid hostile trenches.

Anzacs in France.—War Office announces that Australian and New Zealand troops have arrived in France. General Birdwood in command.

Italian troops land at Bardia, near Sollum.

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White Star liner Cymric torpedoed and sunk in Atlantic by a submarine; five of crew killed.

MAY 9.—Three violent German attacks in the region of Hill 304, with large forces, smashed by the French fire. Counter-attacks drive enemy from points of French first line he was occupying north-west of the Thiaumont Farm.

Robert Fay, Paul Dasche, and Walter Scholz sentenced in New York for conspiracy to blow up ships.

MAY 10.—Petrograd reports that Russian troops have occupied Kasr-i-Shirin, about 100 miles from Bagdad.

President Wilson's reply to German Note published.

Strong German attack west of Hill 304 completely repulsed by French.

Germans admit sinking of the Sussex by submarine.

MAY 11.—**Sir John Nixon's despatch** on the Battle of Ctesiphon and retreat to Kut published.

Mr. Asquith leaves London for Dublin.

Total German losses to end of April officially stated at 2,822,079.

German attack west of the Vaux Pond (north-east of Verdun) repulsed.

Total casualties to date in Irish rebellion published—1,315; 13 rebels executed.

MAY 12.—Enemy captures 500 yards of our front trenches north-east of Vermelles. Portion of lost ground regained.

French airship "T" lost off Sardinia.

At Verdun the French extend their positions south-east of Haucourt.

MAY 13.—Germans, after very heavy bombardment, attack our lines about Ploegsteert Wood, but are repulsed.

Small monitor M30 lost in Mediterranean; two men killed and two wounded.

MAY 14.—**German East Africa.**—Reported that three days' attacks by enemy in direction of Kondoa Irangi have been defeated, and that Belgians have entered Kigali.

Austrians begin attack on Italian front, south-east and south of Trent, and advance slightly.

MAY 15.—Roger Casement charged at Bow Street with high treason.

Statement by Sir E. Grey to American interviewer on allied policy published.

Russians take Revanduzo (Mesopotamia)

British Success on the Vimy Ridge.—Lancashire Fusiliers seize and occupy the enemy's forward line in Artois, on a front of 250 yards.

MAY 16.—Austrians launch attack against Italians on a narrow front between Zugna Torta and the Val Sugana.

Sir Douglas Haig reports 27 combats in the air; an Albatross was attacked, driven down, and wrecked near Lille; another driven down north of Vitry.

Lord Curzon president of new Air Board.

North Sea Naval Fight.—An encounter takes place off the Belgian coast between British destroyers and monitors and some German destroyers. After a short engagement the enemy withdraws. Our force had no casualties.

MAY 17.—Anzac column in Sinai Peninsula successfully attacks enemy troops at Bayoud and Mageibra.

Raiding parties of Seaforths enter German trenches north of Roclincourt (north-east of Arras). Three dug-outs full of Germans are bombed, one being blown up.

Mr Balfour's statement on "freedom of the seas" published.

MAY 18.—Big enemy attack on French positions in the Avocourt Wood and Hill 304 repulsed. French seize strong enemy fort on the north-eastern slope of Hill 304.

Mine crater on Vimy Ridge captured by the enemy.

Royal Commission on Irish rising opens.

Successful bombardment of El Arish, important post on the Turkish line of communications from Syria to Egypt, by British ships, aeroplanes, and seaplanes.

MAY 19.—Fierce German attack on French lines between the Wood of Avocourt and Hill 304. The enemy captures a small work south of Hill 287.

Italian Retreat on Trentino Front.

General Gorringe takes the Dujailar Redoubt on the Tigris.

The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment recapture crater on Vimy Ridge.

Hostile seaplanes raid the Kent coast. One brought down later by a naval patrol off the coast of Belgium.

MAY 20.—Lieut.-General Sir Bryan Mahon assumes command in Western Egypt, and is succeeded by Lieut.-General Milne at Salonika.

Russian cavalry join General Gorringe's troops on the Tigris.

MAY 21.—French capture two German trenches between Avocourt

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Wood and the Meuse, and on the right bank of the river the Haudromont quarries.

The Summer Time Act comes into force.

Germans gain 1,500 yards of British front-line trenches on the Vimy Ridge.

MAY 22.—South bank of Tigris as far as the Shat-el-Hai reported clear of the enemy.

French troops re-enter part of Douaumont Fort.

MAY 23.—**Forces of disaffected Sultan of Darfur defeated** by British column, and his capital, El Fasher, entered.

Italians withdraw between the Astico and the Brenta (north-east of Rovereto), and in the Sugana Valley.

MAY 24.—Verdun Battle. The Germans, after heavy sacrifices, enter the village of Cumières, and reoccupy Fort Douaumont.

MAY 25.—Military Service Act receives Royal assent.

British aeroplanes bomb Turkish posts at Rodh Salem, El Hamma, Bir Bayoud, Bir Salmana.

MAY 26.—**General Smuts' Advance.**—War Office announces that General Smuts' advanced troops have occupied Rufu Lager on the Usambara Railway, Lembeni (on the same railway), and Ngulu, eight miles south-east of Lembeni.

MAY 27.—In fierce counter-attack at Cumières the French win back eastern part, and make progress at Hill 304.

Death of General Gallieni.

MAY 28.—**Bulgarian Invasion of Greece.**—Reported that Bulgarian troops operating in the Struma Valley advance and occupy the southern outlet of the Rupel Pass, the adjacent heights, and the Demir Hissar Bridge.

MAY 29.—Germans suffer a sanguinary reverse in a violent attack on Hill 304.

Tyrol Battle.—Continued Austrian attacks against the Italian positions between the Adige and the Arsa Valley (south of Rovereto) repulsed.

A White Paper issued containing telegrams regarding the Bagdad Expedition which passed between the Viceroy of India, the India Office, Generals Nixon and Townshend.

MAY 30.—Sir Douglas Haig's first despatch published.

One Hundredth Day of Battle of Verdun.—French report violent attack between Dead Man Hill and Cumières. Farther east, in region of the Caurettes Wood, the French withdraw a few hundred yards to south of Bethincourt-Cumières Road.

War Office reports that Brigadier-General Northey has occupied New Langenburg, in south-west of German East Africa.

MAY 31.—With unprecedented artillery fire the Germans make repeated attacks east of Dead Man Hill and around Cumières village. The French repulse enemy, but have to evacuate their first-line trench south-west of Cumières.

Great Naval Fight off Jutland.—Admiral Beatty engages German battle-cruiser squadron and battle fleet off Danish coast, inflicting and sustaining heavy losses. On the advent of the British battle fleet, under Admiral Jellicoe, the enemy disperses and retreats. Admiralty counts 18 German ships sunk against our 14, among latter being the battle-cruisers Queen Mary, Indefatigable, Invincible, and the cruisers Defence, Black Prince, and Warrior.

JUNE 1.—French repulse German attack on eastern slopes of Dead Man Hill, but later the enemy penetrates a front-line trench.

In Southern Tyrol the Austrians are held on the left and centre, but gain ground in the Asiago region.

Heavy gun duel in the neighbourhood of Vimy Ridge.

The new Air Board issues details of many British air fights in France and Flanders during the month of May.

JUNE 2.—**Increasing Fury of Verdun Battle.**—Germans pierce the French lines in southern part of the Caillette Wood, in the region south of the Vaux Pond, and at Damloup. On the slopes of Vaux Fort there is a struggle of "unprecedented violence."

Germans penetrate British front trenches at several points in the salient between Hooge and the Ypres-Roulers railway.

JUNE 3.—Reported that General Smuts' troops carried German entrenched positions between the Pangani River and the Pare foothills on May 30.

Canadians' counter-attack drives the Germans from much of ground in the direction of Zillebeke which they captured on June 2.

Allied troops at Salonika occupy the Government Bureaux, and proclaim martial law throughout the territory occupied by them.

JUNE 4.—Sir Douglas Haig reports that the situation about Ypres has not altered materially, our troops retaining the ground regained in their counter-attacks of June 3.

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Russian Offensive Renewed.—Our ally conducts a violent offensive from the Pripet to the Rumanian frontier, and achieves important successes. Austrian prisoners to date number about 13,000; also guns and machine-guns captured.

JUNE 5.—British infantry enter German trenches in five different places between Cuinchy and Fauquissart.

Petrograd reports continued success from the Pripet to the Rumanian frontier.

Lord Kitchener Drowned.—H.M.S. Hampshire, with Lord Kitchener and his Staff on board, sunk at 8 p.m., to the west of the Orkneys, by a mine. The late Secretary of State for War was on his way to Russia.

JUNE 6.—**Heavy Ypres Fighting.**—Germans bombard British positions about Hooge and in neighbourhood of Ypres-Comines railway and canal. North of Hooge the enemy explodes a series of mines, and penetrates our front trenches. Our general line is still intact.

Russians take Lutsk.

JUNE 7.—Fort Vaux cut off. The French claim that at 3.50 a.m. the fort was still in their hands, but no communication with it has been possible. Great artillery activity about Hill 304 (north-west of Verdun) is announced.

War Office reports that the British columns which crossed the Nyasaland-German East Africa frontier pursued the enemy to New Utengule, capturing prisoners and supplies.

Announced from British front that enemy captured our front-line trenches running through the ruins of Hooge. Australian troops raid German trenches east of Bois Grenier, inflicting loss and bringing back prisoners.

Great Russian Gains.—Officially reported that in recent actions in Volhynia, Galicia, and the Bukovina the armies of General Brussiloff took over 40,000 prisoners and 77 guns.

Mr. Asquith takes over duties of Secretary for War, pending appointment of Lord Kitchener's successor.

JUNE 8.—Russia reports vigorous pursuit of Austrians following on capture of Lutsk, and additional 11,000 prisoners.

Loss of Vaux Fort officially admitted by the French.

German Admiralty admits loss of battle-cruiser Lützow in Jutland Battle.

Admiral Jellicoe reports twelve survivors of H.M.S. Hampshire washed ashore on a raft.

A Blockade of Greece by the Allies announced.

JUNE 9.—Continued Russian offensive. General Brussiloff's troops reported across the Strypa. Nearly 14,000 fresh prisoners, making a grand total from June 5 of 65,857.

Verdun Battle. Germans penetrate French lines between Thiaumont Farm and the Caillette Wood.

Admiralty publishes news of a patrol action off Zeebrugge, our force chasing the enemy back to port.

Allied War Council in London, Generals Joffre, Roques, and M. Briand, French Premier, being present.

JUNE 10.—Violent artillery action by both sides in Verdun sector.

East African Successes.—General Smuts reports his troops have occupied Mombo and Mkalamo. Operating from the Rhodesia-Nyasaland border, Colonel Murray's column occupied Bismarckburg.

JUNE 11.—Continued Russian advance. General Brussiloff's armies reported to have taken Dubno, and on the Bukovina border thrusting towards Czernovitz.

German Offensive at Ypres.—The enemy launches a heavy bombardment at the southern part of the Ypres salient. An infantry attack against Sanctuary Wood repulsed.

JUNE 12.—Russians reported pressing on the heels of the Austrians twenty-four miles south of Lutsk, having driven the enemy back on the Styr and regained Kolki. In the extreme south they are nearing the suburbs of Czernovitz. To date the prisoners total 114,700.

Successive German attacks against the Thiaumont Work repulsed.

Heavy mutual bombardment on the front between Hill 60 and Hooge.

Italians continue their offensive, and are slowly pushing the enemy back at several points on the Tyrol frontier.

British column under General Sir Percy Sykes enters Kerman, South Persia.

JUNE 13.—Canadians' dash at Ypres. The Canadians by a splendid attack regain all the lost ground south-east of Zillebeke. The Australians make a successful raid on enemy trenches south of Armentières.

Germans capture French advanced trenches east of Hill 321.

The Italians report some advance in the Lagarino Valley on the Tyrol frontier.

Memorial Service for Lord Kitchener at St. Paul's Cathedral.

1916

Continued Russian advance on Kovel. In the centre our ally crosses the Strypa. In the Bukovina General Lechitsky is officially reported to have captured a whole army corps since the beginning of operations.

JUNE 14.—Russian advance continues along the whole front, from the southern part of the Pripet Marshes to the Rumanian frontier. Total prisoners to date, 1,720 officers, 120,000 men.

General Smuts' northern column reaches Makuyuni. He reports the occupation of Wilhelmstal.

Baltic Fight.—Russian destroyers and submarines attack a dozen German steamers, escorted by destroyers, armed trawlers, and an auxiliary cruiser, south-west of Stockholm. Three enemy warships sunk.

JUNE 15.—French carry a trench on southern slopes of Dead Man Hill.

Italy reports capture of the enemy's lines east of Monfalcone and south of Sant' Antonio, with 488 prisoners and war material. Her air squadron drops 160 bombs and 60,000 arrows on enemy encampment north of Asiago.

JUNE 16.—Total of prisoners taken by the Russians since June 5 reported at 167,000.

War Office announces our trenches on north bank of Tigris, east of Kut, have been pushed forward to within 200 yards of the Turkish Sanna-i-Yat position. On the south bank an advanced position at Imam Mansura occupied.

H.M. torpedo-destroyer Eden collides and sinks in the Channel; 31 saved.

JUNE 17.—Austro-German counter-attack on the Styr repulsed by Russians.

French carry enemy trenches to north of Hill 321, and clear first and second line of trenches on Hill 425, east of Thann, in the Vosges.

Fall of Czernovitz.

JUNE 18.—French repulse German attacks against Dead Man Hill and Thiaumont.

General Moltke, ex-Chief of German General Staff, dies suddenly of heart failure.

JUNE 19.—Russians reported 50 miles from Lemberg. They have taken 3,000 prisoners near Czernovitz, bringing total to date since their offensive opened to 175,000.

Italian Advance.—Officially reported that the Alpini carried a summit of Mount Lidro, taking 200 prisoners.

Successful raid carried out by Royal Flying Corps against a large enemy aerodrome five miles south of El Arish. Two of the ten hangars destroyed, and four hit many times with bombs.

JUNE 20.—In the Bukovina the Russians cross the River Sereth, fifteen miles south-west of Czernovitz.

Three German attacks against French positions north-west of Hill 321 repulsed.

JUNE 21.—Full text of Allies' decisions at the Economic Conference in Paris published.

Furious fighting continues in Western Volhynia. In the north attacks by Hindenburg repulsed.

Advance in East Africa.—General Smuts reports occupation of Handeni, and enemy continuing his retreat towards the central railway. In the southern theatre our troops have occupied Old Langenburg.

JUNE 22.—French air raid on Treves, Karlsruhe, and Mulheim.

Royal Welsh Fusiliers clear Germans from captured trenches.

Russia reports capture of Radautz.

Greek Government accedes to the demands of the Allies.

JUNE 23.—In the Bukovina the Austrians are retiring towards the Carpathians. Russians capture Kimpolung.

Italians advance in the Vallaza, occupying new positions.

Germans reach the village of Fleury, south of Hill 320, but French counter-attack recovers part of the ground.

JUNE 24.—**Allies' blockade of Greece raised.**

JUNE 25.—British artillery active on the whole front.

The Italians in the Pasubis sector extend their lines of occupation as far as the Piazza Valley. On the Posina-Astico line artillery duels take place.

JUNE 26.—**British troops penetrate German trenches** at ten different parts.

Slight French gain between the Fumin Wood and the Chénois Wood.

Further Italian Advance.—Infantry advance from the Val Arsa to the Sette Comuni plateau. On the Posina-Astico line enemy driven back. Pria Fora occupied and infantry pushed on towards outskirts of Arsiero.

JUNE 27.—Fourth day of artillery activity on the British front.

Italians, rapidly advancing, reoccupy Arsiero and Asiago.

JUNE 28.—General Lechitsky defeats the Austrians on a front of 25 miles east of Kolomea.

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JUNE 29.—British activity all along the line; numerous raids on German positions.

Roger Casement sentenced to death.

JUNE 30.—Continued British activity all along the front.

Petrograd reports capture of Kolomea.

JULY 1.—**Great Allied Offensive Launched.**—A Franco-British attack north and south of the Somme, on a front of twenty-five miles, begins at 7.30 a.m. Our troops carry the German forward system of defences on a front of sixteen miles, storming and occupying the strongly-fortified villages of Montauban and Mametz. Over 2,000 prisoners taken.

JULY 2.—Second day of allied offensive. Sir Douglas Haig reports heavy fighting in the area between the Ancre and the Somme. Our troops carry Fricourt. Total prisoners to date, 3,500. French engaged north of the Somme in the region of Hardecourt and Curlu. The village of Frise and Méréaucourt Wood captured. Prisoners exceed 6,000.

JULY 3.—Third day of allied offensive. British take La Boisselle, but are checked north-east of Albert. The French capture five villages and advance to within three miles of Péronne. Prisoners taken by Allies total 12,300.

Russians begin a heavy artillery action on the Riga front, assisted by naval units.

JULY 4.—**French and British Progress.**—Sir Douglas Haig reports that La Boisselle, part of which had been in enemy hands, is entirely in our possession. South of the Somme the French make good progress towards Péronne, capturing Estrées and Belloy-en-Santerre.

Russian success north of the Pripet. In the Baranovitchi region two lines of enemy works carried and 2,700 prisoners taken.

JULY 5.—Continued gains by British and French. Latter advance north of the Somme to Hem, which they capture, and reach a point on the south bank two miles from Péronne. British prisoners total over 6,000 and the French 9,500.

JULY 6.—British advance near Thiepval.

Russian Offensive.—In Volhynia our Ally takes over 2,300 prisoners. West of Lower Strypa the enemy is overthrown and driven back, and 5,000 prisoners taken. General Lechitsky cuts railway communication between Galicia and Hungary.

JULY 7.—**Text of Admiral Jellicoe's despatch on Jutland Battle** published.

Mr. Lloyd George new War Minister.—Sir Edward Grey becomes a viscount.

Second Stage of British Advance.—Our troops advance between the Ancre and the Somme. A further portion of the Leipzig Redoubt carried, while east of La Boisselle we advance our line 500 yards on a front of nearly 2,000 yards. The Prussian Guard, thrown into the battle to bar our progress east of Contalmaison, repulsed.

Russians break the German line north of Lutsk salient.

JULY 8.—Text of a Russo-Japanese agreement published.

Fighting takes place on the extreme British right flank. Our troops gain a lodgment in the Bois des Trones, while our aeroplanes bomb Douai Aerodrome. The French report their capture of Hardecourt, with 633 prisoners.

JULY 9.—East of Flaucourt French troops carry enemy positions on a depth of from 1,100 yards to a mile and a quarter. They capture the village of Biaches.

New Russian Blows.—Our ally north of the Lutsk salient forces the Germans back in disorder six miles to the Stokhod. Thirty miles farther south they push their new wedge into the German front east of Kovel. Reported that since June 4 the Russians have taken 250,000 prisoners.

Hostile aeroplane raid on south-east coast of England; five bombs dropped.

JULY 10.—Germans make slight gain in the Trones Wood, where desperate battle raged. Our progress continued in the Mametz Wood, east of Ovillers, and near Contalmaison. French storm a height near Péronne.

Russian army south-east of Kovel reported to have advanced 10½ miles.

General Smuts reports occupation of Tanga, on the coast of German East Africa, on July 7.

JULY 11.—**Despatch from Sir Douglas Haig** published, stating that after ten days and nights of continuous fighting, our troops have completed the "methodical capture" of the enemy's first system of defence on a front of eight miles. Our prisoners exceed 7,500, and we captured twenty-six field-guns. An earlier official report announces the retaking of Contalmaison and most of the Trones Wood.

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Big Russian Captures.—Our ally reports that in their offensive, since July 5, they have captured 271,620 officers and men, 312 guns, and 866 machine-guns.

U boat fires thirty rounds of shrapnel at Seaham Harbour.

JULY 12.—Sir Douglas Haig reports recapture of all ground in Mametz Wood lost during the night, also some progress in the Trones Wood.

Mass attack of 18,000 Germans in direction of the Souville Fort (north-east of Verdun) gains for the enemy only a little ground near the Chapelle Sainte Fine Farm.

JULY 13.—British continue their pressure and advance their line.

Allied Shell Conference at War Office.

JULY 14.—**German Second Line Breached.**—Sir Douglas Haig reports that at daybreak our troops carried the enemy's second line on a front of four miles. As the result of the day's fighting we hold the position from Bazentin-le-Petit village to Longueval village and the whole of Trones Wood.

JULY 15.—North of Bazentin-le-Grand our troops penetrate the German third line at the Bois des Foureaux. In this neighbourhood a detachment of the enemy successfully accounted for by a squadron of Dragoon Guards. In the past twenty-four hours we captured over 2,000 prisoners and five heavy howitzers.

JULY 16.—The detachment of our troops that penetrated to Foureaux withdraw into our main line without molestation from the enemy.

Russian successes. In Volhynia our ally captures two batteries and 3,000 prisoners. They report having stormed Baiburt, halfway between Erzerum and Trebizond.

JULY 17.—Our troops, as the result of fresh successes, now hold 4 miles 600 yards of the German second line north of the Somme. North of Longueval they are close to the third line. Since July 1 the total of unwounded German prisoners is 189 officers and 10,779 other ranks.

Big Russian success. Our ally gains an important success in Volhynia, on the southern face of the Lutsk salient, pushing back Von Linsingen's army ten miles to the south and capturing 12,954 prisoners and 30 guns.

JULY 18.—Germans attack our positions near Longueval and Delville Wood.

JULY 19.—Enemy recaptures a portion of Delville Wood and obtains a footing in Longueval, but British regain most of the lost ground.

JULY 20.—**Continued Allied Success in the West.**—British advance 1,000 yards north of the Bazentin-Longueval line. Heavy fighting continues in the northern outskirts of Longueval village and in Delville Wood.

General Sakharoff's troops inflict heavy defeat on the Austrians on the south-western face of the Lutsk salient.

JULY 21.—Reported that Russian Army of the Caucasus has captured the town of Gumushkhane, 100 miles from Erzerum.

JULY 22.—Despatches from Lord French and General Maxwell on the rising in Ireland published.

Announced that Russians in Southern Volhynia have captured in eight days 27,000 prisoners and 40 guns. In Armenia they are within thirty miles of Erzindjan.

JULY 23.—**Battle of the Somme.**—Territorial and Australian troops carry the German outer works of Pozières by assault.

Resignation of M. Sazonoff, Russian Foreign Minister.

JULY 24.—**Fight for Pozières.**—All-day stubborn battle for this village, a large portion of which is in our hands. We also gain ground near High Wood.

JULY 25.—Russians take Austro-German positions in North-Eastern Galicia, about twelve miles from Brody.

Fall of Erzindjan.

JULY 26.—The whole of Pozières captured.

JULY 27.—Announced that, north of the line Pozières-Bazentin-le-Petit, British capture 200 yards of an important trench. Enemy driven from east and north-east of Delville Wood.

Russians capture Brody.

Captain Fryatt, of the captured steamer Brussels, shot by Germans in Bruges.

JULY 28.—German efforts to recapture Delville Wood repulsed.

JULY 29.—Serbians gain a success over the Bulgarians east of Monastir.

Three Zeppelins raid the East Coast, dropping thirty-two bombs in Lincolnshire and Norfolk.

JULY 30.—**New Allied Advance** from the east of the Delville Wood to the Somme.

JULY 31.—General Smuts reports occupation of Dodoma.

Zeppelin raid on seven Eastern and South-Eastern counties.

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